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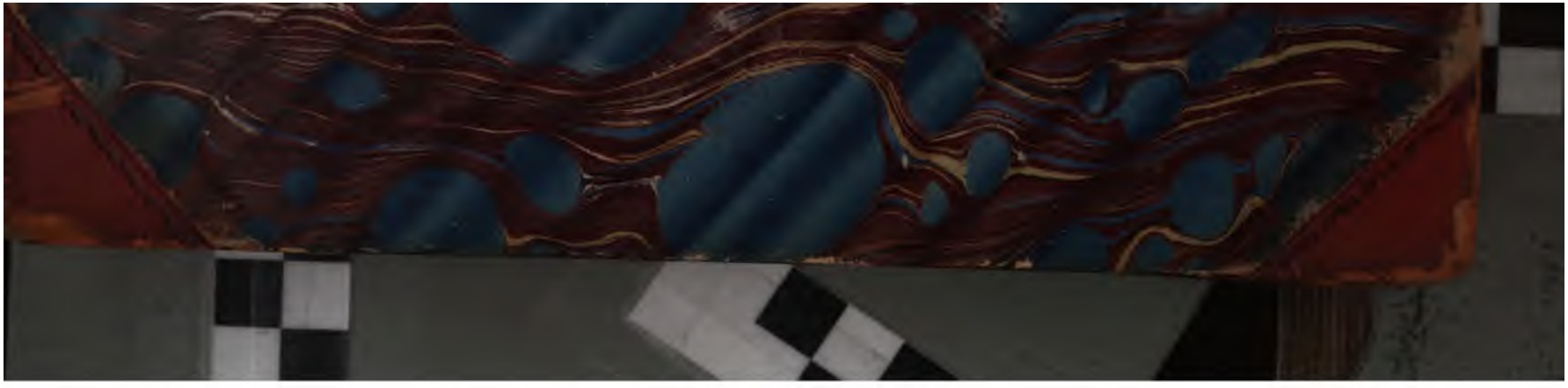
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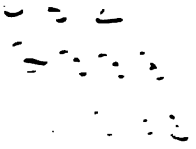
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THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

ENTIRELY NEW SERIES.

VOL. XI.

JULY—DECEMBER.



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PREFACE AND VALEDICTION.

FIVE years ago I found the *Gentleman's Magazine* languishing, in brown covers, under a heavy taxation. Aided by the enterprising firm of Bradbury and Evans, and assisted by authors who have made Bouverie Street famous, I reformed the Urbanian Institution, abolished its restrictive tariff, and let into it the daylight of a new era. In short, I did what Mr. Cave himself would have done had he been alive: I adapted the oldest publication to the newest aspect of the times.

Surrounded by men who had already made an indelible impression upon the world's literature—Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. William Jerdan, Mr. "Luke Limner," Mr. H. H. Dixon ("The Druid"), Mr. "Cavendish," Mr. Philip James Bailey ("Festus"), Mr. William Sawyer, Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, Dr. Stallard, Dr. Strange—I had the honour of attracting to the old standard a band of younger men, whose pens are now engaged in wider fields of usefulness. True to the spirit of the ancient founder of the house, I sought a well-skilled writer for my first prefatory remarks, and found him in Mr. Shirley Brooks, who wrote those graceful words of introduction which set forth the purpose and intention of the new government.

Since those early days of "the Shilling Series" the magazine has changed publishers; three of my most distinguished contributors have "rested from their labours;" and I now vacate the editorial chair. Change is a fundamental law of existence. It pervades all things, even St. John's Gate, which has lately become the property of my esteemed friend, Sir Edmund Lechmere, Bart., in whose reverent hands it will find that loving security from unworthy uses which I have tried to exercise in regard to the periodical which first saw the light in that house of famous memory.

According to the means at my disposal, I have endeavo-

honourably to maintain "the Urbanian Succession, the Johnsonian Prescription." In this I have had the support of many friends in literature and art, the co-operation of eminent writers, the kindly consideration of a generous public. To all and each of these, ladies and gentlemen, are due my hearty acknowledgments. Gratitude is a delightful and virtuous exercise of the mind. Therefore the pleasure of these thanks is mine; and I hope to make my avowal of this deep debt of gratitude in some sort felt by coupling with it the most impressive of all our noble Anglo-Saxon words—FAREWELL!

I have long desired relief from the peculiar cares of the *Gentleman's Magazine;* but I should never, I think, have had courage enough to sever the binding link without the action of more than ordinary influences. Circumstances have arisen which afford me a special opportunity of retirement, and I now give up the Editorship with a feeling of pride in my eleven volumes of this "Entirely New Series."

In saying Farewell, the consolation is afforded me of knowing that I shall still meet in other paths of literature the friends who may miss me from the chair of Mr. Cave. My final goodbye should indeed only be to that shadow which I have striven to idealise and revive—Sylvanus Urban, Gentleman—whose hand I take in mine with tender solicitude, whispering in the old man's ear the sadly sweet and lingering *valedictum*—Farewell!

JOSEPH HATTON.

9, Titchfield Terrace, Regent's Park,
November, 1873.

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THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JULY, 1873.

CLYTIE.

A NOVEL OF MODERN LIFE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. CHUTE WOODFIELD ON THE DRAMA.

THE Royal Athenæum Theatre had been for years under a cloud until the advent of Mr. Chute Woodfield. Shakespeare, burlesque, opera bouffe, each had failed to restore the original popularity of the establishment. Playgoers had got out of the habit of going to the Athenæum. The rent was high; the theatre was expensive in many ways; and everybody said it was doomed to be the one large handsome unsuccessful London theatre. Ill-luck seemed to have claimed the place for its own, when Mr. Chute Woodfield, a country manager of means and taste, made up his mind to restore the fallen fortunes of the house, and to do this with legitimate plays well acted. The professional crowd laughed at him; the public said nothing; the press referred in a tone of pity to the fact that the Athenæum was to be reopened on a certain day with new decorations, a high class company, a new play, and "no fees." The management promised to provide for the comfort of its audiences, as well as to cater for their intellectual enjoyment. Actors who should have rejoiced in this worthy effort to raise dramatic art laughed at it, and discounted success as though they were really not interested in it. Mr. Chute Woodfield went his own way, and paid the highest tribute that management could pay

to the best feelings and to the highest sentiments of cultivated people, and though he had a hard fight at first, he drew to the Athenæum special audiences; he attracted old playgoers; he brought to his theatre people who had left off going to the play, men and women who had been told that the drama was given over to shopkeeping managers and ballet girls; he filled his house with the intellect of London. When Clytie wrote to this gentleman he was manager of the most successful theatre in town, and proprietor of a famous house in the country. He appointed twelve o'clock at noon to see her; he had replied promptly that the daughter of a lady so distinguished as Miss Olivia Pitt had every claim upon his consideration and respect.

Clytie found her way to the stage door, and thence into the porter's room, a curious little square box, adorned with playbills, notices, and letters in racks; the entrance ornamented with managerial proclamations and fire buckets. Presently she was conducted along a narrow passage, and then across the stage. She had only time to catch a glimpse of the empty house, the seats covered with calico, over which beams of daylight, full of motes, came prying down upon the stage, where the scenery in shreds and patches seemed to be hiding away from the intrusive skirmishers of the sun. Clytie was chiefly occupied in keeping up with the porter, and steering clear of stage properties. It was all wonderfully strange and sober to her, and the more so when she stood within the manager's room. There was nothing romantic or artistic in the place anywhere, and there were dirty people and workmen hanging about as she crossed the stage, towards which the daylight was struggling in long columns of skirmishing order. It somehow got into Clytie's mind that the daylight had no chance with the Athenæum Theatre; as for the sun, that was altogether out of the question; the place reminded her of the cathedral vaults and the old wine cellar at the Hermitage. How everybody had overdrawn London, she thought.

Mr. Woodfield's room was a notable apartment in its way. It was unpretending enough for a grocer's counting-house, though it had seen great times and great people. The history of the Athenæum was the history of the modern drama. All the stars of the day had sat and talked in the manager's room. Lessees of the theatre had pored over books and papers (just as Mr. Woodfield was doing when Clytie entered), in success and in prosperity. Bankruptcy, gaunt and ruthless, had sat opposite his victims there, and dragged them into the street. Prosperity had also visited the room, and quaffed champagne in bumpers. First nights and last nights had been variously

celebrated there; new plays that might have restored failing purses had been rejected, and new plays with the mildew of failure in them had been accepted. The old room had seen wisdom and stupidity alike active and powerful in this centre of the Athenæum machinery; and it seemed as if Mr. Chute Woodfield had learned the lessons which the walls had they possessed ears and understanding would teach.

It was not the manager's room of Clytie's fancy; but a plain room with a desk in the centre; a couch covered with newspapers; two chairs also covered with newspapers; a window from which the daylight was excluded by paint and putty; and a mantel-shelf upon which stood a bust of Shakespeare, a cigar-box, a taper, a bottle, and two wine-glasses. Here and there on the walls were a few professional pictures, but mostly modern ones having reference to recent Athenæum successes.

Mr. Chute Woodfield, a tall, stout, middle-aged gentleman, with a dark heavy moustache and a round genial face, rose from the desk as Clytie was shown into the room. He bowed to her with an air of accustomed courtesy, removed the newspapers from one of the chairs, placed it for her, stood by her until she was seated, said he was very glad to have the pleasure of seeing her, and then resumed his stool at the desk.

"I have to thank you, Mr. Woodfield, for your kind letter," said Clytie, a blush stealing over her face as she spoke.

"Kindness is cheap, my dear young lady, and my letter is not worth 'thank you.'"

"I cannot tell you how much I thought of it," said Clytie.

"Indeed?" said Mr. Woodfield, inquiringly.

"I have not been accustomed to much kindness," said the girl.

"No? that is strange. I would rather have believed the contrary."

"But that is not what I came to say to you," said Clytie, "and I must not take up your time."

"I am quite at your service, believe me," said the manager; "if not for your sake, at least for your mother's."

"You knew my mother, then?" said Clytie.

"I did, and I think I should have known you for her daughter had I met you, even without speaking to you."

"Indeed! oh, that is fortunate," exclaimed Clytie, her eyes full of sudden hope and pleasure. "You will help me then!"

"If I can, certainly," said Mr. Woodfield. "How can I serve you? Don't be afraid to speak plainly to me."

Clytie felt that she was trembling with anxiety. Her mouth

dry. She could hardly speak. It seemed so bold and vain to say what was in her heart to say; but she was determined to do it; her very life somehow seemed to depend upon her becoming an actress.

"I want you to give me an engagement at your theatre," she said as calmly as the excitement of the moment would permit.

"Yes," said the manager.

He spoke quite calmly. He did not fly up at her and say "No." He did not smile sarcastically; in short, he did not rebuke her in any way. On the contrary, he received her proposition quite as a matter of course.

"That is what I came to say," said Clytie, in answer to the manager's silence. He seemed to be waiting for her to proceed.

"What is your line?" he asked thoughtfully.

"My line?" Clytie repeated after him.

"Your line of business?"

"I do not understand you," said Clytie, feeling hot and uncomfortable.

"You have never appeared, then," said the manager, surprised.

"Upon the stage?" asked Clytie in a very low voice, humbled in her own estimation at this discovery.

"No, sir."

"Have you played as an amateur?"

"No, sir," said Clytie, almost with the tears in her eyes.

"Do you know anything about theatres?"

"No, sir," said Clytie, expecting nothing less than her immediate expulsion as an impostor.

"Ah!" said the manager, as if he were answering some private thought of his own.

"I once went to the Newcastle Theatre," said Clytie, regaining a little of her confidence.

"You are not living in London, then?"

"Yes, I am now."

"How long have you been here?"

"About a fortnight."

"Are your friends in town?"

"I am living with friends now," said Clytie, with a little pardonable prevarication.

"Yes," said the manager, puzzled.

"I came to London to seek an engagement."

"A theatrical engagement?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you have had no experience whatever of theatres?"

"None; but I would take a very humble engagement; I am willing to learn and to begin at the beginning."

"You have lived in the country, then, all your life?"

"I have; yes, I am sorry to say."

"And you have friends there?"

"I had," said Clytie.

"Have you not now?"

Clytie burst into tears, but she speedily recovered herself.

"Pray forgive me, sir," she said, drying her eyes.

"Nay, you must forgive me," said the manager. "I had no right to cross-examine you in this way; I should not have done so, only out of a sincere desire to be of service to you."

"I quite appreciate your kindness," said Clytie; "I know I am a very weak, silly girl, but I shall get the better of my want of experience soon."

The manager looked at the lovely face and the graceful figure, and almost shuddered at the thought of what might become of a girl with her appearance had she fallen into some other managerial hands than his.

"Will you confide in me, and let me advise you?" said the manager, looking at her, and speaking with true sympathetic earnestness. "I promise you, by the memory of your mother, to give you the benefit of all my experience and judgment."

"Thank you," said Clytie, "you are most kind; I shall never forget how kind."

"What relative have you living in the country?"

"You will not write to him without my permission?"

"No."

"My grandfather."

"Your mother's father?"

"Yes."

"Is he well to do?"

"Yes; he is the organist of St. Bride's at Dunelm."

"And why is he not with you?"

"I ran away from him."

"Oh! Was he unkind? I mean could you go back to hi you wished?"

"Yes, I dare say; but not until I have obtained an engage in London," said Clytie, with firmness.

"I wish you would not think of that, my dear," said the ma *"Do you think I should not succeed?"*

"No; but you have no idea of the life of hardship and misery which you are proposing for yourself."

"I am willing to work."

"The stage is in the hands of bad people; it is not a fit profession now for a lady. Have you been to a London theatre?"

"Last night, with Mrs. Breeze."

"What did you see?"

"The Castle Diamonds."

"Did you see the ballet?"

"Yes."

"You would not like to commence your career in that costume?"

The question brought no blush to Clytie's face, though the costume—or want of it—had for a moment at the theatre. She regarded the manager's question from a professional point of view. The desire to be an actress had already schooled her thoughts thus far.

"I do not know; I should not object to begin quite humbly, like any one else."

"My dear girl, you do not know what you say. There is scarcely a respectable theatre in London; I mean respectable for a girl such as you, unprotected and alone. Heaven forbid that I should arraign all the London managers; there are some noble exceptions to the general rule of infamy and degradation. My poor child, you would be insulted, humiliated, and made a wretched woman the first week of your career. The whole system of modern management, and the surroundings of theatres in the present day—it may have always been so, I can't tell—the whole business and management is bad, utterly bad; vile; how vile your innocent mind cannot imagine or realise. If you value your reputation, if you look forward to a blameless life, if you would be good, and respectable, and a lady, all that you look and are, be anything but an actress."

Clytie looked at the manager as he rose from his desk, looked at him with blank despair.

"You are disappointed, I see, greatly disappointed," said the manager, "though I am advising you as if you were my own child; if I did not feel a deep interest in you, I would give you an engagement in my own theatre, or send you to a lady who would educate you for the profession; but in doing so I should be guilty of a great wrong; you must not go upon the stage. Go home to your grandfather, or if you will stay here try some other profession. Why not try Art? There are many ladies who make name and money as painters."

Clytie did not speak.

"Are you in want of money?"

"No," said the girl, with the pride of a duchess and the purse of a seamstress.

"Let me help you in some way."

"My mother was a good woman and an actress," said Clytie.

Mr. Woodfield had heard a scandal in which Miss Olivia Pitt's name held a prominent place. She ran away with a lord's son. Even her best friends had not laid the charge of matrimony at her door.

"Your mother," said Mr. Woodfield, "was one of the loveliest women of her day, and the best actress in my time."

Clytie's ambition prompted her afresh at this declaration.

"Then why should not her daughter go upon the stage?"

"Miss Olivia Pitt," said the manager, "led a hard life in her early days."

"She married a lord's son," said Clytie, interrupting him for the first time.

"Indeed!" said the manager. "I lost sight of her when she left London. She was in my company in the country."

Clytie's eyes beamed with curiosity.

"Yes; in fact I gave her her first engagement."

"Oh, my dear sir, you interest me beyond measure," said Clytie. "My grandfather never told me half her history."

"Her life was quite a theatrical life," said the manager. "She was stage-struck. Her father was a musician at Lincoln. She ran away with a company of strolling players. Her mother died broken-hearted. She, poor girl! led a life of hardship and toil. For three years she may be said to have eaten the bread of poverty."

Clytie sat transfixed while the manager was talking, her great eyes wide open, her red lips parted, and her hands clasped; her fancy following the runaway girl from place to place, her heart bleeding with sympathy and sorrow for the strolling player who was her mother.

"She played in barns, in the back yards of inns; her father discarded her; she had no friends; she did not earn—at all events she did not receive—ten shillings a week. I had what they call the Lincoln circuit, and heard her story while dining with the mayor of the town, who took an interest in her case. The next day she called upon me, just as you have called, for an engagement; but she knew her line of business, she knew what she could do, and she acted before me at once—that is, she spoke some lines from 'As You Like It.' Fortune, as well as the lady's genius, was in her favour. I



wanted a leading lady. I engaged her for six nights; she was successful. I brought her father into my room and reconciled him to his daughter."

"God bless you, Mr. Woodfield!" exclaimed Clytie, burying her face in her hands.

"I was the means of getting the lady her first engagement in town. Your grandfather made his way, and became conductor of the orchestra in the theatre where she was engaged. All London hated the man who one day carried her off to the Continent; and it was a general sorrow that wept over the *Times* when a year afterwards her death at Boulogne was made public."

Clytie was sobbing. "My poor dear grandfather," she said; "how could you be so cruel to me?"

"So you can easily understand that I am interested in you, and I am sure you will believe that I desire to give you good advice and to be of service to you."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Woodfield," said Clytie.

"Well, then, understand," said Mr. Woodfield, taking both her hands in his, and looking at her steadfastly, "that I advise you to go home to your grandfather, and that I prohibit you from going on the stage. You may command me as if I were your grandfather, except in this: you say he has been unkind to you; I will not be that. I fear you have misunderstood him; I will write to him when you say I may, I will bring him here, I will do anything you ask, but one thing—I will not introduce you to your destruction. There! Now tell me where you live, and Mrs. Woodfield shall call and see you."

"Thank you very much; I feel you are doing what you think best; I will try and think it is for the best, and I will write to you to-morrow," said Clytie.

"Will you not give me your address?"

"To-morrow," said Clytie, the obstinacy of her nature coming to the protection of her ambition once more. "To-morrow I will write."

She thought there would be no harm in having a day's freedom of action. If she gave him her address he might send it to her grandfather, and justify his breach of trust by the plea of right.

"Post Office, Camden Town, will find you, then?" said the manager.

"Yes; and you will not write to grandfather without my permission."

"You have my word," said Mr. Woodfield; "and to-morrow you will write to me."

"I will," said Clytie.

"You cannot find your way out alone—come, I will show you—take my arm."

The manager conducted the girl a nearer way out of the theatre; through a private door, round by the entrance to the stalls, and out past the box-office into the broad daylight, which for a moment dazzled her eyes.

"Good morning, Miss Pitt," he said, shaking her by the hand. "Turn to the right if you are going west; or, shall I call a cab for you?"

"No, thank you," said Clytie, and she turned in the direction of the Strand.

"Clark," said the manager, calling to a man who stood near the box-office door.

"Yes, sir."

"You saw that young lady?"

"Yes, sir."

"Follow her wherever she goes, until you are satisfied she is at home; and then come and tell me where she goes, what she does, where she lives, and tell no one else; if any cad molests her kick him."

"Yes, sir," said Clark, who in three minutes was close on the track of the prettiest pair of ankles that had been seen in the Strand for many a day. Clytie wore a short dress and tight country boots. She had covered her lilac dress, which was beginning to get soiled, with a thin shawl, that clung about her shoulders, and detracted nothing from her round, graceful form. She wore a white straw bonnet, with lilac flowers and grey ribbons; and even Clark thought she was the handsomest girl he had ever seen.

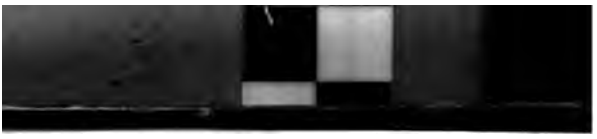
Two hours afterwards Clark returned to the theatre. Mr. Woodfield had gone to his club. Clark was to go to the Garrick the moment he returned. Clark went to the club straight, carrying there a black eye, and a coat rather the worse for a tear at the collar. The club porter frowned at Clark, but he insisted that he was to see Mr. Woodfield, who, on being sent for, said Clark was to be shown into the strangers' room.

"Well?" said the manager, shutting the door.

"I did as you wished, sir."

"Yes; go on."

"Followed the lady down the Strand; she went into a confectioner's and had a bun; then went across Trafalgar Square; up the Haymarket; two gents followed her."



"Yes," said the manager.

"But they soon give it up."

"Yes; go on; finish before I guess the lot. I see your black eye."

"Yes, sir," said Clark. "In Regent Street a fellow spoke to her, and she looked frightened; she mentioned to a policeman as this person was annoying of her, but the officer only laughed."

"Ah, it is that light short dress," said the manager to himself. "Mrs. Woodfield must see her, and dress her properly."

"So she turns up a by-street, as if to get out of the way, and this gent, he follows her and speaks to her again, and I see she was in a dreadful state like, evidently not used to London; so I goes up to him and lets straight out at him in the mouth."

"Bravo, Clark, bravo!" exclaimed the manager.

"Well, he turns on me sudden like, and was quicker than I thought, and he pinned me against the wall, and we'd a bit of a set to, a reglar up and downer; and then the police comes and a great crowd, and I explains to the officer, who said he knowed the gent, and it served him right, and he'd lock him up if he didn't clear out in a jiffy; and so I started off after the young lady, sir, and I—and so I started off after the young lady—and when I"——

"Yes, yes."

"She was gone, and which way I couldn't tell, and I lost her, sir."

"Ah, I thought so. Clark, you are an ass."

"Yes, sir."

"An egregious ass."

"Yes, sir."

"Here is a sovereign for you. Go home and wash your face."

"Yes, sir."

"That's it," said the manager, going back to the smoke room. "Mrs. Woodfield must dress her—it is that short light dress; I hope Clark punished the thief."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BREEZES IN COUNCIL.

"Well, I dunno but what the gentleman be right," said Mr. Johnny Breeze, sitting in the little back garden, after the children had gone to bed. "I'm sure I dunno. Missie knows best, I suppose."

"And is that all you've got to say about it, Johnny?" asked Mrs. Breeze, who always professed to seek Johnny's opinion and to ıe it.

Mrs. Breeze was one of those kind-hearted autocrats who did everything she could to make the outer world believe that her husband was master in his own house. "I will ask Breeze," she would say, in cases of the smallest or greatest importance. "I could not take upon myself to decide such a matter without consulting Johnny." Observations of this kind were continually on her lips. But in her own quiet way she settled all things according to her own judgment. Johnny had really no voice in anything. He thought he had, and he would go home switching the gnats as if he were an independent domineering husband and father; and when he went to smoke his pipe at the local public-house he talked with the best of the little men there, and even expressed fierce opinions now and then upon the Government. Indeed he had once been known to threaten physical violence against a man who asserted that the Government were bringing in a Bill to abolish all P.K.'s under five feet four. But, take him for all in all, Johnny was as mild, conciliatory, and genial a P. K. as one could wish to see in authority.

"And that is all you've got to say?" exclaimed Mrs. Breeze. "Why I should have thought that with your experience of society, and seeing people, and talking to my lords and my ladies—well, I should have thought, Johnny, that you would have been ready to say something definite on the point, as Mr. Stevens would observe if he were here, and a good thing he isn't."

Clytie smiled pleasantly at Mrs. Breeze. Johnny drew solemnly at his pipe while he listened to his wife, and thought what a woman it was sure-ly. They were sitting in the little back garden, just under the back parlour window, having had an humble *al fresco* supper of bread and cheese and lettuce. The canal lay quietly at the bottom of the garden, although it had been whipped for fish in the most persevering way by Master Breeze for an hour before bedtime. One lazy barge went by just as Breeze was lighting his pipe, and there was something picturesque in the old boat, with its red and white sign, and a woman at the helm. Why or wherefore she did not make out, but the boat gliding by had a soothing effect upon Clytie. The twilight fell gently upon her spirits, albeit there were blacks in it, and she liked to sit there in the little garden. She felt that she was safe with these kind people, and that was a great deal after what she had gone through.

"He remembered your mother?" said Mrs. Breeze, looking at Clytie, and drawing her shawl round her shoulders.

"Yes. Well?" Clytie replied.

"But advised you to go home to your friends, because the stage

were not fit for a lady; and that's it, my love, that's what I feel about it. I'm sure the way in which the girls are dressed; well, I've often said to Johnny, I wonder the Queen and Government don't stop it; and, as for acting, why, it's not what I call acting at all—it's nothing but legs, and smirks on their faces, as is enough, I'm sure, to make one sick; not but what, once in a way, you do see a good play with persons dressed all over, not as if they'd come out of their bedrooms and forgotten as they'd not finished. But that is neither here nor there. The question is as to what you mean to do."

"I must try some other theatre," Clytie replied, quietly. "If we rejected every profession or business because there are bad people in it, or on account of its being disagreeable, we should all sit at home and do nothing."

"That's true," said Johnny.

"Not altogether," said Mrs. Breeze; "but it aint no good arguing it, because she's made up her mind, and what we've got to do is to help if we can; though, from what Mr. Woodfield said, there don't seem to be much difficulty about it, if we only knew how to go on."

"I will write to another manager. That is all," said Clytie.

Mr. Breeze suddenly laid down his pipe.

"What is it, Breeze?" asked his wife, suddenly. "An idea!"

"Well, if I aint bin and forgotten the very thing as I wanted to say and to do particular. I was a speaking to a gent who is in the newspaper line this very morning in the park, and, he says, 'Well, if a young lady wants to go on the stage, there be lots of advertisements and agents,' he says, 'and go and get a *Nera*, as is a newspaper devoted to the profession.'"

"Johnny's right. I know what he means. That newspaper fellow as lodged with me and paid regular, as I was telling you, he used to have one and read it in bed every Sunday morning. Johnny, it aint late, and if you likes to go out for half an hour and borrow one at the York and Albany, or somewhere, why go at once and take yer pipe along."

The P.K. put on his unprofessional coat and hat, and away he went. During his absence Mrs. Breeze and Clytie put away the supper things, took in the chairs from the garden, lighted the lamp, and sat down in the back parlour to work and talk and prepare their minds for a continuation of the family council when Johnny should return with the *Nera*. Mrs. Breeze found that, in spite of two nights of hard work after supper, she had still a score of stockings to darn, and Clytie discovered that she was an excellent hand at this sort of

work. So the two were soon busily engaged, with their hands and arms half covered with stockings, "As looked for all the world like gauntlets," Mrs. Breeze said, "and she was sure no picture was ever more perfect than Mary a sitting there darning, like a fine lady as she had seen stitching a cavalier's rosette on his hat, in the time of the wars, when they wore velvet coats and swords."

It seemed no time before Johnny returned.

"There it is," he said, triumphantly, spreading out the newspaper upon the table. "There you are, Missie, and I'm sure I've been trying to read them advertisements with a view to understanding them, and I'm as far off as ever. Every man to his own trade—and woman, too, I suppose. I dare say, if there was a *Park Keeper's Gazette*, people outside the profession would find it hard to understand it; but, however, there's what they calls the actor's paper for you, and I dessay you'll make more of it than I can."

Clytie thanked the P.K. with a sweet smile, and opened the mysterious paper and began to read it, first all over at one rapid glance to herself, and then in bits for the edification of the Breezes.

"Wanted, a good heavy man!" exclaimed Mrs. Breeze. "Well, there, I should think Mr. Stevens would do for that. He must be fourteen stone if he's an ounce. 'A good walking gentleman, a juvenile gent, a gent for seconds, a leading lady, and a chambermaid.' Well, what they mean I suppose they know—I'm sure I don't; and Mr. Breeze is, no doubt, right—every trade to itself; and I'm told there is a *Lodging House Guide*, though I don't exactly consider myself in that line; but walking gents and chambermaids for a theatre is what I certainly cannot make out."

"I suppose it describes what they call their line of business," said Clytie. "I did not quite understand Mr. Woodfield when he asked me what my line was."

"I should have put it down for a leading lady," said Johnny, refilling his pipe.

"Well done, Johnny," said Mrs. Breeze; "that's very good."

Mrs. Breeze, indeed, was so pleased with this exhibition of Johnny's cleverness that she put a stockinged arm round his neck and gave him a smacking, high-sounding kiss on the cheek.

"Wanted, three good utility ladies (all must sing and dance), old man, a good low comedian, and useful couple; also a double bass and property man," Clytie read in her pleasant musical voice, with a long expressive note of exclamation at the end, and an inquiring look at Mr. Breeze.

The P. K. smoked solemnly and made no reply. Mrs. Breeze

laid her two hands upon her knees, stocking-needle, cotton, and all, and looked at Johnny. The P. K. was lost in smoke and thought.

"What do you make of that, Mr. Breeze?" Clytie asked.

"I don't make anything of it, Missie: it is altogether beyond me; I can only repeat, Everybody to his trade."

"It is indeed a very curious paper," said Clytie: "I fear I understand it no better than yourself, Mr. Breeze, though somehow I feel the strangest interest in it. 'Wanted, a character singer: also a bass-player (double-handed), and star seconds, juveniles, and responsible people.'"

"Double-handed," said Johnny reflectively. "I see a double-headed sheep once in a show at Epsom, but that's more curious still—a double-handed bass-player."

"Ah, I shall never forget that day, Johnny: it was before we were married, we went from the dairy, lovely: how the time does fly to be sure."

"For sale, fifty Indian serpents, two leopards, one hundred monkeys, and a large cunning-cunning, and a variety of stock, just arrived from India," said Clytie, still reading at random. "And here's your sheep, Mr. Breeze, wants a partner, two heads and six legs, the most remarkable phenomenon of the day."

Clytie beamed with delight over this discovery.

"It is the most wonderful paper!" she exclaimed: "it seems to belong to a new world: I could not have believed there could be such a paper."

"Oh, bless you, Missie, you don't know what's going on about you till you looks into the lives as people lead: now there's a friend of mine at the Zoo, talking of wild animals—he lives with two seals in a pond."

"Johnny! Johnny!" said Mrs. Breeze, laying down Master Breeze's stockings, darned and clean for the morrow.

"Well, not exactly in a pond, nor more than Sykes lives in the elephant's house, but he talks of nothing else, and as for a termagant woman, the scratches on that man's body, he's scored with them, and for all that he loves them sea-lions, and that's his world, though he does take a walk over Primrose Hill once in a way."

"The strangest paper," said Clytie, turning it over and devouring it with her round eloquent eyes. "And here are gentlemen who teach the histrionic art, lessons given upon the stage, and engagements guaranteed."

"There, now you've got to the right place," said Mrs. Breeze.

"*Is it an agent?*" asked Johnny.

"No, a teacher," said Clytie; "but here is an agent—'Mr. Barrington's Dramatic Agency: booking fee to professionals, three and sixpence; several vacancies in good companies; wanted, *artistes* in all lines of business; a few ladies and gentlemen for a dramatic club, &c. Note the address, Covent Garden.'"

"That's it," said Johnny; "every man to his trade; but there don't seem nothing so very mysterious about the agency business; look at them estate agents and registry offices; there's one thing, we don't want agencies in the park-keeping line."

"You would advise me, then, to write to Barrington's?" Clytie asked.

"Well, I dunno for that," said Johnny; "there's nothing like a personal call, I always think; but of course"——

"Johnny is right," broke in Mrs. Breeze; "it's been a great night with him, one of his clever nights; I am sure I was saying to myself just now if Johnny had only had his opportunities—well there, I don't like to praise him before his face, but he has got that common sense which in any other profession would have brought him to the front; it's been a great night with him from the moment as he thought of that *Nera* newspaper; and the best thing is to call at that place, and if you'll go early, my dear, I'll go with you, for I do think as some one should be by your side, as there's no knowing what traps there be in this London—might kidnap you for a show or something, for I do declare some of them advertisements made my blood curdle, all along of my suddenly remembering a young girl as ran away with a show company, and was painted up and made into an Indian princess, at twopence each and half-price to the working classes, though, my dear, it in no wise applies to you, though I must say it did come into my mind."

"My dear Mrs. Breeze, you are too good; it is very, very kind of you to go with me; we will go as soon as you like in the morning," said Clytie.

"Ten o'clock will give me time for putting things straight and getting the children out of the way," said Mrs. Breeze, "and we can take a 'bus from the York and Albany to the Circus and walk to Covent Garden, and look at the shops as we go, for I do think that next to buying things is looking in at the windows and saying what you would buy if you'd money enough; though I knew an old gentleman as killed himself pretty nigh with that very thing, and I forget now whether I knew him or see him in a play; it was one of them big sausages, as thick as your arm and curled like one of them crokay hoops, and he was poor, and he always said when he was

rich he'd buy that sausage and eat every bit of it for supper; and it came true; but it as nigh killed him as could be, though he lived to tell the story."

Clytie laughed, and said many curious things in life came to pass. Supposing she were to be rich some day?

"Bless you, I hope you will," said Mrs. Breeze.

"I sometimes think I may be," said Clytie, looking up with a world of wonder in her eyes. "Sometimes I think so; and if ever that should come to pass, Maggie, then, my dear good soul, you shall not look in the windows and wish; you shall look and have."

Clytie put her arms round Mrs. Breeze's white neck and kissed her, and laid her head upon her matronly bosom, and the P. K. looked on admiringly. Mrs. Breeze stroked the girl's hair with her round fat hand, and fondled her with all the affection of a loving mother.

If poor old Grandfather Waller could only have seen the runaway safe in those kind arms he would have been a happy man; for his fears would not let him picture her in security. Clytie thought of the old man as she lay nestling her face in Mrs. Breeze's neck. She thought of him tenderly, but not yet without a tinge of resentment.

That night, when she was alone sitting by her humble bed with its patchwork coverlet and its strip of stair-carpet by the side, she almost made up her mind to write to her grandfather, just a line to say she was safe and as happy as she could be under all the circumstances of her position. Or Mrs. Breeze might write this for her. The letter could be posted without any address. Yes, she would do that. She felt better when she had settled that this should be part of the morrow's work. Then she thought over all she had gone through during the day—all that Mr. Woodfield had told her about her mother. It made her sad, the dark picture which the manager had drawn of her mother's early days; but she would not dwell upon it—she preferred to think of the successful actress, the woman who had had London at her feet; to think of her mother as the loveliest woman and the greatest actress of her time, and the wife of a lord's son. She prayed every night that some day she might meet that lord's father; he was still living—Grandfather Waller had told her so always, and more than once he had told her she was an honourable if she had her rights, and ought to be a lady of title. It was a pity she had no friend, she thought, to help her—no clever man, like Tom Mayfield for instance, who would lay his life down for her. She could give him this secret for his devotion, and ask him to find it all out. For an unsophisticated country girl, Clytie had some shrewd worldly ideas, and

an amount of enterprise and firmness worthy of a London education. She learnt quickly too. For example, she noticed that although she was well dressed for Dunelm, there was something wanting in the style and manner and finish of her clothes; during the day she had let out a tuck in her dress and hemmed a frill round the bottom; in the morning she would get up very early and retrim her bonnet; a watch-chain was not worn round the neck she noticed; she must have a differently-shaped boot to that she was now wearing; and her hair must be braided in the style of a grand lady whom she saw in a gorgeous carriage in Regent Street. Her mind was in a whirl of projects, memories, fancies, and speculations as she sat there on the little bed; she thought of everything and everybody—looking forward, however, throughout, into a future which she hoped to mould to her own ambition.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MEMORABLE DAY, BEGUN AT BARRINGTON'S AND CLOSED AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

THEY stood inside a somewhat remarkably furnished office, Mrs. Breeze and Clytie. A pert youth in buttons requested that they would be seated. He pointed to an ottoman in the centre of the room, but Mrs. Breeze scowled at this piece of drawing-room furniture, and placed a chair for Clytie, while she sat upon a long stuffed seat near a desk, at which the pert youth was reading a newspaper. Mr. Barrington, he said, would be shortly disengaged.

It was a very remarkable room—a combination of drawing-room, counting-house, telegraph office, artist's studio, and police station. It was a room designed to impress the weak, to awe the strong, and confuse the wary; it was a swaggering, bullying, coaxing, humbugging room; a pretentious impostor of a room; and yet it looked respectable and honest and outspoken. What Pecksniff was among men, this office was among offices, if one might judge by appearances; it was a bouncing kind of room; it had speaking tubes and letter racks, ledgers and diaries, telegraph forms, letter weights, and bells; if it had been the outer office of a modern Fouché, and in France, it could not have been better or more notably supplied with appliances for the expeditious execution of the most tremendous business requirements. A Rothschild, a Cabinet Minister, a Colonel Henderson, a Chatterton managing three theatres at a time, could not have been fenced round with more cunning devices for hurrying commands to their destination, and checking the performance of the most

important decrees; "Post office" was painted upon a side counter, with slits for letters; "Telegraph office—telegrams to all parts of the world," was written upon another cabinet close by. But for the general silence it would have been easy to imagine clerks at work behind these official-looking boxes. Every now and then a bell rang, and a voice was heard struggling through the windings of a gutta-percha tube, upon which the boy at the desk would lay his paper down and say something up another trumpet, and then came back the old repose. The post office and the telegraphic department were both dummies. Even Mrs. Breeze noticed this. She deliberately left her seat, and looked behind the formidable cabinets, where silence reigned supreme. But the room seemed to bounce and look down at Mrs. Breeze, through ponderous gold rimmers, and point to its ottoman with photographs of eminent actresses at the apex of a centre ornament which sprung mysteriously from the triple seat. It seemed to smile a Pecksniffian smile of pity upon her, and point to the fourscore pictures of beautiful creatures over the mantel-shelf, who had been engaged through Mr. Barrington's agency in this very room, and made large fortunes and famous names in the shortest possible time on record.

Presently two bells suddenly electrified the pert youth, against whom Mrs. Breeze had conceived a furious dislike; he leaped from his seat, darted past the "post office," and disappeared—only, however, to return almost immediately.

"Step this way, ladies," said the boy, "Mr. Barrington will see you himself."

They were ushered into a small room furnished in crimson velvet; a sort of library drawing-room, such as you might expect to find as the swell parlour of a fashionable betting saloon; and there sitting at a gimcrack rosewood toy writing table was discovered the well-known and highly successful dramatic agent Mr. Barrington, a well-dressed gentleman of five-and-forty, with a black curled moustache and whiskers, irreproachable teeth and studs; a white waistcoat and gold chain; two white hands sparkling with rings; and a voice tuned to the musical and artistic tastes of his numerous and interesting clients.

"Good morning, ladies—pray be seated," said Mr. Barrington, taking in at one glance the features, dress, style, and probable position of his visitors.

Mrs. Breeze waited until Clytie was seated, and then she complied with Mr. Barrington's polite request, but she had a secret idea that the office boy was watching her through one of the office tubes, and she felt aggressive.

"What may I have the pleasure of doing for you?" said Mr. Barrington, comprehending both ladies in the obsequious but confident glance which he flung at them from beneath his black bushy eyebrows.

"Nothing for me, thank you," said Mrs. Breeze, drawing her light shawl tightly round her shoulders; "for this lady, and I hope it may be satisfactory to her."

"I also hope so, I am sure," said Mr. Barrington, directing his attention to Clytie.

"I desire to place my name upon your list, and to ask your kind offices in procuring me an engagement," said Clytie, handing to him her name and address written upon a sheet of note paper—"Miss Pitt, Post Office, Camden Town."

"Yes, my child, certainly," said Mr. Barrington.

"And there is the fee."

"Thank you, you are business like."

Clytie had presented two half-crowns with her address.

"That was the charge mentioned in the advertisement," said Mrs. Breeze, not quite liking to be ignored in the conversation; for Mr. Barrington, since he discovered that she was only a friend or companion of the young girl, had altogether confined his remarks and his looks to Clytie.

"Certainly," said the agent; "it is a pity that commerce should be called upon to interfere in the arrangements of art, but it was ever so, since the world began. What line of business, Miss Pitt?"

"I do not quite know; I am a beginner," said Clytie.

"Yes, you are a beginner; have you taken lessons?"

"No," said Clytie; "but I think I could make myself useful."

"Very good; you are business like, as I said before; you can make yourself useful. Ah!"

Mr. Barrington looked at Clytie from beneath his eyebrows, leaned back in his chair, and rubbed his jewelled hands reflectively.

"You can make yourself useful. If you obtained an appearance would Lord—ah, Lord—dear me, what a memory I have—would his lordship take a box or stall for the season, or "——

"No," said Clytie, with some hesitation, not understanding the question, and anxious not to confess her ignorance upon stage matters so readily as she did to Mr. Woodfield.

"No? perhaps it is Captain; dear me, my memory goes like the wind—or Mr. somebody, or some friend or another; he would like you to appear, and would assist you."

"I have no friends, except Mr. and Mrs. Breeze, in London, at present," said Clytie, looking at Mrs. Breeze,—"and they"——

"Would come and see you and pay for their seats like other people" said Mrs. Breeze promptly; "though I don't think that is what the gentleman means; perhaps he'll explain."

"No, Mrs. Breeze, it is not necessary; I simply wish to understand what the young lady's prospects are."

"Thank you," said Clytie.

"Your appearance is immensely in your favour. I may say that, without flattery. I suppose your first idea is to make yourself useful, as you say; you would probably pay for a first appearance?"

"No, I could not do that," said Clytie.

"You would give your services then, for a time, without salary, in order to get into a theatre, to get an opening—to make a start, in short."

"I wish to earn money. It is necessary that I should, and I have chosen the stage as a profession; my mother, sir, was a famous actress," said Clytie, with a quiet firmness, that Mrs. Breeze had almost applauded with the handle of her parasol.

"Quite so, and I think you would be successful; you should join some good amateur society, some dramatic club, where you could play parts, and work your way; there is the Siddons Club, for example, which has given to the stage several distinguished actors and actresses; but for leading business you would pay £3 a night and find your own dresses; you could do that I suppose, if it led to a good engagement?"

"Indeed, I could not," said Clytie. "I had no idea there were so many difficulties, sir; I have a good appearance you say; I can speak properly, I can sing, I am a musician, I am the daughter of an actress, surely these are qualifications that might obtain some position for me. Mr. Chute Woodfield said I should have no difficulty in getting an engagement; but he advised me not to go upon the stage, because he said it was not a respectable profession now for a lady; otherwise he would have given me an engagement in his own theatre," said Clytie earnestly, and with a slight expression of resentment in her manner, which was highly satisfactory to Mrs. Breeze.

"Certainly," said the P. K.'s wife, looking defiance at Mr. Barrington and all his velvet furniture.

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Woodfield said so? well, he is partly right; he gets all his clever people from me; why, my child, I could place you in his own theatre this moment, in spite of himself, if you had experience; talent overcomes all of them. Well, now we have really got to business; I think I quite understand what you desire, my dear young lady, quite, and I must help you."

Thereupon he drew towards him a pliable tube and spoke down it for nearly a minute, and there entered from a door that was disguised by a painting of "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" an elderly man with a book in his hand, and a quill pen behind his ear.

"Thomas, have the kindness to enter this lady's name and get her signature to form G, which please to read to her."

"Yes, sir," said Thomas, sitting down and copying Clytie's address into the book, after which he read to her an agreement whereby she was called upon to pledge herself that she would accept no engagement except through Mr. Barrington, and that she would give him her first month's salary, together with some binding clauses, equally liberal, which Clytie signed notwithstanding Mrs. Breeze's admonitory looks and interruptions.

"And Thomas," said Mr. Barrington, "is the company for the Delphos Theatre quite filled?"

"I think not," said Thomas.

"Did Lord St. Barnard call about the business while I was in the park yesterday?"

"No, sir."

"Nor the new lessee, Mr. Wyldenberg?"

"No, sir."

"Thank you, that will do, Thomas."

The clerk passed through the picture and disappeared as silently as he had entered.

"Really, Miss Pitt, you have excited my interest; yes, and my sympathy too; believe me, I will try and serve you; it has been my lot to introduce into the profession some of its most illustrious stars. I confess that commercial reasons have influenced me; yes, I confess that; but money is not everything, and sometimes it is policy to wait for it; your mother was Miss Olivia Pitt; I have been trying for the last five minutes to recall the likeness; I do so at this moment; I do so with a vast amount of pleasure; she was a great actress; I saw her at Drury Lane when she came out. Yes, and I have a lively remembrance of the effect her acting made upon me; I was a very young man in those days. Place yourself in my hands, my dear child, and we will see what can be done. Meanwhile take this note [he was slowly writing while he talked] to Mr. Wyldenberg, of the Delphos Theatre, to-morrow, and let me know the result by post."

"Thank you, Mr. Barrington," said Clytie, with an expression of sincere gratitude; and Mrs. Breeze said "Thank you" also, and felt her resentment and defiance oozing out at her fingers' ends, which tingled with a desire to shake hands with the gentleman whom she had commenced by hating heartily.

Mr. Barrington rang his bell, and the office boy appeared, whereupon all Mrs. Breeze's warlike feelings came back upon her.

"Show these ladies out, Norfolk," said Mr. Barrington, rising and bowing to Clytie. "Good morning, good morning."

As Mrs. Breeze followed Clytie to the stairs of the outer office she suddenly turned round. She felt sure that horrid boy was doing something, as she told Breeze afterwards; and sure enough he was—making an ugly face behind her back, and putting his thumb to his nose; but she was just in time to acknowledge his attentions in a smart slap on the head with her parasol, and "Send that by telegraph if you like."

"A wonderful girl," said Mr. Barrington, brushing his whiskers before a hand-glass, while his visitors were making their way into the street. "Pretty! By heavens, she is lovely. Eyes! By Jove, they are diamonds! Lips! Corals! 'Pon my soul, it's the loveliest face I ever saw. And what a figure! She ought to be worth her weight in gold. We shall see. No chance of any salary at the Delphos. But Lord St. Barnard will take a fancy to her, like a shot. Must drop him a line. Ah! I look seedy to-day—decidedly seedy. Must have a 'pick-me-up.' Thomas!"

"Yes, sir," said Thomas, appearing on the instant.

"I'm going to the club."

"Yes, sir."

"Back in an hour."

"Yes, sir."

The Tragic Muse turned its back on Thomas, and Mr. Barrington turned his back, with its stay-laced fall, upon the Tragic Muse.

"Well, there, I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Breeze, when she and Clytie were in the street, "I like him for what he said at last, and could have hugged him for it at that moment; but I feel as if I'd been in a sham affair—as if I'd been in a show as was all outside, like the pictures you see of exhibitions at a fair; and as for that puppy in the office—well, there, I could have killed him."

"I fear your prejudice arises out of kind feeling for me," said Clytie; and for a moment she felt sorry that Mrs. Breeze had accompanied her.

Mrs. Breeze was not exactly a common woman; she was not vulgar; she was rather good looking; her face was round and honest and English-like; but somehow Clytie, catching sight of her in shop windows, could not help noticing how inferior her appearance was to *her own; her* shawl was not well put on, her bonnet had big red

roses in it, and she walked like a man, and carried her parasol as if it were a weapon of defence. Clytie noticed this not with any unkindly feeling; but somehow she did notice it, and wondered if she had suffered in the estimation of Mr. Barrington from such companionship. Then Mrs. Breeze would stop occasionally in the streets to emphasise her remarks, and sometimes to point at something or somebody. Clytie wished she would not do this; but the next moment, when she thought what a protection it was to have Mrs. Breeze with her, when she remembered how she had been insulted the day before, then she felt that she was ungrateful to Mrs. Breeze; so when that good lady took her into Covent Garden to show her the flowers, she insisted upon buying for her three fine plants which Mrs. Breeze had admired. Mrs. Breeze invented all sorts of difficulties to nullify the purchase, the last one being the utter impossibility of their carrying the flowers home; but this was overruled by the dealer discovering that he had a cart just going to Primrose Hill, and so the flowers were paid for, and Clytie suggested luncheon, which took them to the Strand, where Clytie again tried to make up to Mrs. Breeze for the unkind and ungrateful thoughts which had troubled her on leaving Mr. Barrington's famous theatrical agency.

"Well now, Mary, my own, since you have insisted on treating me, I shall beg to have my own way, and I shall just call a cab, and we will drive to Hyde Park Corner and see the beauty and fashion of the world, as they say it is to be seen there; and you wondered last night where all the gay people could be in this great London, and you can see them there or nowhere; and what is more, there's nothing to pay, and a mouse may look at a king, as the nursery book says. Hi, cabby; hi!"

Before Clytie could interfere or reply Mrs. Breeze was bargaining with the cabman about his fare, because then, as she explained, there could be no mistake, and you knew what you were about.

They stood for some time near the Corner. Clytie was bewildered. Here, indeed, was London at last, the London of which Phil Ransford had told her, the London of her dreams, the gay and brilliant London of fashion and beauty, the London of parks and flowers, and lovely women and brave men.

"We will get two chairs if we can," said Mrs. Breeze, "only a penny each; and then we can sit and see all that's going on with the best of them."

Clytie suffered the woman to do whatever she wished; she felt powerless in the crowd; she hardly dared venture to cross the road with its continued change of carriages.



"Don't mind, dear," said Mrs. Breeze, "the policeman will stop 'em for us; they may be dukes and duchesses, bless you, but they must stop and let us cross when the officer holds up his hand."

The policeman stood between them and raised his hand.

"I declare it was like Moses and the Red Sea, that policeman a stopping the traffic for us," said Mrs. Breeze, when they were on the side path. "I have been here afore more than once, but never did I see such a block. Well there, I do say it's a picture for Queen Victoria to be proud of."

Clytie said nothing. She stood by the railings and watched the gorgeous stream of carriages; she sat in a chair and fixed her eyes upon the mounted ladies and gentlemen; she saw the pleasant flirtations that were going on; she saw "bright eyes look love to eyes that spake again;" she saw all there was to see, and she saw it in a dreamy fashion, as if she were sitting in the Hermitage Gardens, and listening to Phil Ransford's description of the great city, where she should be a queen. She did not know the Tory Chief as he stepped from his brougham and handed out his wife—now, alas! no more—for a quiet saunter towards Kensington Gardens; she did not know the dashing Irish Secretary on his dashing bay; nor the rising financier of the Government on his sturdy cob; she did not know the famous actor who had just burst upon the town, nor the new poet, nor the great traveller fresh from Central Africa, nor the golden-haired lady with the white ponies in the drive, nor the belle of the season, the rich Indian heiress; but suddenly she saw some one whom she recognised, for she clutched Mrs. Breeze by the arm, and gasped "Mr. Ransford!"

The next moment Phil Ransford pulled a quiet-looking mare up by the railings and dismounted, handing the reins to a groom who was in attendance upon a showy bay. Clytie clung to Mrs. Breeze's arm, and the P. K.'s wife was considerably bewildered. Phil Ransford raised his hat, stooped under the railing, and presented himself to Clytie, putting out his hand with the confident air of an old friend, and bowing so politely to Mrs. Breeze that the P. K.'s good lady, as his brother P. K.'s called her, could only bow again and wait for results.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you," said Phil.

"I thought you were seriously hurt, sir," said Clytie. "I am glad to find you looking well."

"Oh, it was nothing," said Phil, "only a bruise or two, and I do care for them, seeing that they were received in honour of so fair y."

Clytie did not reply. Mrs. Breeze, therefore, felt it incumbent upon her to know who this fine gentleman could be. A shadow of doubt swept over her; but it was gone in a moment.

"Who is this gentleman?" asked Mrs. Breeze.

"Mr. Philip Ransford," said Clytie, "of Dunelm, and a friend of my grandfather."

"An old friend of Miss Waller's family, and one who is most desirous of being of service to her," said Phil.

"The greatest service you can render me now," said Clytie, "is to give me your word that you will not communicate with my grandfather unless you have my permission."

Clytie said this with a glance which Phil understood at once to mean that he must not continue his conversation in presence of Mrs. Breeze.

"You have my word," said Phil; "but may I not call upon you?"

"No, thank you," said Clytie.

"Then it is true?" said Phil.

"What is true?" asked Clytie.

"Tom Mayfield is in London."

Despite her looks of admonition, Phil's jealous fears would not be held in check; his selfishness was too active even for delay. He had heard of Tom Mayfield's flight, and he believed that Clytie and the student had gone away together.

"I know nothing of Mr. Mayfield's movements," said Clytie with dignity. "Good morning, sir."

"Nay, just a moment. My people are all here, and I must join them; forgive me if I have pained you; let me call upon you; there is nothing I would not do to serve you."

Clytie looked at Mrs. Breeze, who said—

"If you see no objection, I think the gentleman had better come to St. Mark's Crescent; if he is a friend of your family, and takes an interest in your welfare, I'm sure I see no reason against it; you can see him in my presence for that matter, you know, and it seems providential to me that we have met the gentleman."

"Thank you, madam," said Phil, "you put the case most sensibly. Miss Waller must need a friend, and if she sees the slightest impropriety in my calling alone, why my mother shall come with me; and yonder she is in the yellow carriage passing that coach and four, and looking this way."

"I see her, sir," said Mrs. Breeze, "and I am sure nothing can be more proper than your conduct, though I did you an injustice at first,—for a moment, but no more."

"You may call," said Clytie; "43, St. Mark's Crescent, Regent's Park North."

"Thank you," said Phil.

"A word before you go," said Clytie; "my grandfather, how is he?"

"I left Dunelm within the week after you left; I went to Brighton to recruit, and came on here; Mr. Waller, I believe, left Dunelm the day after your departure—for York, I think; and since then I have heard nothing about that most hateful city."

Clytie turned pale at the thought of her grandfather wandering over the country in search of her.

"Good morning," she said, and turning away pressed Mrs. Breeze's arm tightly. "Let us go home. I feel very much upset."

Mrs. Breeze put her arm round the girl, and led her away, a score of people turning to look at the country beauty. Clytie soon recovered, and presently walked with her accustomed elasticity, Mrs. Breeze conducting her over the grass the shortest way out of the Park, towards Park Lane, where she hailed a cab, and without any preliminary arrangement about fare, directed the driver to go to St. Mark's Crescent, and not do it as if he were at a funeral. They reached home in time to prepare the P. K.'s tea; and while the tea things were laid by Miss Lotty, Master Harry brought a letter from the Camden Town Post Office, where he had been directed to call as he came home from school. It had only just been received; it was from Mr. Barrington requesting his dear young friend to call at the Delphos Theatre at three o'clock on the following day. Immediately after she left his office that morning he had had the good fortune to meet Mr. Wyldenberg, who had consented to see her at the time above stated, and, if possible, to make room for her in his new company. The Breezes made merry over the good news, and Johnny promised to take all the family to see Missie the first night she appeared.

(To be continued.)

THE EARLY DAYS OF NAPOLEON III.

FROM THE PRIVATE DIARY OF A PRUSSIAN LADY, TRANSLATED BY THE COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON.

IT was in the summer of 1838 that I first saw the Prince. Since the death of his mother, Hortense, he had lived in retirement, either at Arenemberg or in the adjoining *château* of Gottlieben. It was there that a small circle of his intimate friends assembled round him, and there also he received many marks of sympathy and love from the Swiss people.

France and Germany watched him with suspicious eyes, for they looked on the adventurer Louis Napoleon as a dangerous enemy, although he was banished from both countries, and dared not even show himself in the neighbouring town of Constance without running the risk of being taken up. Yet the inhabitants of that town spoke with affection and pity of the poor unfortunate Prince, and evinced the most lively sympathy for him. They did not forget his benevolence and amiability, and the pleasant and friendly *réunions* which he had at Arenemberg and Gottlieben, and which his acquaintances at Constance were glad to join, although in strict secresy. It was also whispered to me that in spite of orders to the contrary the Prince was himself often at Constance, that he went there disguised in the uniform of a common Baden soldier, that he walked uninterruptedly across the long wooden bridge into the town. The toll-gatherer at the bridge pretended not to know him; he turned the other way when the Baden soldier passed by, but looked after him smiling, and rejoicing at having outwitted the foreign spies. The beautiful Frau von M., who had known Queen Hortense intimately, and to whom Prince Louis was devotedly attached, lived at Constance, and she told us much about Arenemberg and Gottlieben. She spoke with tears of the Queen's kindness to her, and of the great attachment existing between the mother and son.

It was to this lady my friend and I were indebted for our short visit to Arenemberg. Strangers were seldom admitted there, but a few lines to the Prince from the amiable and lovely Frau von M. procured us admittance. Louis Napoleon was the

thirty, not handsome, but on his energetic features there was an expression of gentle kindness, and in his mild brown eyes a ray of hearty welcome. Nothing mysterious, nothing sham, nothing *maniéré* in his demeanour, which was open and unconstrained. His brown hair was short and curly, his forehead broad and thoughtful, and a slight well-cultivated moustache overshadowed his mouth. He certainly did not give us the idea either of an adventurer or of a madman, nor could we detect any likeness to the formidable spectre of his uncle, as he was looked upon by France and Germany. When we drove into the courtyard at Arenemberg he stood surrounded by a few gentlemen watching with great interest a groom exercising a horse.

After our servant had respectfully delivered to him the letter from Frau von M., he quickly came up and helped us to alight, assuring us that it would give him pleasure to show us his *petite maison*, as he called it. He signed to the gentlemen to approach, and introduced them severally to us. The short, broad man, with dark, resolute features, was Colonel Vaudrey, and the other slight young man, with the cheerful countenance, was called Fialin. No one could have guessed that this young man, who had all the appearance of a *commis voyageur*, was destined to be a peer of France, a *ministre* of the future Empire—that Fialin would ever be transformed into the influential Duc de Persigny! The rooms we passed through were not very beautiful, nor was there anything very regal about them. The furniture was old-fashioned, and Louis Napoleon told us it had all come from Malmaison, and was a remembrance of old times. The hard couch, surmounted by the gold eagle, had been in the reception room of the Empress Josephine, and only a few days before her death the Emperor Alexander had been seated beside her upon it. Over another couch hung a small sketch in water-colours, which much attracted my attention, and, when I asked the subject of it, Prince Louis smiled. "A little remembrance of my youth," he said, "painted by the artistic hand of Madame Cochelet, who was then my governess. The lady in the long train, and with brilliants in her hair—that is my dear mother; and that little fellow in front of her, to whom she is bending down—that is myself. It was in the days of prosperity and splendour, as you see by the *cortège* of ladies and gentlemen behind. At that time, madame, we lived in Paris, when I was not an honorary burgher of Thurgau, but the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon." He sighed; but soon banishing his momentary sadness, he resumed his genial manner. "I will tell you the story of this little picture, and why it was drawn," he continued. "There was a ball at the

Tuileries given by the Emperor, and my mother had dressed magnificently for it, and when she came into our room my brother and I gazed at her with great admiration. She appeared to us like some fairy out of the tales with which Madame Cochelet used to entertain us when we had done our lessons well. The Queen perceived our childish pleasure:

"'You find me beautiful to-night, my dear children; you admire my brilliants, my jewels; but to me this little bunch of violets in my belt seems more beautiful than all the diamonds and pearls possess.'

"She detached the little bouquet and held it out to us. They were my favourite flowers, and I reached out my hand for them.

"'Wilt thou have them, Louis?' said my mother; 'or wouldst thou prefer one of these diamonds?'

"'Keep thy diamonds and give me the violets,' said I. My mother smiled.

"'Right, Louis,' she said; 'the diamonds have no scent, and give no joy to the heart. Keep thy love for the violets, they bloom every spring, and make one happy even when one has no jewels.'

"'But thou wilt always have jewels, *chère* mamma Queen,' said my brother; 'and when one has them, one can always buy plenty of violets.'

"My mother answered sadly:

"'Who knows, my son, whether we shall always be rich, and looked up to as we are now? I wonder what you two would do if all our splendour and wealth were taken away! How would you set about gaining your livelihood?'

"'I should become a soldier,' said my brother. 'I should win battles, and conquer kingdoms, as our uncle did.'

"'And thou, my little Louis?' asked my mother.

"I had been turning the question over in my childish head for some minutes. At last I said:

"'I, *chère maman*, should gather violets, and sell them in bouquets for sous, like the little boy who always stands at the door of the Tuileries.'

"The gentlemen and ladies laughed at this, but my mother bent down and kissed me.

"That is the moment, madame, which Madame Cochelet has tried to represent in the picture which she painted and presented to my mother, in memory of this little scene. She always kept it hanging here; and on the day she died she sent for it, looked at it once more, and said to me: 'Louis, be always content with the violets; they will outlast the brilliants.'"



As a companion to this picture, there was another interesting sketch of a fair blue-eyed boy, the unfortunate King of Rome, painted by Queen Hortense for her mother Josephine. In a smaller *salon* we saw a beautiful portrait of the Queen herself. The artist had represented her standing on a balcony by moonlight, in a pensive and melancholy attitude, so well suited to her character. How vainly had she warned her beloved son against any mad and foolhardy undertaking. He always believed it was his mission to raise up the throne of his uncle, and to carry out the Napoleonic ideas for the glory of France.

Opposite to that of Queen Hortense hung a picture of Napoleon I. on horseback. It was a copy of the celebrated one by David, representing him on the summit of the Alps, his soldiers climbing after him. Louis Napoleon stood some time before this picture. Suddenly he turned to Fialin :

"*Mon ami*," he said, "whatever your wise heads may say to the contrary, I shall also one day cross my Alps, and cry, '*En avant!*' to the French army."

Fialin answered only by a bow; but Colonel Vaudrey murmured audibly :

"*Votre Altesse aura raison.*"

After we had traversed the five lower rooms, the Prince said to us :

"I will now show you my holy of holies—my mother's room ; the room in which she died. I never let any one go there ; but you have brought a magic key in my friend's letter. Follow me."

When we came to the foot of the staircase leading to the upper story, he turned and nodded to his friends, who remained behind. We ascended, and stopped before a door which was concealed by a sable curtain. The Prince drew it aside, and unlocked the door. We entered a handsome room, in which stood a large French bed with crimson curtains and a quilted blue satin counterpane, upon which rested a miniature fastened to a gold chain.

"That is my portrait," said the Prince, in a low voice, "which she always wore next to her heart. In her last days, before I arrived, she used to look at it for hours and talk to it."

We could with difficulty suppress our tears, standing before the couch which had become an altar of remembrance for the affectionate son. We felt afraid to look about us in this room ; it seemed almost sacred. The Queen's ornaments and nicknacks lay on the tables, and everything appeared to be scrupulously kept in same order in which she had left it. The Prince took up a small

crystal box, which he opened, and showed us two plain gold rings on a velvet cushion.

"These are the wedding rings of the Emperor," he said, "and of the Empress Josephine. They are the standards of the whole Buonaparte family, which we shall always carry before us in the battle of life."

He looked silently at them for a few minutes, and then said:

"You will forgive me, madame, but my reminiscences in this room are always too much for me. In this room I always feel as a child wailing for his mother."

We were greatly touched by his kindness in allowing us to see this room, and silently followed him down stairs, where we again found Colonel Vaudrey and M. Fialin, and after resting a few minutes in the breakfast room below, we took our leave. The Prince accompanied us to the carriage, and shook hands with us cordially. As we drove away, he said:

"You live in Germany, madame. Who knows but I may return your visit some of these days?"

* * * * *

Only a few weeks afterwards Louis Napoleon had left his quiet beautiful Arenemberg. The French and German Governments equally objected to his living there, and requested Switzerland to expel him. Switzerland refused, Louis Philippe threatened, and things were beginning to look serious, when Louis Napoleon wrote to the Landamman of Thurgau announcing his determination to ensure the peace of Switzerland by quitting Arenemberg and leaving the country.

He took his departure in October, 1838, travelled in disguise through Germany and Holland to England, and thence made that second unsuccessful attempt on France which brought upon him his long imprisonment at Ham. We all know what followed, and how the adventurer Louis Napoleon became President of the Republic in 1848.

* * * * *

On the 14th of June, 1856, my husband and I were in Paris. It was the day of the christening of the Prince Imperial, and we had hired a room for 200 francs in the Rue Rivoli, to see the procession. Through the kindness of the Prussian ambassador, we had also been able to secure places in the cathedral of Nôtre Dame. The Rue Rivoli presented a splendid appearance on that day. From top to bottom the houses were thronged with beautifully dressed ladies, whose anxious looks were directed towards the enormous mass of

advancing soldiers. What a gigantic army it was! Among the other regiments, those were conspicuous who carried their victorious banners just returned from the shores of the Black Sea. The slight forms of the French officers who passed by us on this great *fête* day were a contrast to those of our broad shouldered, muscular Pomeranians and Uckermarkers. When the soldiers had placed themselves in rows four deep on each side of the street, the real procession began. First, in magnificent open carriages, came the household of the Emperor. Then accompanied by a detachment of the Imperial Guard, in a carriage drawn by eight horses, the Child of France, the Prince Imperial. A nurse bore him on a crimson cushion, covered with lace, the governess and under-governess seated beside her. Then came a regiment of cavalry. Afterwards the Pope's Nuncio, in a carriage drawn by six horses. As he appeared the music ceased, and nothing was heard but the bells of Nôtre Dame, and the booming of cannon from the Dome of the Invalides. As the Prelate passed along the people bowed silently and reverentially, while he made the sign of the cross, and blessed them from the carriage to the right and to the left. Then, amidst the flourish of trumpets and trombones, and the thunder of cannon, and the shouts of the people, first the Cent Gardes, then the Imperial carriage approached, drawn by eight thorough-bred white horses, in rich trappings of red, white, and blue, the colours of France. The carriage was surmounted by a magnificent Imperial crown, which shone like pure gold in the sunshine. At the four corners, beside the gilt pillars which enshrined the enormous windows, figures of Fame, blowing their trumpets, were artistically grouped, and seemed to proclaim to France the dominion of Imperialism. On gold embroidered cushions inside sat the Imperial pair side by side. The Emperor was in the uniform of a general, with the broad ribbon of the Legion of Honour across his shoulder, and his head uncovered. The cold impenetrable face I now beheld bore little resemblance to that of the Louis Napoleon of Arenemberg. The smile was forced, and his uneasy glance from side to side almost betrayed a suspicion that an assassin might be lurking among the crowd. Beside him sat the Empress crowned with diamonds. She was distinctly visible behind the large windows of the carriage. All were struck with admiration at her majestic and splendid appearance.

As the Imperial carriage slowly passed, we gained our carriage by a back door and, driving quickly through by-streets, arrived in good time to take our seats in the Cathedral. And there the sight which greeted our view was past description in its beauty and magnificence. The pillars were hung with cloth of gold in all directions, the Imperial

"N" glittering among thousands of wax-lights. The places were soon filled, and every corner blazed with jewels, decorations, and stars. An immense concourse of priests, with the Archbishop at their head, stood awaiting the Nuncio. The same high-backed crimson and gold chairs on which Napoleon I. and Marie Louise had sat at the christening of the King of Rome were now placed for Louis Napoleon and Eugénie. Presently a commotion was perceptible among the priests that descended the steps to meet the Nuncio, who had just arrived, and escort him to the altar. The Child of France followed with his suite, and, a few minutes afterwards, the flourish of trombones and trumpets announced the entrance of the Imperial train. It resembled a gorgeous sparkling serpent gliding along, and all rose to behold it. Louis Napoleon conducted the Empress to her seat. How beautiful she looked as she stood there, robed in sky-blue satin covered with costly lace, the Crown diamonds of France sparkling upon her neck and arms; and in the diadem upon her head flashed the far-famed Regent diamond like a heavenly star! This precious jewel dates from the time of Charles the Bold. A moment came in which all these diamonds were outshone by others far more beautiful. It was when the Nuncio stretched forth his hands over the Child of France and blessed him. Then from Eugénie's eyes gushed forth the brightest and most lovely brilliants, the tears which a mother sheds at sight of the blessing of her child. And, for me, these tears were the best, the truest refutation of the mischievous and disgraceful reports, which were then spreading over the world, that this Child of France was not the child of his Imperial mother. Yes, these tears of the Empress Eugénie were the tears of a real mother. At that instant she forgot her beauty and her glory, and the look which she bent on her child was a mother's look of affectionate solicitude, saddened perhaps by a presentiment of future anxiety and trouble.

Once more I saw the Emperor Napoleon. It was in 1861. His days of prosperity were drawing to a close. He had lost faith in his "star" and in the people whom he ruled. The shadows of bygone days stood round his bed at night, robbed him of his slumbers, and reproached him with acts of injustice. The revelations made by Orsini had influenced his mind, and he distrusted his friends and his people. In vain he tried to suppress the secret societies; he saw that the French people were bursting asunder the chains with which he had bound them. Louis Napoleon knew this well, and it made him sad and reserved and unapproachable. I saw him coming from St. Cloud in a carriage, the Empress beside him, the Child of France opposite to them with his governess. Slowly they rolled



along the boulevards, but no "Vive l'Empereur" greeted his ear from the crowd on the *trottoir;* only a derisive word or a suppressed curse was heard at intervals, and one could see how here and there a disguised *sergent de ville* laid his hand on the shoulder of the offender and took him away. The Emperor's face was pale, his eyes were sunken, and the furrows on his brow told of bodily and mental pain. Like a spectre of the past he glided by, and I almost shuddered when I saw him—the pale, joyless ghost of a beautiful sunny past.

Nothing was left of the enterprising, life-loving young man of Arenemberg.

And now he is dead. The man who ruled the world, before whom kings and emperors bowed down, and who dictated laws to Europe, has left us. Dust and ashes he is now, like his throne which has fallen into dust, and like his power, which, in the terrible purgatory of Gravelotte and Sedan, was burnt to ashes.

How they flattered and dissembled before him, these nations and these princes, while he was mighty! How they despised him when he fell! Few remembered the respect or the pity due to adversity. To the ancients a spot was sacred which had been struck by lightning, because they believed it to have been touched by the finger of God, and before the ashes of a blasted tree they bent in pious reverence and worshipped the omnipotence of the Most High. And should not we, also, venerate the ashes of the lightning-slain Louis Napoleon?

He had indeed "crossed his Alps," but Society had risen up against him, Revolution had uplifted her head to change the system, to allay the sufferings which Imperialism had created. Will she find a remedy? Thiers could not heal the wounds which the Imperial army has inflicted on poor France? He only endeavoured to revenge them. Will his successor be able to heal them?

LIFE IN LONDON.

VIII.—AT TATTERSALL'S.

AT Tattersall's! What romance—what mysteries—what iniquities cluster round these words—"At Tattersall's!"—in the imagination of millions of men and women! It is the Mecca of the Turf, and is to sportsmen all over the world what the House of Commons is to politicians—what the Stock Exchange is to men of business—what Printing House Square is to newspaper men—what Paternoster Row is to publishers—what Westminster Hall is to lawyers—what Westminster Abbey is to English Churchmen. It is a classic spot, a spot over which the imagination of sportsmen broods, like the imagination of a devotee over the associations of a favourite shrine. Yet with all the interest that Tattersall's creates, it is next perhaps to the Stock Exchange—and hardly next even to that—the profoundest mystery in the Life of London. Its history has yet to be written, and perhaps no man could have written it better, could have written it, that is, more pleasantly, with more picturesqueness, with a richer store of personal recollections and personal anecdote, than one of the old contributors to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "H. H. D.," the Elia of the Turf. But what "H. H. D." might have done may perhaps even yet be done by one of those veterans of the Turf who are now closing their books and abandoning the Turf to spend the rest of their days in the quiet of their own parks, with their dogs and their horses and their rooks. Originally, Tattersall's was a mere stable yard and horse repository, distinguished from the general run of establishments of this kind only by the larger attendance of sportsmen. The Subscription Room is comparatively the creation of yesterday; and there must be scores of men yet on the Turf—men who have been ruined by their speculations on two-year-olds, and men who, beginning as stable-boys, now keep their banking accounts with a standing balance of £10,000—who, when they first consulted "Old Tattersall" about joining the Room or making a book, were bluntly told to keep their money in their pockets; for it is an odd illustration of the caprice of

circumstances that the founder of the yard, the man under whose management the Corner attained its highest prestige and became the Exchange of Turf-men, had what many of his friends thought an insane horror of a betting book, and did all that a man in his position could do to check gambling by friendly hints and suggestions to youths fresh from college and fired with the idea of making a splendid *coup* at the expense of the Ring.

Fourteen years have now elapsed since Old Tattersall, after a reign of fifty years, handed over his hammer to younger if not more vigorous hands; and in those fourteen years the science of betting has grown and developed more than it had probably done in the previous half-century. What Old Tattersall would have said if called upon, as his descendants have been, to knock down a two-year-old with £2,500 of forfeits on his head, I cannot say; but that fact sufficiently illustrates the daring and adventurous spirit of speculation which marks the Turf-men who now meet under the shadow of his rostrum to stake an estate on the throw of a "dice on four legs." Tattersall's yard has grown with the growth of horse-racing; and it now forms the central institution of the Turf, is the focus of half the gambling that is carried on within the four seas, gives the cue to every bookmaker, regulates by its quotations the odds on every racecourse, and through the system of agency that has sprung up within the past few years is open to every clerk or draper's assistant or stable-boy who wishes to stake half-a-sovereign. Through the action of these men—men who make betting on races the profession of their lives— a million of money is often staked, in sums ranging from ten shillings to ten pounds, on a single race; and on the eve, say, of the Derby or the Oaks or the St. Leger Tattersall's presents a scene of animation that is only to be matched on the Paris Bourse when a panic is in the air. Take Tattersall's on the Monday previous to the Derby. This is always a field day, and the rooms are generally full. This year the day fell on the 26th of May. You could hardly push your way through the crowd. The scene was a Babel of tongues—every man, or almost every man, carrying a book and pencil in his hands, and three men out of four offering to lay upon this or that horse. "Nine to two against Hochstapler." "Four to two against Gang Forward—90 to 40"—"375 to 100 against Kaiser"—"1,000 to 60 against Suleiman"—"500 to 400 against Gang Forward and Kaiser"—these are the sort of offers you hear on all sides. Doncaster was hardly spoken of. Perhaps now and then you might hear an offer of 50 to 1 *against* Mr. Merry's colt by some one who wished to fill his book with

anything and to have all the horses upon his cards; but that was all. The horse was not in the betting. Almost all the business was done upon the favourites. "Gang Forward was in genuine demand"—I take the *Times* report of the next day as a correct representation of what was done—"at 9 to 4 and a shade less odds, and fully a thousand must have been entrusted to him for a place, at 2 to 1, the price, of course, being laid by the backer. Kaiser's friends mostly stood out for 4 to 1, terms upon which they were frequently accommodated; the correct return, however, would be 375 to 100, as 4 to 1 was asked for at the close. Some £300 was also invested upon Mr. Savile's colt to be in the first three, odds of 6 to 4 being betted upon him with an eye to this result. At the opening of business 4 to 1 was accepted about Hochstapler to some £300; but the price widened somewhat towards the finish, when 9 to 2 was laid to lose fully £7,000; but the money went into an undeniably good quarter. For a 'position' also, Hochstapler was freely supported, at 5 to 4. Chandos was firm, at 10 and 9 to 1; 15 'ponies' were booked to Montargis, and 1,000 to 60, once, to Suleiman. The outsiders, however, commanded little attention," and you might have booked any amount of bets at 50 to 1 against Doncaster or the rest. In the course of a couple of hours in the afternoon one hundred thousand pounds have been known to be invested on five or six horses. This, in fact, is now a regular branch of commission business, and the account of what was done at Tattersall's yesterday appears in all the newspapers as regularly as the City Article and the Court Circular. The *Times* often allots as much of its space to Tattersall's as it does to the Money Market, and the *Standard*, in one of its editions, gives a great deal more to sport than it does to Parliament and the law courts, as much as it does to the Tichborne trial. Nor is this all. The Turf has a press of its own, and in the *Newspaper Directory* you may count a couple of sporting newspapers to every religious newspaper you find. The *Guardian* probably hardly circulates a tenth of the copies that *Bell's Life* does, and the circulation of the *Record*, although published twice a week, is probably only a bagatelle in comparison with the *Sporting Life*. The *Rock* has, I believe, a circulation equal to that of the *Guardian* and *Record* put together. But the *Racing Calendar* could, I have very little doubt, double even upon the *Rock*. All the London newspapers make it a point to keep a Turf prophet, in addition to a staff of Turf reporters, as they made it a point a few years ago to keep a poet, and make it a point now to keep a special correspondent to do wars, revolutions, and military reviews.

All this is the growth of a very few years—principally of the past ten years; and it is not yet a century since the three great races of the year were founded. The St. Leger was instituted in honour of General St. Leger no longer ago than 1776; the Oaks by the twelfth Earl of Derby in 1779; the Derby by the same nobleman in 1780. There were races both at Newmarket and Epsom Downs in the reign of Charles II., and even at an earlier date, but they were almost exclusively attended by the Court and nobility. "Horseraces," says an old writer quoted by Strutt, "are desports of great men." Prior to 1753, when the Jockey Club purchased the racing ground at Newmarket, there were only two meetings in the year, and yet to-day saddling bells are ringing in Merrie England from February 18th to November 20th. This racing term does not quite rival the 1811-12 season in the Oakley and Cross Alban country, which lasted for 299 days, to the sorrow of "foxes," in every month save the leafy month of June; but, even as it is, the calm of the other eighty-nine days seems quite insufferable to the Newmarket cavalry, and every year sees a fresh racecourse opened in some part of the country. This year it is at Bristol, and next year Bristol will probably have a couple of meetings, in the spring and autumn, instead of simply holding an April steeplechase, as it does this year. The Derby has long since become one of the recognised holidays of the year—a sort of national *fête* day. Parliament adjourns over the Derby as it adjourns over a great religious festival or a day of national thanksgiving; and but for Mr. Tom Hughes it would probably adjourn over the Oaks day too. The courts of law generally contrive to have an open day. Business on the Stock Exchange is a blank. Mark Lane is almost deserted. The Three per Cents. for once in the year stand still, and the rate of exchange is not quoted in the *Times*. Artists throw aside their brushes. The newspapers are in most cases left to edit themselves, and the busiest race in Christendom—the men of the pen—cease from scribbling to turn out with a four-in-hand upon Epsom Downs, to shout themselves hoarse in honour of the Baron, Sir Joseph Hawley, or Mr. Merry.

It is only till very recently that you might not expect to find half Her Majesty's Ministers and the leaders of the Opposition on the Grand Stand, and even now the Jockey Club contains upon its rolls a couple of kings, three royal princes (one of whom once wrote in the *Spur*), a Russian prince, six dukes, three marquises, nineteen "belted earls," seven barons, and any number of baronets, generals, and M.P.'s. At present, however, it has only a single Cabinet Minister upon its rolls, the Marquis of Hartington, although

till now we have hardly had a Ministry from the days of Sir Robert Walpole which has not contained some eminent man whose colours were well known to every visitor at Epsom and Newmarket. The stately figure of the Earl of Derby was as well known all through his life at Tattersall's, in the paddock at Epsom, Newmarket, and Doncaster, as it was in St. Stephen's and the House of Lords, and it was probably his experience upon the Turf that gave him the power of ruling men with the consummate tact and skill that made him perhaps the greatest Parliamentary leader we have ever had. Lord Palmerston, like Lord Derby, was quite as much of a sportsman as a statesman, and probably in his heart thought more of the blue riband of the Turf than he thought of the Premiership and of all the honours of the House of Commons. And till within the past ten or fifteen years these men have been the types of English statesmen and of English sportsmen. This breed of English statesmen began with the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, and till to-day we were beginning to think that it ended with Lord Palmerston, all the men of political mark on the books of Tattersall's breaking up their studs and relinquishing the Turf within a year or two after the disappearance of "Old Pam." The last of these sporting Secretaries of State was General Peel, and General Peel has now left the Turf as well as the House of Commons for five or six years; and, with the exception of Lord Hartington, the front ranks of neither the Conservative nor the Ministerial Benches in the House of Commons now contain a single face which is familiar to the Ring. Mr. Disraeli is perhaps a sportsman at heart, and the best description of the Derby that has ever been written—the classical and historical description—is that from his pen. But Mr. Disraeli is only a sportsman as most of the rest of us are sportsmen, in his love of sport, of horses, and of the genial and healthy excitement of the Turf. And Mr. Gladstone is not even this. If the Premier can distinguish a racehorse from a hunter, or a hunter from a cob, it is all that he can do; and what the Premier is the rest of the Ministry are and must be, I take it, now, if they are to play their parts well in Parliament and in the work of administration in Whitehall. The Marquis of Hartington may perhaps be able to spare time from the work of governing Ireland to look after a stud of horses at Newmarket, and to make a book upon the Derby or the St. Leger; but if the experience of Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, or even of Lord George Bentinck, is worth anything, the man who enters into politics as a science—enters into it, that is, heart and soul—must think of no books but blue books, and of no horses but his hunters and his park cob. Lord Derby sold off



of his stud when he assumed the Premiership, and Lord Palmerston's horses made all their running before the owner of Iliona had dreamed of superseding Lord Russell as the chief of the Whig clan, or of leading the House of Commons on his own account. Lord George Bentinck sold off all his horses when he once made up his mind to go into running against Peel upon the question of Protection *versus* Free Trade, believing, and I think rightly, that it is impossible to attend at once to a stable and to statesmanship. This might have been possible, perhaps easy, in the days of Anne and of the First and Second Georges; and as a matter of fact we know, upon the authority of Bishop Burnet and of Pope, that the "silentest and modestest man ever bred in a Court"—the Lord Treasurer Godolphin —the man who had the clearest conception of "the whole Government, both in Church and State, and perfectly knew the temper, genius, and disposition of the English nation," was never more at home with himself than when he could spare a few hours from the business of the State to spend in racing, card playing, and cock fighting, and thought far less of compliments to—

> Patritio's high desert,
> His hand unstained, his uncorrupted heart,

than he did of a compliment turning upon his pride in piquet, Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet. But everything has changed since then, and nothing more than politics and sport. Politics have grown into a science, and, to be properly carried on, require the highest powers of mind and the devotion of a life; and sport, it is vexing to add, has become little else with the mass of men upon the Turf than a system of gambling upon a gigantic scale.

The "Book Calendar" shows that nearly 2,000 thoroughbred mares are registered with Messrs. Weatherby as having foaled or slipped foal in the course of the season, and that 600 or 700 are barren. About £360,000 is run for annually in stakes and added money. At Ascot Heath alone the "added money" often runs up to £5,000 and Her Majesty's Vase. Thirty-three Queen's Plates are given to be run for in Great Britain, and sixteen and a Royal Whip in Ireland. No fewer than 800 owners, of whom several score run in assumed names—a system which had its rise with "Mr. Gordon"—declare their colours, and eighteen of them a second one. Stripes and whole coloured jackets, like the scarlet of "Grafton," the black of "Derby" and Bowes, the yellow of "Richmond" and Merry, and the "all white" of Anson, were once the prevailing fashion. Ellerdale's success made "belts" fashionable, Voltigeur's

fame brought out a perfect rush of red, black, blue, and green spots; then the spots changed to stars; and latterly, when Danebury was in the ascendant, a run was made upon hoops. Even the Dutchman failed to popularise a love for the tartan. Blues, dark, mazarine, light, Waterloo, and sky, have yielded to Mexican; Lord Winchilsea's gorge de pigeon, which was twice seen in front on The Caster, has not been pirated; no one seems to envy Colonel Pearson his black and scarlet chevrons; and the Osborne family have pretty well had a monopoly of the chocolate and black cap, which old John adopted when his early master, the Duke of Leeds, died, and racehorses were banished from Hornby. Two-year-old racing was a long time striking root in the Turf. Even the Yorkshire men sneered at it as "Paddy-land racing," and never seemed to compass what a really good two-year-old could do till in 1811 they saw Oiseau (6st.) run clean away at Doncaster, over a mile and a half, from Ashton, 5 yrs. (9st. 11lb.), and Octavian, 4 yrs. (8st. 9lb.), the St. Leger winners of the two preceding years. Between 1832 and 1849 the number of two-year-old starters increased from 200 to 264, while the threes and fours only gained 24 and 17 respectively. Up to 1849 the Irish horses were not included in the list, but these seventeen years embrace the stable zeniths of Lord George Bentinck in the south and the "B. Green confederacy" in the north. His lordship, who believed that he could break the Ring with the produce of his May Middleton and his Velocipede mares, paid, it is said, upwards of £50,000 in stakes for his stable one season, and a colt, Farintosh, which he sold as a roarer for £35, cost him upwards of £3,000 under that head alone. Still peers and commoners were content to look on in wonderment at the modern "Napoleon," and did not care to follow his lead. It was only when three colts in succession broke the "Champion spell," and the victories of Flying Dutchman, Voltigeur, and Nancy woke up Yorkshire and the metropolis into fresh racing life, that lists sprang up everywhere. Perhaps no racehorse enriched so many and ruined so many as Nancy, and her backers fairly fought round Mr. Davis before her second Chester Cup race as to who should first thrust their five pound notes into his hands, and get pencilled down just before starting at 15 to 10. Although the present Chief Justice laid a hand of steel on the "listers," and forced them to put up their shutters, he could not quench the betting spirit.

If Tattersall's was too dignified to gratify the outer public's craving for the odds to a crown, peripatetic philosophers in the street, the park, and "the ruins" were ready to stand in the breach. Latterly some really trustworthy commission agents have gratified the yearnings

of "the young men from the country," and the supplies at th Corner have been not a little recruited by the sovereigns and five flowing in from that source. Nine-tenths of the people who sen their cheques and post-office orders and bank notes to Mr. Wrigl and Mr. Sydney Smith know nothing more about horses or jockey than they pick up from *Bell's Life* or the *Field*. They simply inve their money "at a venture," acting either upon the suggestions o their own fancy, or upon the advice of "Asmodeus" or "Hotspur Sir Joseph Hawley's horses are always great favourites with them The Marquis of Hastings's were at one time. The Baron's are now To-morrow they will pin their faith to the colours of a Norfol squire. These selections are the result of pure caprice; but it remarkable how, even when acting in this way, the public ac together. Tattersall's is the clearing house of the Turf. It is to th Ring what the Clearing House is to bankers, what the Stoc Exchange is to brokers and men of business; and standing, like th Stock Exchange, beyond the pale of the law, it is governed by committee of its own nomination, possessing the double powers of court of law and of a court of honour. Like the Stock Exchang too, Tattersall's has its Bulls and its Bears, its millionaires and i "legs," its plungers and its defaulters. It has, moreover, its days business and its settling days: and it may be added that Tattersall like the Stock Exchange, is, in its present form and on its prese scale, an organised development of one of the characteristic traits the age, a trait which is as strongly marked in the City clerk wh dabbles in stocks on a salary of £300 a year, as in the nob who throws away an income of £300,000 a year by makin a book on a stable of yearlings. Tattersall's is, with the Stoc Exchange, the only place in London where a woman has never y been seen.

But these are not the points that strike you as you enter Tattersal and find yourself in what looks like a section of the Crystal Palac with a long line of horse-boxes, an auctioneer's rostrum, a drinkin fountain, a fox, and a bust of George IV. This is the outer circ of the mystery of iniquity; and on a business day, say the eve the Derby or the Oaks, you will find it filled with a host of peopl representing pretty well every shade of what is called sporting lif Ministers of State, sprigs of the aristocracy, limbs of the law, broke down "legs" trying to "get on for half a sov." upon the strength of stable secret, and broken down huntsmen, who, for the price of *glass of beer, will tell* you the secret history of every horse entere *for the Derby and* the Oaks, and the winners into the bargain

you have faith, and will cross their hands with a bit of gold. Here and there, too, if you know anything of the world represented by *Bell's Life*, you will find an ex-pugilist—now and then perhaps a man with a broken nose, who has won the champion's belt—button-holing a duke or a marquis; for on the Turf, as under it, as Lord George Bentinck wittily said, "all men are equal." If you possess the *entrée*, and can pass from this outer circle to the centre of the temple of horse-racing, you will find yourself in somewhat selecter company. The Subscription Room is closed to all except the initiated; but its "price current" governs all the betting transactions within the four seas. In contrast with the Stock Exchange it is a palace. All its appointments are distinguished by an air of luxury and refinement. Tesselated pavement, stained-glass windows, a line of stuffed leather seats running round the room, you find here, partly in the form of an exchange, partly in the form of a club smoking room, everything that the luxury and good taste of the Jockey Club can suggest for the convenience and pleasure of its members. These, I need hardly say, are the *élite* of the Turf—the flower of the motley host in the yard who are criticising the form of a three-year-old which has ruined her owner by losing the Derby and £100,000 with it—peers of Parliament, members of the House of Commons, City bankers whose scrawl on the back of a bill is good for a quarter of a million in Threadneedle Street; barristers whom you may find on the woolsack to-morrow, or in the ermine and the horsehair of a Lord Chief Baron; guardsmen and journalists, Chamberlains of the Royal Household, and officers of the Lord Mayor's Court. Here, till yesterday, you might see a boy from Eton, the heir to a great name and a fine estate, backing his opinion to the tune of £50,000 with money borrowed at six hundred per cent. Here you may still find a Lincolnshire squire, whose wits are probably worth to him £20,000 a year if he chooses to exercise them. Admiral Rous and Sir Joseph Hawley are state pillars in this aristocratic republic. Their word upon a point of honour or upon a rule of the Ring carries with it all the force of law to thousands who know them only as the great twin brothers of the Turf. You can read nothing in the face of a thoroughbred man of the Turf except perfect self-possession, shrewd intellect, and a will of iron; and you may pick these men out in the Subscription Room at a glance from the crowd who are purchasing their experience at the expense of their ancestral oaks, and *perhaps of something more. Here is one of these neophytes of the Ring—a companion of princes, the son of a Minister of Cabinet rank,*

with the blood of an Eastern Emperor in his veins. He is booking a bet of 100 to 1 to a youth with the down still on his cheeks, the son of one of the most illustrious of the Crimean heroes; and close by, in the centre of a group of bookmakers and aristocratic "legs," stands a young man—still, probably, on the sunny side of thirty—who will tell you with the utmost *nonchalance* that he has sold an estate to a City man for £300,000, to square up his book and to fight the Ring. He is the representative of a long line of mailed barons who fought under the walls of Jerusalem, at Cressy and at Agincourt—statesmen and warriors who in their time administered government and war with more than the capacity of Richelieu; and he is flattering himself with the presumptuous hope that in these piping days of peace it is his destiny to add one more exploit to the achievements of his race by breaking the Ring.

This is one of the illusions of youth on the Turf. There are two or three grey-bearded members of the Jockey Club who, if put to the rack, could tell us that they began their first book thirty years ago with that impression themselves. It was the hope, till the last, of Lord George Bentinck; and the Marquis of Hastings, even after his fair lands had passed out of his hands, still talked of accomplishing what the Napoleon of the Turf had failed in. Upon the Derby of 1867 Lord Hastings lost by far the heaviest sum that was ever lost on a race. It seems but the other day that the air was vocal with the enthusiastic cheers that greeted his appearance on the course at Ascot, after paying away through his commissioners about £100,000 on the Derby settling. In many a little race at Newmarket Lord Hastings backed his horse to win £10,000. It made no difference to him whether the bookmakers asked him to stake £2,000 or £5,000 against their £10,000. Whatever they offered in the way of odds, so long as the sum was large enough, he was content to book; and during his short career on the Turf the odds laid were shorter and the gains won by the bookmakers larger than during any other three years of the present century. He often paid away £40,000 or £50,000 upon a settlement after a Houghton or Second October Meeting; and since Lord Hastings's time high bets have been the rule at Tattersall's and in the Ring. Mr. J. B. Morris, the bookmaker, has been known to lay £40,000 to £600 against each of five of Sir Joseph Hawley's horses, against each of six of the Duke of Newcastle's horses, and against a horse of Mr. Chaplin's. Again, £1,000 to £10 has been laid that a certain horse would win the Liverpool Cup, and £1,000 to £10 that Sir Frederick Johnstone would ride the winner; and Mr. Chaplin has been known to win

£140,000 upon the Derby, and Captain Machell, his confederate, £60,000. A year or two ago Mr. Chaplin won a leviathan bet of £50,000 that The Hermit would beat The Palmer the first time they met, and £10,000 that The Hermit beat Marksman. These bets are of course the freaks of the Turf; but to say that a man is making a book upon two-year-olds is, at Tattersall's, to say that a man is in a fair way to finish his career in the Court of Chancery or Basinghall Street. It is the *ne plus ultra* of gambling on the Turf; and I need hardly go out of my way to illustrate its consequences, since the fact must be sufficiently obvious to every man who knows anything at all of horse flesh, of the risks of training, of the vices of grooms, and of the foibles of jockeys. Yet, after all, this is not wilder work perhaps in the long run than staking money on favourites, for I believe—and experience warrants the belief—that in five years any man with a cool head and a long purse might make enough to buy the fee-simple of Hyde Park by betting ten thousand to one against all the favourites that are started for the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger. Short, however, of attempting to break through the Ring, no man who really knows how to make a book need be altogether ruined on the Turf. You may meet men by the dozen at Tattersall's who, if they chose to tell you their secrets, would tell you that their wits are worth £10,000 or £20,000 a year to them. Reduced to a system, nothing is safer than "business on the Turf." Lord George Bentinck for years kept up his magnificent stud by his book; and Mr. Harry Hill, his chief Ring commissioner, could, I fancy, tell us some piquant stories if he were to turn to his note-books. It is said that in a single year (1845, I believe) Lord George netted nearly £50,000 upon a couple of horses alone; and it oozed out in the *Qui Tam* action at Guildford that another of his horses, Gaper, ran at the Derby to win £120,000 more. In the case of the Marquis of Hastings and the Earl of Stamford these *coups* of Lord George Bentinck were reversed; and if it were possible to strike a balance, I suspect it would be found that Lord Hastings and the Earl lost more than Lord George, with all his victories, ever won. It is, however, by the ruin of men like the Marquis of Hastings that the Ring is kept up; for without them the bookmakers must soon go to the dogs. Left to themselves, they would eat each other up, like crabs, in a couple of years; and there would be nothing left of the Ring but half a dozen leviathan bookmakers, a crowd of paupers with their note-books and metallic pencils, and the traditions of Tattersall's. At present the peers and the "legs," the porcelain and the clay, millionaires and

Yorkshire stable-boys, are all mixed up together; and as long as the are peers to be fleeced and estates to be cut up into ribbon Tattersall's will remain what it is at present—one of the most flouris ing institutions in London.

To say that Tattersall's represents something more than one of th most flourishing institutions in London—that it is also one of i greatest anomalies—is of course to take up a thorny question. Y this is the fact. Tattersall's is a perplexity to the House of Common to the courts of law, to the police. It is the great outwork of th Ring: and as long as Tattersall's exists, Mr. Tom Hughes will fin himself jolted at every turn in his crusade against the Turf, or a least against that system of gambling which has grown up on th Turf. You may do at Tattersall's what you may do nowhere els and the privileges of Tattersall's yard paralyse all the attempts of the police to put down gambling upon racehorses by obliteratin or confusing all the lines which the House of Commons tries t draw in the business. You may pencil a bet at Tattersall's which, pencilled at an office in Blackfriars or the Strand, or even in the stree will bring the police down upon you in an instant. You may do in th smoking-room of a club what you may not do in the coffee-room of a hotel. You may do in Scotland what you may not do south of th Tweed: and the consequence is, that when the English police ar swooping down upon every nest of betting men they can find i London, every English sporting paper is full of the advertisements of agents with offices in Edinburgh and Glasgow: and that the sums of money which a year or two ago found their way to Tattersall through Jermyn Street and St. James's, now find their way to th head-quarters of the Turf through Scottish bankers. Lotteries ar illegal, and are put down with a high hand by the law, even when they are set up under the most plausible pretexts. Yet Tattersall is the centre of a vast system of gambling which has its ramification in every town and village in the Empire, and the Derby, the Oak and the St. Leger are growing into a notion in which we may all tak shares to the amount, with the certainty of almost any possibl [illegible] risk of losing only the trifle we take it into our head to risk.

[illegible] to encourage gambling and to promot [illegible] a serious and growing mischief, the mos [illegible] in the sports of the Tur [illegible] and there is no necessar [illegible] betting and gambling. It is possible tha [illegible] may give a stimulus to gambling, because a bet is the touch

stone of an Englishman's sincerity, and as long as this is the case it is as hopeless to attempt to put down gambling by suppressing races as it would be to talk of arresting the sun by stopping our chronometers. It cannot be done. Parliament might interdict horse-racing to-morrow, and make it a penal offence to book a bet upon a race for a pair of gloves or a white hat. But gambling would still be carried on; and it is an open question even now whether more money does not change hands on the Stock Exchange in the course of a single fortnight in what are really and truly gambling transactions than changes hands at Tattersall's, and on all the racecourses of England, in a year. It is a foible of Englishmen, and all we can do is to make the best of it. Tattersall's is not the only spot within the four seas where gambling is carried on. It penetrates the whole of our social and commercial life. It is the life and soul of much of our trade. The ironmasters of Staffordshire gamble in iron-warrants. The brokers and bankers of Liverpool gamble in cotton bales. The Manchester men gamble in grey shirtings. The merchants and brokers of Mark Lane gamble in corn. The shipowners of the Tyne and the north-eastern ports gamble with their cargoes and crews. It is, in fact, hard to find anything in which some of us are not gambling more or less all through the year, from molasses to madollapans. The sports of the Turf are in themselves a healthy, manly, invigorating pastime; and this pastime, with steeplechasing, hunting, boat-racing, and the rest of our sports, has helped to make the national character what it is. An Englishman loves a horse as much as an Arab does. It is an instinct with all of us. It is in the blood. You cannot eradicate it; and perhaps, on the whole, it is hardly desirable to attempt to eradicate it; for people must have sport of some sort, and if they cannot have healthy and exhilarating sports, like those at Epsom and Newmarket, they will take to something worse. Horse-racing is at least a humaner sport than bull-fighting. It is healthier than the cards and dice of the Italian and French casinos. It is pleasanter than the beer-bibbing customs of the Germans. The Turf has, and must have, its follies and its vices, like everything else; and when a racehorse is turned into a dice on four legs, the sports of the Turf take a form which true sportsmen themselves must reprobate as well as the best of us. But to say, as one of the severest of our satirists has said, that although the horse in itself is one of the noblest of animals, it is the only animal which develops in its companion the worst traits of our nature, is to do an injustice to the horse as well as to its rider; and if the observation were true, it would apply quite as much to the highest and



noblest of our race as it does to the troop of blacklegs who are to be found upon every racecourse. It is possible that one of these days we may agree to take our notions of sport from Mr. Tom Hughes and Mr. Edward Freeman, to abandon racing and to taboo hunting as cruel. But we shall not do this just yet, perhaps not at all, and certainly not

Till far on in summers which we shall not see;

and all we can do is to hope that when this happens Englishmen will be so etherealised in their moral nature that they will not take to something worse. The test of races and of their influence is, of course, to compare the moral tone of a town where they are held once a year with the moral tone of a town where they are held only once in ten years. Take Newcastle, or Bath, or Newmarket, and compare either of these towns with Bristol. What is the difference? And how much different will the tone of Bristol be five years hence in comparison with to-day? This is the test; and although I know it has been said by a witty jockey that in talking of honesty in Yorkshire it is best to say honest*ish*, I am not aware that Yorkshire is, take it all in all, worse than Gloucestershire or Somerset, and in Yorkshire it is as common to find a retired jockey playing the part of vicar's churchwarden as it is in the East or the West to find an attorney or a farmer. It is not the racecourse that turns men into blacklegs. It is the blacklegs who corrupt the racecourse; and perhaps if blacklegs were not plying their vocation on the Turf, we should find them in the lobby of the House of Commons, or upon the Stock Exchange, forming rings, as they do in Washington and New York.

CHARLES PEBODY.

A STRANGE EXPERIMENT.

BY DAVID KER, KHIVAN CORRESPONDENT OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

A PLEASANT place of resort is the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, especially during the dismal supremacy of those half-caste November days which are neither pure autumn nor pure winter, though combining the worst qualities of both. After the long and weary passage of the Nevski Prospect, ankle deep in half thawed snow, bumped against by sulky foot passengers, nearly run down by charging sledges, wetted in a sneaking, spiritless manner by the rain, which drizzles down as if it could not muster energy enough for a good hearty pour—after all this, it is no light satisfaction to reach the open sea of the vast Theatre Square, enter the hospitable door of the great library, commit one's wet coat and spattered goloshes to the ready attendant, in his perennial bottle green coat with its surface rash of brass buttons, and spring up the spacious stairway with a comfortable feeling of escape from the waste howling wilderness outside, into which nothing shall induce one to venture again for several hours to come. It is true that on your first entrance you *do* experience a haunting sensation of being back again in the "Final Schools" for your degree examination—a phantasy considerably aided by the dead silence of the great hall, the long ranges of tables with their busy occupants, and the black robed figure of the curator enthroned at the far end, like an image of passionless Fate; but this, like most other "early impressions," is not long in wearing off.

Here, then, it was that I presented myself early one afternoon on such a day as I have described above, in the hope of getting a peep at the latest addition to the library—a rare windfall, described in the official report as "A collection, in the Spanish language, of all the documents relating to Simon Bolivar, the Liberator of Peru and Columbia, published at Caraccas, 1826-33, in 22 vols., 4to; only three other copies of which are known to exist in Europe—one in the Library of Darmstadt, another in that of Ste. Geneviève at Paris, and the third in the British Museum." Unhappily I had been forestalled by a Russian *savant*, and was fain to console myself with a re-reading,

for the tenth or eleventh time, of one of Nikolai Gogol's weird medleys of broad farce and overwhelming horror, over which I lingered far beyond my usual time. The table lamps had been lighted, the other occupants of the room in which I sat (a smaller and gloomier one than the great *salon* devoted to journals and magazines) had dropped off one by one, till I was left quite alone; and the utter silence and loneliness, the lateness of the hour, the dimly lighted room, with its long ranges of dusty folios and worm-eaten manuscripts, as well as the frightful story that I had been reading, combined to excite me in a way of which I had had no experience for years past. All of a sudden, just at the moment when my nerves were strained to the utmost, I became conscious of a feeling of uneasiness akin to that which arouses the sleeper when some one gazes steadfastly in his face. I looked up, and found myself confronted by a tall, slender, delicate featured man, in deep black, who was gazing at me with the intense earnestness of one who sees the object for which he has long striven in vain at last within his reach. So suddenly and silently had he risen upon me that I could not restrain a slight start, which he seemed to notice.

"Pardon me if I disturb you," said he in a soft but strangely impressive voice; "and allow me to ask (if it be not too great a liberty) whether you are a resident of St. Petersburg."

"For the present I am; but I expect to leave shortly on a foreign tour. Allow me to ask, in turn, whether you have any special motive for inquiring."

"I will frankly own that I have," he replied with a courteous bow; "it is in your power to do me a very great favour."

Now, when a perfect stranger tells you that you can do him a great favour, it is natural to anticipate the request of "a trifling loan," and to feel one's purse-strings quiver in every nerve; but on the *vacuus viator* principle, I was perfectly easy upon that head. My apprehensions took another form. The famous "Pichler robberies"* had been discovered but a few weeks before, and if a respectable German professor could be guilty of such wholesale plundering, might not even a man as seemingly reputable as my new acquaintance harbour similar designs? And yet, when I looked again at his finely-cut

* This man, a respectable and well-known *habitué* of the library, actually carried off at different times, in the artfully contrived pockets of his loose coat, nearly 5,000 rare books and MSS., with which, but for the merest accident, he would have decamped in safety. He has been sentenced to transportation for life.

features and grand massive forehead, I felt ashamed of my momentary suspicions.

"I am aware that, as a stranger to you, I am taking a great liberty," he resumed, changing suddenly from Russian to French; "but I must trust to your kindness to let the urgency of the case excuse my want of ceremony. The fact is, I am on the brink of a great discovery in science, and I can see that you are admirably qualified to assist me."

"*I*, qualified to assist you, my dear sir?" answered I compassionately; "no man less so, I assure you! I have received a sound classical education—a sufficient guarantee that I know nothing of science, or of anything else likely to be useful."

"You are pleased to jest, I conclude," said the unknown, with a slight smile; "I have myself the greatest respect for the English universities, though, unhappily, I have never had the pleasure of visiting them. But it is not of such qualifications as these that I speak. I have been observing you for the last ten minutes, before addressing you, and have convinced myself that of all whom I have met in St. Petersburg, you alone are capable of doing what I require!"

Was the man mad? His tone was perfectly calm and rational, but the light in his eyes as he spoke the last words was decidedly "uncanny." A vague recollection flitted across my mind of an old German legend, the *dramatis personæ* of which were a student and a courteous stranger in black, while a certain mysterious bond signed with blood figured largely in the *dénouement*. Was the present interview to end in a similar way? To my disturbed fancy, the lamps appeared to burn dimmer than before, and the room seemed to have grown suddenly darker and colder.

"What do you want me to do, then?" asked I, somewhat abruptly; for as the man spoke, I became aware of a feeling (apparently occasioned by his presence) which is very hard to describe intelligibly. My thoughts seemed disordered, or rather I had lost the power of framing them coherently; a strange and not unpleasing excitement, such as I have occasionally experienced at the sound of certain kinds of music, completely possessed me; and blended with it was a vague sense of *subjection* (as if under the dominion of a will stronger than my own) which was altogether new to me. Had I been a believer in mesmerism, I should have said that a powerful "magnetiser" stood beside me; as it was, I judged it high time to cut short the interview. But before the unknown could reply, the custodian of the department, who had been having a chat with [redacted] officer



in the next room, entered, with a warning that the library (which is never open after 9 p.m.) was about to close. As we descended the stairs, the stranger, who had taken out his pocket-book, answered my question by offering me a card.

"If you will favour me with a visit any evening next week," said he, "I shall be able to explain to you more fully the experiment I spoke of. May I hope for your kind assistance?"

I hesitated a moment before replying. Had I been a man of science, I should naturally have declined to assist in a discovery, the credit of which I was not to have myself; but being a mere ignorant classman of Oxford, ready to fling myself into any new adventure "for the fun of the thing," I rather liked the idea than otherwise. Moreover, the intense earnestness of the stranger's manner, and another indefinable feeling besides, made me loth to refuse him.

"So be it!" said I recklessly; "I am at your service. Let us say Monday evening; I have no engagement then."

"Ten thousand thanks!" said the unknown, a glow of genuine satisfaction lighting up his marble features. "On Monday, then, at seven o'clock, I shall expect you. Good evening."

And wrapping himself in a long grey cloak handed him by the *concièrge*, he vanished into the outer darkness, while I, by the light of the passage lamps, read on the card which he had given me:

Dmitri Antonovitch Tchoudoff,
Professor of Natural Science,
On the Sadôvaya,
House Lepeschkin, Lodging No. 9.

Punctually at seven o'clock on Monday evening I turned the corner of the Sadôvaya, and made for the house indicated. Like many other large houses in St. Petersburg, it was entered through a yard, and portioned off into separate flats, each inhabited by a different tenant; so that it was not without some trouble that I at length found the number I was in search of. I had barely time to ring, when the door was noiselessly opened by a tall, gaunt, pale-faced lackey in deep black, who looked (as I could not help thinking) as if his master had raised him from the dead by a galvanic experiment. I was ushered into a small cabinet, literally walled in on every side by ranges of books. The central table was heaped with piles on piles of maps, plans, diagrams, and manuscript notes; and in the midst of this chaos sat the Professor himself, in a black velvet dressing-gown, reading by the light of a shaded lamp.

"Ten thousand thanks, my dear sir," said he, springing up and

shaking me warmly by the hand. "I was sure that I could depend upon you; and I am glad to say that I am equally certain of success in our proposed experiment. Rely upon it, the discovery that we are seeking will be made."

I inwardly thought that M. Tchoudoff might as well have spoken for himself, considering what a very subordinate part in the "discovery" was reserved for me; but I merely bowed, and expressed my satisfaction at being able to give him any assistance.

"Your assistance will be invaluable, I assure you," he answered; "and all the more so that, as I have already said, I know not where else I could have looked with equal hope of success. But before we commence our experiments, allow me to offer you some refreshment."

He touched a small bell beside him, and the cadaverous servant reappeared with coffee and a plate of thin white cakes, which exhaled a peculiar fragrance altogether new to me. The Professor filled my cup, and remarked, as he held the plate towards me, "I find these sweetmeats rather good eating; the recipe is one which I myself brought from the East. In the course of your travels you have doubtless fallen in with them."

I replied in the negative, and fancied (doubtless it was only fancy) that I could detect in his face the faintest shade of satisfaction at my reply. As my host took his coffee cup, I glanced at the book which he had laid down. It was a copy of "The Coming Race."

"A very amusing book," I remarked; "but of course utterly extravagant."

"Perhaps not," answered the Professor, with a singular emphasis in his tone. "On the contrary, it is (in my opinion, at least) a very powerfully-drawn allegorical picture of certain changes which, sooner or later, must undoubtedly take place. I will not go so far as to assert that *all* the wonders ascribed to the 'Vril-staff' are to be received as truth; but I will confidently say that there is a large substratum of fact underlying the whole description."

For the second time I began to have doubts of the soundness of my new friend's intellects. That science has still vast discoveries to make no one who has even a slight acquaintance with it in its present form can doubt for a moment; but when a learned man gravely assures you that the existence of a fluid which, "enclosed in the hollow of a rod held by the hand of a child," is capable of "shattering the strongest fortress, and cleaving its burning way from the front to the rear of an embattled host," is quite within the bounds of possibility, it is only natural to feel somewhat sceptical. In order to avoid the necessity of replying, I devoted myself to the Eastern

sweetmeats, which had a peculiarly rich, luscious, almost intoxicating flavour, as new to me as their scent.* Perhaps I can best convey an idea of it by comparing it with that of the finest guava jelly. M. Tchoudoff now turned the conversation to classical subjects, and discussed, with the animation of one who had seen the things which he described, the grandeur of Egyptian monuments, the beauty of Athenian sculptures, the perfect military organisation of ancient Rome. On all these topics his information seemed boundless; and the flow of his discourse, illustrated by the display of "antiques" such as the *savants* of the Imperial Museum would have perilled their lives to get a sight of, insensibly carried me away with it. Little by little there came over me what I may term the complement or sequel of the excitement which had seized me in the Imperial Library on my first meeting with M. Tchoudoff; and blended with it, now as then, was the feeling of being dominated by an overmastering influence. At length, hoping to shake off the growing oppression, I rose from my seat, and walked to the other end of the room, as if to examine the books on the farther shelves; and then, for the first time, I remarked a small round table, upon which lay a broken sword-hilt, a crumbling manuscript, and a rusty spear-head.

"These are the last additions to my antiquarian museum," said M. Tchoudoff, coming up to the table; "and I am now engaged in trying to find out their history. Perhaps you may be able to help me."

"I?"

"Yes, you may possibly find some clue which has escaped me; your eyes are younger than mine. Sit down and examine them at your ease."

I obeyed unsuspectingly; but scarcely had I taken up the sword-hilt (which happened to lie nearest), when the Professor, quick as thought, made several passes with his hands in front of my face, following them up by drawing a sponge dipped in some fragrant liquid across my forehead. In a moment (a flash of lightning is not more instantaneous) I was seized with a terrible spasm of nervous convulsion, as if (to quote a famous passage) "every bone, sinew, nerve, fibre of the body were wrenched open, and some hitherto unconjectured presence in the vital organisation were forcing itself to light with all the pangs of travail."† This agony was succeeded

* It has been suggested to me that these drugs (for such they undoubtedly were) may have been partly answerable for what followed—a theory which I am not in a position either to confirm or to deny.

† "A Strange Story," vol. i., chap. 32.

by a brief period of unconsciousness; and then came a sudden sense of joyous vigour, of bounding and elastic buoyancy, as though I had in very deed awaked to a new life in which no pain or weakness could find place. And this was the scene upon which I awoke.

I stood in a deep narrow gorge, on the shore of a dark lake, shut in on every side by mountains, whose higher slopes were shrouded in grey mist. I was arrayed as if for battle, and around me stood armed men, thousands upon thousands, with the crested helmet, and huge shield, and short broadsword of the Roman legionary; and beside me were the sacred ensigns that bore the initials of the Senate and people of Rome; but armour and standards alike looked dull and leaden beneath the encircling dimness, and upon every face was an awful shadow, the shadow of approaching death. Then suddenly there burst from the cloud above us a clamour of countless cries blended into one—the shrill scream of the Moor, the fierce shout of the Spaniard, the deep bellowing war-whoop of the Gaul; and out of the ghostly mist broke a whirling throng of half-seen figures—stately men in gorgeous armour, wild figures in tossing white mantles, grim giants naked to the waist; and down upon us they came with the rush of a stormy sea. Then, through the whole defile, the battle raged and roared; the air was thick with flying darts, the ground miry with blood. Our men fell, rank on rank; the enemy pressed nearer and nearer. And my standard-bearer dropped at my feet, groaning with his last breath,—"Caius Flaminius, the gods have forsaken us!" and my sword broke short in my hand; but with the hilt I still struck fiercely to right and left. And now a towering horseman came rushing at me with levelled spear; I felt a sudden shock—a fierce grinding pang—and then all was a blank.

I was walking slowly, with a roll of manuscript in my hand, along a broad open space (like the public place of a great city), thronged with noble sculptures, and goodly altars, and stately temples, and all the glory that still lingered in imperial Athens after the fatal day of Chæronea. And around me lay the beautiful city, not as I had seen it in my waking hours, ravaged and marred by ages of ruin, but in all the splendour of its prime. To my left rose the bare limestone ridge of the Areopagus; to my right the rugged hill of the Pnyx, crowned by its semicircular enclosure and tribunal of hewn stone, a council hall not made with hands, worthy of the great spirits that had tenanted it. In front the great bastion of the Acropolis rose up stark and grim against the sunny sky; and on its summit appeared

the glorious frontage of the Propylæa, and the eight marble columns of the Parthenon, and the mighty figure of Minerva Promachus, with her crested helmet and brazen spear.

"Well, friend, how fares it with you?" said a grave-looking man, the foremost of several who were following me. "Are you ready to appear on yonder stage to-morrow, with all the men of Athens for a chorus?"

"I fear nothing," answered I; "and least of all do I fear that dainty coxcomb Æschines—to the ravens with him! But lo! here he comes, with all his chorus of frogs about him!"

A noisy group bore down upon us, in the centre of which was a man of handsome features, but somewhat tame expression, who halted just in front of me.

"Room!" he cried, sneeringly; "room for Demosthenes the thunderer, who shakes the earth with his words, and slays men with the breath of his mouth!"

As he spoke, there rushed through me a sense of overwhelming power, as though I could in very deed blast him with a breath. I looked him full in the face, and he quailed.

"There will be room enough for me when *your* place is empty," answered I. "As surely as the gods look down upon us this day, shall you beg a lodging from the Persian ere many days are past."

As the words were uttered, I became unconscious once more.

I was marching in the ranks of a great host, armed and arrayed after the old Persian fashion, through a boundless desert, whose dull brassy glare wearied the eye, with its grim monotony. To the farthest horizon there was no sight or sound of life; and we leaned upon our spears, for we were weary and disheartened. And suddenly, amid the quivering haze of intense heat that girdled the horizon there appeared a *dark spot*, which broadened, and deepened, and widened, till it overspread all that quarter of the sky. Then, in a moment, its darkness turned to fire, and came whirling towards us like a wave of the sea; and in the shadow of the coming destruction every man saw in his neighbour's livid face the horror that was written on his own. Then came a roar as if the earth were rent in twain, and a hot blast smote full upon us, and earth and air were shaken, and we fell to the ground like dead men.

"Rejoice with me, my friend!" said a voice in my ear, as I awoke o consciousness; and beside me stood the Professor, radiant with *joy*. "*I have learned* from you all that I wished to know. This

sword is that of Flaminius, the Consul, who fell at Lake Trasimene; this manuscript is the first draft of Demosthenes' Crown Oration; this spear-head is a relic of the lost detachment of Cambyses' African expedition. My great discovery is at length complete, and it is this: that certain exceptionally gifted persons can be stirred by the mere contact of any object to follow it back through all the changes of its existence, and read its history from the very beginning. Henceforth the annals of the early ages are a blank no longer; with the aid of this new science (surpassing mere clairvoyance as far as the cannon surpasses the catapult) we shall carry the torch of Truth through the darkest windings of the Past, and read all the secrets of antiquity. But I tire you, my friend, and you have need of repose. Once more accept my thanks, and pardon the trial to which I have subjected you; it was necessary for the advancement of science. Within a week I start for Turkestan on a scientific mission; but on my return we will, please God, pursue our researches to the end."

An hour later I was back at my hotel, in the first stage of a fever which kept me out of harm's way till my friend the Professor was well on his road eastward. With my consent we shall never meet again. As a reasoning and accountable creature, I object to being turned into a kind of dredger for the fishing up of sunken facts and traditions. I see the *Turkestan News* every week; and the moment there is any word of M. Tchoudoff's return I shall at once send in my passport, and betake myself to Japan, Mexico, or the North Pole, as chance may direct.

SEALS AND SIGNETS.

IT is assumed that the origin of seals and the use of signets is a subject of some considerable interest to many people, and suggestive *per se* of important thoughts to the students of ancient history—of forms of thought and systems of opinions which virtually have passed away, though many of the symbols and customs, in themselves unimportant, have outlived the things signified and the mutations of four thousand years.

The world has nothing in it more mysterious than its own origin, and while the first principles of nature are beyond the pale of human understanding, the real origin of things relating to man, in a great degree, partakes of the same mystery, and is proportionately obscure. Seals and signets are of this nature, their origin being absolutely lost in the maze of antiquity; but we trace the use of them amongst the earliest records of tradition and history. Many important facts seem to declare that their origin was religious. As the first form of religious worship seems to have been elementary, or the worship of visible objects of nature as symbols of Divine attributes, it follows almost as a matter of consequence that the devices on seals and signets, by which oaths, deeds, and transactions, both civil and religious, were ratified, would be symbols of sacred objects, such as the sun, moon, stars, earth, and ocean. History assures us that this was the case, and hence the oldest objects of antiquity are found to be seals and signets, and cylindrical-shaped stones with emblems on them of such objects. Some are so old that the approximate period of their construction seems fabulous to persons unacquainted with their history. They suggest thoughts and reflections of the profoundest character, and, however remote from the routine of daily life, they bear upon matters of the highest importance. It is therefore no wonder that the Scriptures frequently refer to them in relation to facts and transactions, and for current illustrations.

The Book of Job describes incidentally a condition of society older than any other book of the Bible, and there is good reason to believe that it had an existence a long time prior to the Pentateuch. No reference is made in it to the Jewish patriarch, and no allusion to ideas purely Israelitish. The Almighty is announced in Job as the true object of worship, and the author of that book clearly

looked through symbols to the things signified, and recognised in the sun, moon, and stars, and the hosts of heaven, testifiers only of that Almighty who sustains all things.

Landseer, in his "Sabean Researches," pertinently remarks, "In Job the references to the signet and its uses are frequent, and in general not to be mistaken; nor does the circumstance of its being a Sabean custom appear to have interfered with the pure Deism of the patriarch." To make this generally apparent we make a few quotations from the Scriptures :—

"Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, and sealed up the stars?"—referring to the practice of sealing up precious things, so that they cannot be seen nor touched by unlawful hand. "Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet"—so that he could not escape discovery by flight—a figurative expression referred to by Elisha. "He (the Almighty) marks all my paths." "My transgression is sealed up in a bag"—in which expression the use of the seal is most evident. "Then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instructions"—in the same manner as kings give authority to subjects to act in lieu of themselves. Their instructions being sealed with the king's signet, so, figuratively, the Almighty sealeth man's. "He sealeth up the hand of every man," from which we see that man cannot act without the permission of the Almighty, or go beyond His instructions, adding, "that He may know His work." "His (the Leviathan) scales are his pride shut up together as with a seal." "It is turned as clay to the seal." Here there is a striking reference to the use of the cylindrical seal, giving us clearly the idea of rolling off impressions on soft clay. David says, "See we not our sign: there is no more any prophet, neither is there among us any that know how long." Jeremiah remarks, "I subscribed the evidence and sealed it, and took witnesses; I took evidence both of that which was sealed according to law and custom, and that which was open." Both this law and custom were antecedent to Moses, and even to Abraham. "As I live, saith the Lord, though Coniah the son of Jehoiakim, King of Judah, were the signet on my right hand, yet would I pluck thee hence." As the signet was not only precious in itself but the sign of the highest authority, this expression of Jehovah's anger is very terrible. It is said in Haggai, "In that day, saith the Lord of Hosts, I will take thee, O Zerubbabel, and will make thee a signet, for I have chosen thee." The former part of the text is thoroughly Sabean in sense and form of utterance, and the latter is gracious to Zerubbabel, making him as God's right hand.

In the narrative of Daniel being cast into the lion's den we have

a striking instance of this immemorial custom as practised by the Sabean kings and princes who were called "Sons of the Sun." "And a stone was brought and laid upon the mouth of the den, and the King sealed it with his own signet and with the signet of his lords." Again, "O Daniel, shut up the words and seal the book."

Many references of this nature are found in the Old Testament, while the New Testament abounds with others of the same character, of which the following may be taken as an example :—"Set to his seal, that God is true." "The seal of mine Apostleship." "Having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are His." The last clause of this text is figuratively supposed to be engraven on the seal after the manner of a motto on a modern coat of arms. "Making the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone." In all such instances the Jewish authorities imitated the practices of the Sabean kings of Egypt and Assyria. "The seal of the righteousness of faith," that is, circumcision, a distinctive mark by which a Jew could not cease to be a Jew. "The seal of God in their foreheads." Opening the seals in the Revelations, with many other instances, all showing the general and continuous allusions to antecedent customs of a more ancient theology. Every beast sacrificed in Egypt to the Sabean deities had its forehead or horns sealed by the High Priest with the Thoth-stone seal, or Truth, after it had been examined and pronounced free from blemish, and fit to be offered for the sins of the people generally, or the worshipper in particular.

In pursuing the subject of seals and signets, it does not seem possible nor desirable to separate them entirely from the engraved objects represented on them in most ancient times, or their significance among the people to whom they were symbols of sacred or religious things. The use made of them for a period of more than a thousand years before the Christian era is quite evident from the few quotations from the Book of Job, and they might, if necessary, be easily multiplied.

In all nations and ages, whatever the condition of civilisation, all customs, rites, and objects consecrated to the service of religion by human beings, whether from reverence, or fear, or from reflection, have been preserved and conserved with the greatest care. This tendency in our common nature, so conducive to general good, has, almost as a necessary consequence, been often productive of great evils. It was the cause of idolatry, that great and cardinal sin of the Jews, from the time of Moses until after the Babylonian captivity. During their four hundred years of bondage in Egypt the influence of the *Sabean theology*, or more properly speaking mythology (for that pure

faith was then corrupted), by which they were continually surrounded resulted in their minds becoming thoroughly engrained with the moral and religious feelings and ideas of the common people of that nation; although Moses, who was learned in all the arts of the Egyptians, knew all the mysteries of science as then taught and accepted, and clearly distinguished the meaning of symbols, and in no instance confounded concomitancy of effects in nature with causation, it was not the case with the Twelve Tribes over whom he was called to rule, and for whom he became a lawgiver, spiritual and political.

This conservative element of our nature, equally the cause as a principle of the greatest evils according to circumstances, had so completely imbued the children of Abraham with the ideas comprehended under the system of solar and Sabean mythology, that the authority of Moses and Aaron, supported by the power vouchsafed by Jehovah, to work mighty miracles, and the promise of good things to come, a land flowing with milk and honey, and fearful manifestations of Jehovah's indignation, were all unable to eradicate the moral taint of idolatry, or inspire purer ideas of religious worship. So deeply rooted were the vulgar notions of the Egyptian people in the minds of the Hebrews, and so persistently conserved, that forty years of the teachings of Moses and Aaron failed to achieve a correction of the evil, and as a result every soul of man's estate, save one, who came out of bondage was slain in the wilderness.

The condition of the Jewish mind did not materially change for some centuries after entering into the Promised Land. After the Theocracy had ceased, the old leaven with which seals and signets were more immediately connected was still conserved and rampant, as the "golden calves made by King Jeroboam," and set up as "the gods which brought them out of the land of Egypt," to which the people went to worship and offer sacrifices on altars before them, clearly show.

The earliest seals and signets spoken of historically had solar and Sabean—*i.e.*, astrological and astronomical—symbols and devices, for they were twin sciences in those ancient days of knowledge and enlightenment. Babylonian cylinders are now in actual existence, many of them three and four thousand years old, some of which have strange devices engraved upon them, pregnant with mythological opinions, scientific lore, and astronomical discovery, of which modern learning and research at best but dimly perceive the significance. Rich says, speaking of them in a general way, "They are the most remarkable and interesting of all antiques. They are from one to three inches in length; some are of stone, others apparently of paste or composition of various kinds. Some of them have cuneiform

writing on them, which is of the third species, but with the remarkable peculiarity that it is *reversed*, or written from right to left, every other kind of cuneiform writing being incontestably to be read from left to right. This can only be accounted for by supposing they were intended to roll off impressions. I must not omit to mention in this place that a Babylonian cylinder was not long ago found in digging in the Field of Marathon, and is now in the possession of M. Flauval, of Athens. The cylinders are chiefly to be found in the ruins of Jerbourza. The people of the country are fond of using them as amulets, and the Persian pilgrims, who come to the shrine of Ali Hossein, frequently carry back with them some of these curiosities. The Babylonian antiques are generally finished with the utmost care and delicacy, while the Sossanians are of the rudest design and execution."

To the investigation of the lore on these cylinders Landseer has devoted much time and study, and his lectures are full of the highest efforts of speculative thought, all tending to show the astronomical condition of the heavens at the time of the fabrication—showing also their astronomical significance as nativities of the persons for whom they were originally made, and who used them on important occasions as we use a family seal or coat of arms. With them they were declarations of faith—as proofs of mystical incorporation with the hosts of heaven, the constellations, or the powers and principalities supposed to be inherent in them as presiding deities.

The cuneiform characters on these antique cylinders form a marked or well defined period in the development of written language, and on this account, among others, they are interesting to the student of ancient history. It seems clear that cylinders with astrological and astronomical symbols on them are of an older date than those with cuneiform characters, and these must date back to a period more remote than is at first suspected by youthful students. Cuneiform characters abound on the temple-palaces or palace-temples of Persepolis, of which M. Bailli, by accurate retrospective calculation, fixes the foundation at the period of 3,209 years before the Christian era, when the sun entered the constellation of Aries. Cylinders, rock-temples, rock-tablets, hieroglyphics on tombs, mummy cases, and papyri, are the most ancient records of the world's civilisation, yet it is quite evident that when these antique works were executed the arts and sciences were by no means in their infancy. Languages of development of the most extraordinary character must have preceded their fabrication. Their origin, like written language, is buried in obscurity—in oblivion.

Writing of some kind seems to have been coeval with tradition and to have sprung out of it from the instinctive love of conserving the memory of past persons and things. Hieroglyphical writing, or writing by emblems, appears to have preceded not only the cuneiform characters, but that form of writing which must more strictly be called symbolical, like that on the more ancient cylinders, where astrological and mythological figures portray science and knowledge. Hieroglyphical writing grew by slow degrees to its full development. It was an invention and not, properly speaking, a discovery, and a careful study of it seems to show that the Magi had a system of phonetics connected with the signs and figures of material objects, and in some manner descriptive of the objects under consideration.

Growing out of this method, after many years, and ages even, the Demotic method was invented, written characters after the manner of the cuneiform, Coptic, Hebrew, and Greek characters, and not unlike those used by the Chinese at the present time. From these arose the third great division, or the alphabetical system.

The time of the birth of these systems cannot be fixed with any degree of accuracy, as they overlap and double on each other in various nations, in a manner somewhat inexplicable; but all the historical records of the period of Moses in Egypt are of the hieroglyphical kind. It is not clear, as far as we have been able to learn, that the Demotic system was then developed so as to be available for seals and signets, or rock-tablets. Certainly we have no grounds to believe that an alphabetical language did then exist, and hence the precious "tables of stone" brought by Moses from the top of Sinai were probably magnificent cylinder stones, and either sculptured or painted hieroglyphics, of the kind found on the rock-tablets of Sulphus, the temple-tombs, mummy-cases, and papyri of ancient Egypt. On this subject it is respectfully submitted as highly probable that impressions were rolled off for the use of the Twelve Tribes of Israel as required.

As the two tables were "of testimony"—tables of stone written by the Finger of God, as well as a decalogue for moral and religious guidance—the idea that the two tables were cylinders is not an unreasonable supposition. It is, however, passing strange that the stones, which could not have been very large, as they were both carried down Mount Sinai by Moses, though containing records of infinite importance, being written by the "Finger of God," should have been so soon lost in oblivion, while hundreds of thousands of antiquities more ancient and inconceivably less precious still survive, the driblets of which fill the museums of Europe. This certainly



exceeds human comprehension. It awakens unutterable thoughts respecting the fact and the character of these chosen people of Jehovah.

There are many important words and utterances of frequent occurrence in the Old Testament, and sculptured on Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities, which will throw additional light on ancient seals and signets and Babylonian cylinders, if their meanings were clearly defined. This I will endeavour to do by such means or knowledge as lies at command, and which will show that there is a general agreement in the lore of antiquity in all nations, and the earlier the period the closer the resemblance in symbols, principles, and things signified.

"Ath-sign" means "what?" "Signet" means "prodigy;" denoting the operations of the mind. "Ensign," "a flag;" a symbolical image held aloft. "Thoth," "truth;" it comes from "othoth," "ahtoth;" with the Egyptians the "a" being dropped. "Baal-ath," "Lord of the Sign," and "Baal-Amon," "Lord of the Ram," were synonymous. The sun is sometimes called "Moloch," "the King;" "Baal," "the Lord;" and "Mithra," "the Saviour;" "Adad," or "Hadad," "one superior," or "one only;" "Baal-Saba," "the Lord of Sabaoth," the leading star of the heavenly constellations.

"Baal" or "Bel," with the Babylonians, was the sun personified, the same as "Baal-Amon" of Solomon's Song—"Bel" in the constellation Aries. Ancient seals and signets frequently bear the symbol and appellation of the chief of the Sabean mythology, as Baal, Bel, and Baâl. "The plains of Shenoar" mean "the plains of the sun." "Ath-Baal" and "Ben-Adad" mean "sign of the sun" and "sons of the sun." "Rimmon" signifies "the Exalted One," indicating the sun in his highest exaltation. He was a Syrian deity, and his symbol was a pomegranate, as the name signifies.

Bates says the Hebrew "Sibel," or "Sabael," means "the tropics;" "Baal-Sabas," "the Lord of Sabaoth," the stars of heaven. The Divine Psalmist referred to these common opinions and things, to whom seals and signets were familiar as household treasures, when he wrote, as rendered by highest commentators, "In the Sun hath Jehovah placed his tabernacle, or habitation," as the true leader of the Sabaoth, *i.e.*, hosts of stars. In another place he says "God is to us a sun and shield." This text is the motto on the seal of the arms of the borough of Banbury, and its use is for a similar purpose to the ancient seals and signets: it refers the inhabitants to the God they profess to worship, for the same purpose as did the mythological and astronomical horoscopes on Babylonian and Assyrian cylinders. The sun is often seen winged, and thus symbolised it was to the ancient

Magi significant of the same attributes as perceived now, whether the appellation was Rimmon, Adad, Baal, Bel, Ath, Thoth, or Jehovah.

Mention is made of seals and signets at a very early period of Jewish history, as will be seen by referring to the narrative of Tamar and Judah. "What pledge shall I give thee?" and she said "Thy signet, and the bracelets and the staff that is in thine hand." Ancient custom and usage clearly suggests the character of this pledge. It was a walking staff—the staff of a household with the bracelets and signet pendant like a tassel, the signet being a family or personal horoscope, the full import of which was well known to Tamar. She knew it would be redeemed—that it would be a proof beyond question on whom her offspring ought to be affiliated. As this incident took place nearly five hundred years before Moses was born it is evident that seals and signets, and those profound mythological mysteries comprehended under the general name of Sabeanism had a prior existence to the Mosaic legislation; and hence the forms of thought, faith, and customs which we find sometimes dimly and obscurely expressed, and sometimes clearly, in the Pentateuch, refer to an older civilisation and a higher order of things touching sciences and art, than prevailed among the children of Abraham for nearly a thousand years after that patriarch was "brought out of the Ur of the Chaldee."

Many facts go to prove how thoroughly Sabeanism was incorporated with all the affairs of life at that period, and the Hebrew language, however it originated (and the language so called was not invented by the Jews), must have had its idioms developed by a nation of Sabean worshippers, whose faith and customs, secular and religious, thoroughly engrained it. Hence the first word of the Bible is one whose meaning is derived from the Sabeanites' divining-tree; "Ashre," or "Blesser," enters into its radical meaning. "Berschit" has been translated "In the beginning," but great authorities say that "principling, or organising energy would be more abstractly sublime and correct." It thus becomes clear that the language of the Jews, which they must have found ready developed more or less accurately to their tongues, was built upon or derived from a nation of Sabean worshippers who had attained a high state of civilisation before the existence of Abraham.

The divining-tree of the Sabeans, by which horoscopes were anciently ascertained (to be engraved on seals and signets in symbolical characters), the ancient calendar made, and the sacred cycle determined, shows another point of the ancient Scriptures.

The term "Ashre" has been capriciously used, maltreated, and falsely rendered, so as to be totally misunderstood by ordinary

readers of the Scriptures. At the time they were translated into English the Sabean divining-tree Ashre was not understood, either as to character or use. Hence we have such strangely dissimilar renderings of the term. While writing, I have now lying before me a drawing of an Ashre, taken from a Babylonian cylinder, a very curious instrument; but it is not easy to understand how it was worked by the diviner. The term has been grossly treated: sometimes called "blesser," and sometimes "a grove of trees," than which nothing can be more dissimilar, making it not only impossible for uncritical readers to know what is meant by the text, but giving a totally erroneous idea.

We know that terms referring to obsolete customs and forgotten instruments, the manner of using which has become a lost art, cannot be very felicitously rendered in a foreign language by any linguist; but when there is an utter ignorance of the custom and thing itself the result will not, cannot, be distinguished by truth and accuracy. Two or three instances are submitted to illustrate the subject. Deut. ii., 20: "Thou shalt not plant a grove (Ashre) of any trees near the altar of the Lord thy God." David says in the Psalms: "Blessed (Ashre) is the man, &c." Now the true meaning of Ashre is "Blesser," or "Advancer;" so that in the last instance the true meaning is given; but if the translators had adhered to their other way of rendering the term it would have been "Engroved is the man," which would have been nonsense. Therefore, to render Ashre "grove" or "grove of trees," which is frequently the case, conveys a totally false meaning. It is presumed that Julius Bates gives the true rendering: "Thou shalt not set up any Ashre of any wood;" or "Thou shalt not fix up an Ashre under any tree near the altar of the Lord thy God." The term does not refer to natural trees at all, but to the setting up of the divining-tree of the Sabeanites. The instance of Leah in naming the child of her handmaid Jacob's son, confirms this view. "And Leah said, 'Happy am I: the daughters shall call me blessed.' And she called his name Ashre"—that is, "Blesser," or "Advancer." This historical fact also shows that at that early period of the Jewish people the Sabean faith prevailed, giving rites, customs, and influences, social and religious.

The Ashre used by Abraham and his posterity was precisely of the same character as that used by the Sabean nations; but an absurd idea of it is given in 2 Kings, xvii., 10: "And they set them up images and groves in every high hill, *and under every green tree.*" "Groves," in our sense of the word, set up under "every green tree," is simply ridiculous. Manasseh "made a grove and set it up in the

house of the Lord." A divining-tree instrument might be easily set up in the Temple, though profanely according to the law; but a "grove of trees" could not be so readily established in such a place. Take one more illustration out of many that might be adduced. According to Josephus, Abraham was learned in the knowledge of the stars, or hosts of heaven. He lived in Arabia, where the science of astronomy was first studied. Hence he could divine a divination, make his own horoscope, or cast his nativity, as it is called in modern days—arrange his own sign, to be engraved on his seal or signet; as we say, "marshalling his coat of arms" by symbolical imagery. It is said in Gen. xxi., 33, "Abraham planted a grove (Ashre), and called on the name of the Lord." He erected a divining-tree instrument, and with no reproach to his faith, for he saw through the signs in the starry hosts of heaven, and the divine powers and potentates then supposed to reside in them, as indicated by the Ashre, the things signified.

A thousand years after Abraham the divine penmen of the Jews believed the Sabean faith, that the constellations—the stars of heaven—were the mansions of presiding powers, subordinate deities, without which belief the following striking quotation has no meaning: "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." We find (2 Kings, xxiii.) that Hilkiah "brought out the grove from the House of the Lord, and burnt it at the brook Kedron, and stamped it small to powder;" showing clearly that the divining-tree instrument only is meant by the term "grove." In verse 7 it is said, "And he broke down the houses of the Sodomites that were by the house of the Lord, where the women wove hangings for the grove." The whole chapter gives us a picture of the moral degradation of the Jews so loathsome and revolting that we are utterly unable to understand how a people who had for a long series of ages been under the special government of Jehovah, under a Theocracy, could be so enormously wicked. Either the Theocracy was a great delusion, or the priestly executives of Jehovah's will were diabolically wicked beyond those who sought to violate the very angels of God, and were consumed by fire and brimstone in the Cities of the Plains.

From what has been said, it will not be difficult to see the connection there is between the use of ancient seals and signets and their symbolical devices and the development of modern heraldry. All the principal signs of the *ars heraldica* have been derived from the symbolical figures used in the ancient mythological and astrological system of Sabeanism. The ancient Egyptian and Chaldean Magi had as severely defined a science of heraldry as we have at the

present time, but it was connected with the religious sentiment in a manner not now recognised. It was, in fact, a part of a theological belief, and was taught by a privileged and sacred body of persons who were supposed to be divinely appointed in a higher but in an analogous manner to the Herald's College, established by King Richard the Third. By their fiat all regal ceremonies, solemnities, contracts, institutions, instalments, births, and marriages were regulated, and especially funerals, by which the departed spirit was supposed to be religiously conducted from this world to the next, and by a divine apotheosis became one with Osiris, the Infinite and Eternal.

It may be true that our system of heraldry was not developed till the closing years of the mediæval period, yet there are no grounds to conclude that it was, properly speaking, a new institution; for the signs and symbols, as before stated, belonged to the ancient system, of which seals and signets formed an important and interesting part. It is quite evident that heraldic emblazonry was an institution of the early Greeks, and this would take us beyond the period of Homer and Hesiod.

The celebrated "Bayeux Tapestry" is an elaborate delineation of the symbols at the time of the Norman Conquest, A.D. 1066. In "Debrett's Peerage" it is well stated—"The earliest Roll of Arms of which we have any notice is in the reign of Henry III., and the reign of Edward I. presents us with the earliest document extant. The famous 'Roll of Caerlaverock,' a poem in old Norman French, rehearses the names and armorial ensigns of all the barons, knights, &c., who attended Edward at the siege of Caerlaverock Castle, A.D. 1300. Heraldry is therein for the first time presented to us as a science. The principal rules and terms of the art were then in existence, and from about that time the latter are continually found in the fabliaux and romances of France and England." In a figurative sense, the heraldic shield or field represents the ancient firmament, and the charges the houses or mansions in which resided the powers, potentates, and dominions which guided the constellations. They were of greater or less dignity—or, argent, gules, azure, sable, vert, purpure, sanguine, tenne. It is not a little singular that these represent the sun, moon, and the seven planets known to the ancient Magi. This subject is perhaps too recondite to be here further pursued. We will, therefore, take a brief but general glance at the mottoes of the armorial bearings of our nobility now surviving on their arms, the representatives of ancient seals and signets. The mottoes are more or less expressive of qualities or purposes, which

may by a figure of speech be called characteristics of the family whose coat of arms they accompany as a general illustration of the emblazonry. This view, however, more particularly applies to the original or primitive shield, for the various quarterings through the intermarriage of families have complicated the symbolical figures so that the harmony between the marshalling and the motto is in a considerable degree destroyed. It is no less a fact that present owners of coats of arms and mottoes do not necessarily inherit those virtues for the possession of which the original grant was made, and not unfrequently the character is more discordant with the motto than the motto is with the symbols on the shield. Were it otherwise, it would only be necessary to consult that admirable work, "Debrett's Peerage and Baronetage," to learn the leading moral, civil, and personal qualities and virtues of the nobles of the land in which we live. No doubt there are some, possibly many, whose mottoes indicate the character of those who own them, being full of significance, embodying principles at once simple and important, while others express concentrated knowledge, purpose, and experience. Let us glance at a few mottoes by way of illustrating the general object of this article.

The Marquis of Abercorn's is "Sola nobilitas virtus." This does not recognise that social—which may with propriety be called conventional—nobility which in these days is accepted as the genuine article, and obtained by that fortunate conjunction of circumstances called birth. If one admits Dr. Johnson's definition of virtue by a negative process, that a man must do something more than his duty to be virtuous, it pretty clearly shows that that "virtue" which is the "only nobility" consists not in the condition in which one happens to be born, but in good and great actions. For a man with such a motto to plume himself upon his birth is a cruel satire on his own dignity.

The Marquis of Aylesbury's motto, "Fuimus" (We have been), may be viewed as expressing regret or triumph; hence its influence on the mind of the owner of it may inspire melancholy or inglorious ease—scarcely mirthfulness or noble aspirations.

The Earl of Albemarle's motto inculcates a high moral lesson, "Ne cede malis" ("Do not yield to misfortune"), while Earl Annesley's "Virtutis amore" ("From the love of virtue") breathes the true spirit of life and the correct principle of human action. The "Always ready" ("Toujours pret")—of Earl Antrim indicates the high civil, social, and patriotic qualities which conspire to make a practical man. Baron Bagton's "Antiquum obtineus" ("Possessing antiquity"), irrespective

of other considerations, has but small merit as a signet motto. Viscount Bangor's "Sub cruce salus" ("Salvation beneath the Cross") sufficiently tells its import and its age. Many mottoes of a pious character, of which this may be taken as a fair specimen, are borne by the English nobility and gentry.

The Duke of Bedford's motto may be either pithy or petulant—"Che sara sara" ("What will be, will be"). It is an old saw worthy the wisdom of a washerwoman or a wiseacre; while that of Earl Berkeley, "Dieu avec nous" ("God with us"), has all the vanity of its French original, united to the presumption of English sectarianism. "Amo" ("I love"), the motto of the Duke of Buccleuch, is so absolute and yet so indefinite that it may be by the addition of a substantive (and it has no meaning without one) either good or bad or indifferent, heavenly, earthly, sensual, or devilish.

That of Earl Cornwath is downright vernacular and nobly heroical—"I dare"—breathing the spirit of chivalry and smacking of the "tented field;" while "Watch and pray" ("Vigilate et orate") of Baron Castlemain is monkish or puritanical. Earl Castle-Stuart's motto commands in good English "Forward"—ringing with the metal and mettle which wins victories on all the battle fields of life—and "Semper paratus" ("Always ready") on the banner of Baron Clifford nobly supports the same "sentiment" or command.

There is something philosophically smart and inspiring in the motto of Baron Cranworth: "Post nubila Phœbus" ("After clouds, sunshine"); and not less so the "In omnia paratus" ("Prepared for all things") of Baron Dunalley. The vernacular, "Strike," of Baron Hawke, is strikingly in harmony with the name of the thing originally signified, and "Now or never" ("Nunc aut nunquam") of Earl Kilmorey inspires a kindred sentiment of heroism.

Some mottoes are mystical for a purpose, as was that of Earl Kintore, "Quæ amissa salva" ("What was lost is safe")—referring to the regalia of Scotland preserved by the first Earl of Kintore. Baron Langford's "Bear and forbear" is eminently philosophical and pregnant with great practical wisdom; while the Marquis Tweeddale's "Spare nought" inculcates the very opposite qualities. Equally demonstrative and characteristic is the motto of Baron Westbury, "Ithel," ("Pride,") the Welsh name of the family, a quality not particularly amiable.

Such are some of the most striking mottoes of the English peerage, which they bear on their arms as family distinctions, and which had their origin as already stated.

The mottoes of the baronets and gentry of England are of course

in principle the same as those of the peers and royal family, but there appears to be a greater tendency to the Cæsarian famous despatch "Veni, vidi, vici." The following, freely taken from Debrett's admirable work, will illustrate the fact :—

"Loyalty," "Devotion," "Activity," "Ready," "Actively," "Innocent and True," "Hallelujah," "Liberty," "Country," "Unity," "Think," "Persevere," "Forward," "Forget Not," "Take Care," "Firm," "Watch."

"I fly high" is the acme of conceitedness, and "Never give in" is a good motto for a fighting family like that of Sir John Lawrence of Indian renown, who bears it; but of far more worth is the truth inculcated by the motto of the Clifford family, "Virtus mille scuta" —"Virtue is equal to a thousand shields."

In bringing these observations to a close we cannot refrain from remarking the singular fact that the literal signs and symbols of the ancients have been preserved for four or five thousand years, generally signifying the same material objects, though the spiritual existences and divine principles which were originally symbolised have been totally lost to the public mind, and but dimly discerned by the most astute student of the past systems of thought, cosmogony, and theology. These have been from time to time often readjusted through the countless cycles of past existence, supplementing the theories which governed humanity in its aspirations after a knowledge of the Unknown, if not unknowable, and supplanting them according to the exigencies and postulates of an enlarged life. However large the utterance, it is not too much to say that all the mystical signs and symbols of Grecian mythology, of the Greek Church and Roman Catholicism, and of Freemasonry, had a common origin, and they are referrible to the same common paternity as heraldry and ancient seals and signets.

JAMES HUTCHINGS.

MAKING THE WORST OF IT.

BY JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

CHAPTER IV.

SUNSHINE.

THE most impressible thing on earth is the face of man. Not the features, but the countenance. The grooms in a stud stable, who are constantly with horses, become horsey in countenance as well as in garment. The countenance of the shepherd is sheepish. The dog fancier might be attired in the choicest productions of the tailor's art, but so long as his face was visible his trade would be known. The influence of man on man is greatest. Children of one family differ in feature, yet there is a family likeness because they have been subject to the same mental impressions; for that which we call the countenance is the shining forth or reflection of the mind. Husband and wife, when the bond is the strong, holy union of hearts, grow wonderfully alike; and the likeness in countenance is made more conspicuous by sameness in manner.

How soon when there is change of association there is change of countenance and unlikeness! When, after long years, we return to some memory-cherished spot, perhaps the house in which the days of our youth were passed, we are startled at the imperfection of our memory. The rooms are larger or smaller, richer or poorer than we thought they were. We recollect the old tree, and the shady corner in which grew the lilies of the valley that we gathered for the fair victim of our first essay in love making; but the garden is not the garden we expected. Or if, after years of separation, we meet a friend, a school comrade, or a college chum, it is improbable that the intimacy will be renewed. Old friend, I love you as in the olden time, but you are not as you were in the olden time. You have grown so strange that I cannot be with you as I was in the years before the flood, in the days of our youth. I am more intimate with the new-fledged friends, though, may be, I love them less. My schoolfellow, my playmate, feels as I feel, and we may remain fast *friends, but intimate* companionship is impossible.

Henry Clayton was for the first days a stranger at home. In prison and in exile the memory of his home had never slept. No incident, however trivial, was forgotten. And when he came home he was, he knew not why, disappointed. Not in the loving welcome from his wife; but the home was not altogether homely to him. The change was in him much more than in his home, but he knew it not. The transplanted tree is drooping. Shall we move it back to its native earth? Yes, for it will surely die if left in the foreign soil, yet the roots may not be able to re-affiliate with the mother earth.

The mighty affection of the wife triumphed, and before Henry had been back a month the strange strangeness had well nigh passed away. But the child was not reconciled, and her coldness chilled the heart of her father. She obeyed her mother, and addressed Henry as her father, but it was too manifest that her salutation was merely lip homage. She never spoke to him except to answer a question. She never looked at him, even when speaking to him. She never kissed him, and shrank from him when he kissed her. Alice did not believe that Henry was her father. Her mother told her so, and she did not deny it, but she did not in very deed and in her heart believe the statement.

Henry bore with the child. So did the mother outwardly, but not inwardly. Her anger begat dislike, and she began to look upon her child as an affliction, and not a blessing. Once or twice Ann wrestled with the growing unkindness, and vainly, for the child offended her daily. Nor could the mother altogether conceal her ill-feeling; and Alice wished the more fervently that Henry had not come to make her unhappy.

It was the third Sunday after the return.

"Are you going to church to-night, Ann?" asked Henry.

"Not if you wish me to remain at home with you."

"Oh no. I will walk as far as the church with you."

Father, mother, and child set forth. Alice was about to take her mother's arm, but Ann repulsed her, and she walked behind. When they were at the church porch Ann said, "We shall soon be home, dear."

"I think I will go in with you. It can't harm me."

Ann was delighted, and for the first time since his imprisonment Henry entered a place of worship. He had almost forgotten how to kneel. During no part of the service did his lips move, but his face showed that the words of prayer and the hymns of praise moved his heart not a little.

On the return from church there was supper, and, being Sunday night, Alice was at the table. Directly the meal was over she was told to go to bed. Mrs. Clayton had become peremptory to the girl, and she rose hastily, lighted her candle, and kissed her mother. The mother did not return the kiss. To her child her lips had become rigid as marble.

Then Alice went to her father. He kissed her cheek, and for the first time since she was a prattling child she kissed him. The hot blood flushed her face; his was pale. She put both her arms about his neck, and he stooped to her, and she kissed him again, and said, "Father, dear, for you are my father, and I have been very wicked. I will be good to you, and love you."

He took the girl on his knee and nursed her, as if the last time he had done so were yesterday, and his girl were still a prattling child.

Ann saw what had happened, and she stole from the room. The reconciliation of child to father filled her with joy and thankfulness. Not for her own sake, not for the sake of Alice, but for the sake of her husband. Apart from his happiness she had no thought of happiness. Deep, unselfish, and ever growing love may be rare, but not so rare as the cynic thinks. Ann Clayton is a type of a class, a type of the women who inspire men by their affection, and who save society from the corruption that would ensue from utter selfishness.

Oh! the more than magic power of pure love! The embrace, the recognition, the pledge of love from his child suddenly transformed Henry Clayton. The dead heart was alive again. The strength and health of the crushed spirit was renewed.

"Ever since our Alice spoke to me, Ann, the words that were sung to-night, 'Lord, now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace,' have been in my ears, and in my mind, and in my heart. Not that I wish to die, Ann, for I feel that I can live a better life, and I will do so."

They sat by the fireside talking for hours about the past and about the future.

"Henry, dear, you are yourself to-night. You look as you did before our sorrow."

Next day Henry walked with Alice to her school, and was waiting for her when she came out of school. He was loving to her as a lover. In the afternoon he went to town, and called on Mr. Stot. The eminent detective eyed his visitor while he shook hands with him.

"Glad to see you looking nearer the nines than you were t'other night. Take the word of one who is up in human nature, which is the usefullest art going, that tracking a serpent which has stung you

aint paying sport, and if it were, flustering aint the way to catch your serpent."

"I have called on you about that business. I agree with you that Mellish is dead, and so we will stop the pursuit."

"I said we might bury him on suspicion. I did not say he was dead."

"Not dead!" exclaimed Henry. "What has happened? Do you think he is alive? Do you know he is alive?"

Ann would not at this moment have said that her husband looked as he did before their sorrow. His very features were distorted by inhuman hate. Well, not inhuman, but human, for what hate is so horrible, so godless as human hate?

"Why," replied the detective, "lightning itself is slower than a hamstrung tortoise compared to the pace you rush at conclusions. No, Mr. Clayton, I don't know that he is alive. I don't think he is alive. But not having the body, we can't swear, except circumstantially, that he is dead, and, according to your instructions, I will keep a look out."

For two or three minutes there was silence. Then Henry spoke slowly, firmly, but with evident effort:

"Whether he is dead or living, stop the pursuit. If you find him, I should have to see him, and to avenge a wrong that can never be redressed. It is better for those I love that I should not know Mellish lives. I will count him dead. If he is living, let him not cross my path. That is all."

"Which is a wise resolution," said Mr. Stot. "It is to me what I call an unawares pleasure, which is always the sweetest; for after the way you raved about vengeance I should have sworn all the oaths ever invented that you would never forgive that enemy, so long as white is white and black is black."

"And I do not forgive him. If he were alive, and I could kill him without bringing sorrow to those I love, I would do it. That being impossible, whether he is dead or alive he shall be dead to me, unless he crosses my path."

"That's what I call a genuine business view. If revenge pays, have it if you can get it. If it don't pay, cut it if you can."

When Henry left, Mr. Stot whistled two or three bars of a tune something like a parody on "Rule, Britannia."

"Can't see to the bottom of this well. It's likely to be the wife's doing; for a fellow who is fond of his wife shifts with her whims as a weathercock does with the wind. Wouldn't Mellish dance a jig if he knew it! But he won't through this child! First, I don't t[illegible]

him for swindling me. Next, I hate him for doing his paltry little best to get me into a bother. And, moreover, he might go abroad to be out of harm's way, and he is useful to me, or may be so. What a mighty power it is to know men's secrets!"

Henry was merry that evening. He played with Alice, and laughed as he had not done for many years. When he was alone with his wife he told her what he had intended to do about Mellish, and how he had resolved to forego his revenge.

"Oh, Henry dear, such revenge would have been cruel to Alice and to yourself. Then our child could not have said 'My father has been afflicted, but he is guiltless of crime.'"

"Yet, Ann, it is hard to forego revenge."

"Harder still, my dearest, to do a wrong that cannot be undone."

"Well, old love, I will not do the wrong. Are you satisfied?"

The answer was a kiss.

"Has our little one seen the old home since I went away?"

To Henry his child was still a little child.

"After that dreadful day we never looked at the house. I had not the courage, and truly not the wish."

"When Alice comes from school to-morrow we will visit the old place, and then, Ann, we will try to forget the past sorrow and live for the days to come."

After a long and stormy voyage there is the enjoyment of home. Human life has been again and again compared to a voyage, because the comparison is so true and so exact. With some—with most of us—the voyage is an alternation of sunshine and darkness, of calm and storm. Others, when the land—the better land—is in sight can tell only of a prosperous voyage, during which the winds and the waves were never violent. Others throughout have been in suffering and peril, knowing no calm save when the tried and labouring ship, still throbbing and trembling, rested for a moment in the dread abyss betwixt the angry wave just overcome and the angry wave ahead. Yet the comparison is not altogether perfect. Some ships are wrecked and reach not the destined port. With men, whether the voyage of life be calm or stormy, the end is the same, the destined port is reached. All at length pass through the gloomy straits of Death into the haven of the Life Immortal.

CHAPTER V.

A STORMY DAY.

ALICE tripped merrily to school, for she had in her hand a note from her mother to Miss Barnes, asking that she might be allowed to return home at half-past eleven. She knew nothing of the proposed visit to the old home, but her father had told her that they were going to town, that they would dine in town, and after dinner go to the theatre.

The theatre! Alice was fourteen years old, yet she had not seen a theatre. She had heard of the theatre, she had read of the theatre, and she had often asked her mother to go to the theatre. She asked in vain. In the years of sorrow Ann could not visit the theatre, and her child could not do so without her. Great, then, was the delight of Alice when her father said, "After we have had a nice little dinner, with lots of pudding, we will go to the theatre." The promised treat kept her awake, and was the subject of her dreams. Most anticipated treats disappoint us. They do not satisfy the over-stimulated appetite of the imagination. But the theatre is an exception. It is only when we become morbidly critical that the stage does not amuse us, and it may be that frequently those who find fault have nevertheless been beguiled from their care and had their jaded minds recreated.

They were to set off for the day's excursion as soon as Alice came from school, and Mrs. Clayton and her husband were in the parlour ready to start. Ann was at the piano.

"Yes, Ann, that is the piece. I remember the last time you played it to me. I was dancing baby about the room, and it was the night before our trouble began. Once since then I heard it played by a procession band in Australia, and I think, though I did not know it then, that hearing the dear old tune made me too homesick to keep my resolution—my foolish resolution—not again to see you and our little one."

"It is more than ten years since I have played it. Music has been hateful to me, though I have taught it for Alice's sake. But I have never played the music of our happy time."

"It is twelve o'clock. Alice should be here."

"Miss Barnes is not particularly obliging, dear. She likes to show her authority; and Alice will bring a note informing me that she could not leave at half-past eleven without disturbing a class."

"*I wish Miss Barnes had been more* obliging on this occasion.

See how the day has darkened, and darkness at noon does not pass away. I like to start in sunshine."

"Oh, Henry, I hope it will not rain. It will be a great disappointment."

"The rain shan't keep us at home, Ann."

There was a loud knock. As loud as the knock of a footman, and longer. A knock intended to announce the importance of the visitor.

"Some one called to talk about the progress of her daughter, or to grumble at my week's holiday. I wish we had started!"

But Mrs. Clayton was wrong: Alice came in with Miss Barnes. The schoolmistress was a tall, scraggy miss, who had been "about thirty" for twenty years. Her "Good morning, ma'am," was sharp and the reverse of cordial; and when she saw Mr. Clayton she stood still, and her thin, faded face flushed.

"May I beg the favour of a word in private, Mrs. Clayton?"

But Mrs. Clayton and her husband were too startled by the appearance of Alice to notice Miss Barnes, or heed her question. The girl was crying violently, and she clung to her mother, hiding her face in her cloak.

"What does this mean?" asked Mrs. Clayton. "Alice is a good girl, and I am sorry she should be punished."

"I have not punished your daughter, Mrs. Clayton; and if you will let me have a minute with you alone I will explain what has happened."

"My wife has no secrets from her husband," said Henry.

"So you are Mr. Clayton! And you say it quite openly, too."

"I suppose our domestic affairs are not your business," exclaimed Mrs. Clayton.

"Not without they are made so, ma'am; but, however unpleasant it may be, it shall never be said that I did not do my duty to the very letter, to the very crossing of a t and the dotting of an i."

Suddenly it occurred to both husband and wife that the visit of Miss Barnes had something to do with their great sorrow. Henry was the first to speak.

"Go on, madam."

"I will, sir, request you to premise that I simply tell with my tongue what I have heard with my ears, that I am only for the time a human parrot, having no opinion about the words I speak."

"We want no gossip," said Mrs. Clayton, quickly, "and we wish you good morning."

"No, Ann, we will hear the gossip. What is it, Miss Barnes?"

"They do say, Mr. Clayton, that you have been away for many years from your family, and"—Miss Barnes hesitated—"and that you could not help it."

"Perhaps they said I was a felon?"

"They did, Mr. Clayton, but I could not believe it. I felt sure that such a respectable, well-conducted lady as Mrs. Clayton could not have had a husband and that a girl like Alice could not have a felon for a father. But for the sake of my school I was obliged to come here to be able to contradict the report on authority."

"We have heard enough of your gossip," said Mrs. Clayton, "and you can go."

"Not so, Ann. Let Miss Barnes hear the truth. Madam, ten years ago I was falsely charged with attempting to stab a man in a quarrel and I was convicted."

"Oh dear! I shall never get over the disgrace and the blow. It will be my ruin! How dared you, madam," asked Miss Barnes, turning to Mrs. Clayton, "to send a felon's daughter to a respectable school?"

"Do you not hear he was innocent?"

"That does not do away with his being a felon."

"Who told you that I had been a felon?"

"No one; I got this," replied Miss Barnes, putting a letter on the table.

Henry took it and read as follows:—

"MADAM,—I am informed that you have the daughter of a returned convict in your school. Her name is Alice Clayton. If you want to keep your school together you had better get rid of the felon's daughter. "A FRIEND."

"You can go, madam. What is due to you shall be sent to you."

"How can you pay me for the disgrace, and the injury, and the ruin of my school and of my reputation? How"——

Henry pointed to the door.

"Go! and without another word."

The look and voice of Henry alarmed Miss Barnes, and she departed in haste, banging the parlour door and the street door after her.

Mrs. Clayton pushed Alice from her and, embracing her husband, said, "It is a trial for us, dearest, but do not let that woman make us all unhappy."

"It is a brand—it is a brand. The only places I do not shame are the prison and the hulks."

"Henry, for my sake, for I am and have ever been your loving wife, for my sake, Henry, and for our child's, do not despair."

"The felon's child! Speak to her, Ann."

"Alice, come here and kiss your father."

"Oh! why did he come home to make us miserable?"

"Wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Clayton, and if Henry had not caught her arm she would have struck Alice.

"The child is just, even if she is not generous. I ought not to have come home."

"Let me tell her all."

"As you like," replied Henry, sitting in the easy chair.

Without taking off her bonnet and cloak, Mrs. Clayton took the girl to the sofa and told her tale of sorrow. She spoke first of the happy days, of the happy home, of how her father loved her, fondled her, played with her, watched over her. Then she told about the heavy misfortune, of the conviction of the father although he was guiltless. She spoke of the long and weary years of suffering, of how the father, in prison and in exile, had never ceased to love and to think of his child.

"Oh! Alice, how he loves you I cannot tell; love him, and God will bless your love!"

She took Alice to where her husband was seated.

"Alice wants to kiss you and to comfort you, dearest."

The father stooped and kissed her, but she did not speak or kiss him, and shrank from him, clinging more closely to her mother.

"Go to your bedroom, Alice," said Mrs. Clayton. "Henceforth I am not your mother, nor you my child, except in name."

The girl left the room without a reply, and without raising her eyes.

"I am going into the City."

"What for, Henry? Can I go with you?"

"No, Ann, I must have a sharp walk, and alone."

"Henry, you will not let that cruel girl drive you from home, and leave me heartbroken and without hope. Another parting, Henry, would kill me."

"I must think; I must think. I shall return at night, after Alice is in bed. I do not love her less. I wish I did. For you are right, Ann, she is cruel indeed."

Henry mounted an omnibus. The driver was talkative. He asked Mr. Clayton what he thought of the weather, whether he had seen a finer piece of horseflesh in a 'bus than the roan mare, and what was his opinion about the great jewel robbery. When you are

disposed for silence any talker is annoying, but a talker who asks questions is unbearably irritating. Mr. Clayton alighted and walked. He entered Mr. Stot's office just as the great man hunter and bill discounter was casing his hands in kid.

"Why, Mr. Clayton, your luck is miles ahead of any in my little experience. People come here scores of times and never set eyes on me. You come morning, noon, and night, and always spot me."

"I will not detain you many minutes."

"No occasion for apologising, Mr. Clayton. I keep cats to look after my mice, and can call my soul my own without being any the poorer. I was only going to do half a dozen natives and half of stout. Will you join me? There is nothing like oysters and double brown for the manufacture of backbone, and what is a fellow worth without backbone, and plenty of it?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Stot, I can't eat."

"Go to a doctor. So long as you can eat, nature may right you, but if you can't eat, it's die or doctor, if not both. However, come into my den and discharge your cargo of news, and maybe you will get hungry enough for oysters."

When the door was closed Mr. Stot put himself before the fire, thrust his hands into his pockets, and began to whistle, hum, and hiss his favourite medley of "Rule, Britannia" and "A Frog he would a wooing go."

"What's the hitch, Mr. Clayton? Your face tells me something has gone head over heels and upside down."

Henry told Mr. Stot about Miss Barnes.

"People find fault with the law, Mr. Clayton, but it's awfully queer justice outside the law. Suppose you're guilty, when the law has given you tit for tat, in the shape of punishment for the offence, the law sets you free. Society don't do anything of the sort. Religious society will hand you a tract at the end of a pair of tongs, and tell you to seek the forgiveness of God, but religious society won't let you come near it. You are good enough for God, but an awful sight too bad for human piety."

The distinguished man hunter lighted a cigar, of which he had twisted off the end whilst speaking.

"You are right, Mr. Stot; there is no chance of my being let alone."

"Why, of course, there is. It's only moving to another neighbourhood. There are scores of worlds in London, and one world knows nothing whatever of another. What makes you feel it like the tickling of an open wound is that you were not guilty. If I

were in for a spell of penal, let me deserve it. You're none the better off for being innocent, and have the awful aggravation of feeling every moment that you don't deserve what you are getting."

Henry told Mr. Stot that he thought of leaving the country, and, being pressed for his reason, he confided to the man hunter the conduct of Alice.

"Poor girl, I do not blame her, Mr. Stot. I only pity her and love her, and I hate myself for returning and giving her this sorrow."

"Well, Mr. C., I beg to say that my view is the direct opposite. I do blame her, though I don't believe in young girls, and never heard of one that was worth her salt in the way of affection. Moreover, because the child cares no more for her father than the hoof of a horse does for the animal from which it grows, it does not follow that the father is to divorce himself from a good wife, and sentence himself to be an outcast for life."

Henry did not reply, for the remarks of Mr. Stot had awakened him to a sense of what he owed to his wife. He experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling. His idol of clay was broken. He would henceforth strive to repay the love of his wife, and, as for Alice, she should obey the rule of her mother.

"If I stood in your boots I should ease the corn by packing the young ma'am to a first rate school. And if you choose to call yourself by some other name there is no law to stop you. Though it is not a case of must, and few like a change of name unless well paid for the hocus pocus."

"I think I shall follow your advice, Mr. Stot."

"Don't think about it; make up your mind to do it, and it will be done."

"It shall be done. Do you know that handwriting?" asked Henry, giving the anonymous letter sent to Miss Barnes.

"No. It looks a sham hand."

"Why should the writer disguise his writing? If Mellish is alive he may have written that note."

"Now, Mr. Clayton, that's what I call shooting at the moon. Of all the evidence that I have come across—and that is enough to make you disbelieve in any evidence—handwriting is the worst. The experts will always swear on the side that pays them, and with a clear conscience, too. Moreover, Mellish would keep out of your way. A man always fears the man he has wronged."

When Henry left Mr. Stot's offices the rain that had been so long

threatening came down in torrents. Henry took shelter under a doorway.

"I will take the first cab that passes. Stot is right. I have been unjust and cruel to Ann, and a fool to my own happiness. Come what may, I shall never again be unjust and cruel to my wife."

A hansom appeared, and Henry hailed it. It was engaged. When Henry held up his hand the occupant looked out and drew back. All the colour left Henry's face, and he stood for a moment as if spell-bound.

"It's Mellish!" he exclaimed, and ran after the cab. The rain was heavy, and the Strand was deserted. The cab went at a rattling pace, and had a good start. Henry shouted to the cabman to stop, but the driver did not hear or did not heed him. Henry was gaining rapidly on the cab, and in two or three minutes would have caught it. In his hot haste he knocked against a woman carrying a basket of oranges on her head. The vendor of oranges reeled, and her oranges were scattered on the pavement and in the road. Henry was rushing on when a policeman caught his arm. Henry turned fiercely on the policeman, who relinquished his hold and drew his staff.

"It's no go. I'll be down on yer if you tries on that game," said the policeman.

There was a crowd, in spite of the rain which still splashed on the pavement.

"I want to catch that cab. I'll give five pounds to any man who stops it!"

There was a shout of derision.

"You don't get off with that bid. So just come with me to Bow Street, and tell that tale to the inspector. Larking and keeling agin an old woman and upsetting her living into the gutter."

Henry knew that the cab was out of reach, and that a visit to Bow Street might be awkward.

"I'll pay the damage."

"It's a crown that I've lost, and the breath knocked out of my poor heart," whimpered the woman, who, with the aid of the crowd, had picked up her oranges.

"Here's half-a-sovereign for you."

"Blessings on yer," said the woman, "Yer a born gentleman, and I hope it's not yourself as is hurt."

"You have charged him, and you must come along to the station."

"Why, I never said nothing agin the gentleman. How could he help me showing up agin him, when he was running like a dog with a boiling kettle tied on his tail?"

The crowd laughed. The policeman seemed unwilling to lose a charge.

"You shall have my name and address," said Henry. "Keep back the crowd." Henry gave him a blank piece of paper, and cleverly slipped a piece of gold into his palm.

"Assaulting a constable in the execution of his duty is at least fourteen days with hard labour, but it don't hurt the public if the constable is willing to let yer off on the chance of a summons."

The policeman settled his belt and resumed his beat amidst the jeers of the saturated crowd. Henry walked towards Charing Cross, escorted by two or three small gutter boys. He threw them some pence, and they ran into Trafalgar Square and stood on their heads at the base of the Nelson column, that being the way in which the gutter boys of London express joy and gratitude. Henry walked about the Strand for hours. He looked into every cab in the hope that his enemy might be returning.

"It was Mellish, I swear. He escaped me to-day, but I shall have my hand on him before long."

Big Ben solemnly clanged the hour of ten. Henry had not tasted food since the morning, and he felt faint and exhausted.

"I must give it up for to-night," he muttered, and turned into a tavern and took some refreshment at the bar.

Two men were talking of a recent murder. Henry gulped down his ale, but could not finish his bread and cheese.

If he had caught Mellish, another murder would have been talked about. He would have been in a cell, handcuffed and closely watched. And his wife!

"Thank God I failed! No, you scoundrel, not even for the sake of revenge will I afflict her with a killing sorrow. You will die a dog's death, but not by my hand."

Henry got into a cab and drove home.

CHAPTER VI.

TOO LATE.

THE door was opened to Henry by a strange woman.

"I'm glad you've come, doctor, for the poor creature seems a going."

Henry stared at the woman, and gasped for breath.

"Aint you the doctor? Oh dear, if so be you are Mr. Clayton *bear up,* for her life may depend upon it."

Henry wiped the heavy sweat from his brow, and sat upon a chair in the passage.

The servant came from the kitchen with a can in her hand.

"Here's the water, nurse. It is quite boiling, and I've put more on. Bless me," exclaimed the girl, "here's master!"

"Tell him how the poor dear has been took, whilst I go to her," said the nurse, going upstairs with the can of water.

The girl told Henry that in the afternoon her mistress had been very angry with Alice.

"I was bringing in the tea things," she continued, "when I heard Miss Alice say as she wished you would never come back. With that missis jumped up, and ran at Miss Alice for to strike her, but she screamed and moved backwards. Missis did strike at her, and whilst hitting at her fell flat on her face, hitting her head against the piano. I tried to get missis up, but I could only turn her. Then I ran for a doctor, and he came and bled her, and she come to, and we got her into bed. When doctor left he told me to get some one to be with me, and I got the nurse through the milkman, who knows her. Missis has been quiet as a lamb, but is moaning so now that we have sent for the doctor. Oh, master!" said the girl sobbing, "what shall we do, what shall we do!"

As the girl concluded the doctor arrived. Henry stood up.

"Is there any hope?"

"You are the lady's husband?"

"Yes."

"Your wife seems very debilitated and worn. Excuse the question—but has she had any care or trouble?"

"Years of trouble."

"Ah, I thought so. But we must do our best, and hope the best. Have you seen her?"

Henry shook his head.

"Come then, but don't give way before her."

Henry followed the doctor upstairs. As the door was opened a moan smote upon his ear.

Ann was lying on her back, one hand clutching the sheet, and the other hand pressed on her heart. Her face was pallid—a greenish leaden white. Her hair on one side was matted with the blood that had flowed from the wound.

The doctor took her hand from her heart, and felt her pulse. She shrank from his touch, and moaned.

"How are her feet, nurse?"

"We have put hot water to them, b

"I shall open another vein."

The doctor took Henry aside.

"The case is critical, Mr. Clayton. You must prepare for the worst."

"There is no hope?" whispered Henry.

"There is still life; but it may be that we can only give her momentary ease."

The vein was opened, but very little blood came. The doctor mixed brandy with water, and put some in her mouth. She could not swallow, and it trickled from her mouth. She moaned again, put her hand to her head, and opened her eyes.

"Speak to her," said the doctor.

Henry bent over the bed and kissed her lips. There was a smile of loving recognition. She moved her hand from her head. Henry pressed it and held it. He leant upon the bed, and she nestled in his arms in the old familiar way.

She dosed for a few moments. The doctor felt her pulse, and shook his head ominously. Henry could not repress a shudder.

Then Ann woke and sighed. Not a sigh of relief, but a stifled sigh of suffering. The doctor put some brandy and water into her mouth. There was a slight convulsion of the throat, but she did not swallow it. Her lips moved, and Henry kissed them.

There was another movement of the lips, and a low, gurgling noise.

"She sleeps," whispered Henry.

The doctor put his hand to her heart.

"Mr. Clayton," said the doctor, "she has gone before you. She sleeps the sleep we must all sleep."

The Dread Destroyer had triumphed.

Had triumphed and fled.

When she lay on the pillow there was no trace of pain on her face. There was a smile, a sweet smile, and she looked so young.

Oh for the eye of Faith to see the Angel of Life, of Life Immortal, hover o'er the dying! To see at the moment when the spirit quits its tenement of earth another angel, robed with the shining robe and crowned with the crown that the Angel of Life had held.

* * * * * *

Until the day of the burial Henry did not leave the house. An hour after the death of his wife he went to Alice.

"I do not reproach you, Alice, about the past. You have spurned me, and I shall leave you. Not uncared for; but I shall leave you. *For her sake I* shall not forget you; but we must part. You will

hear from me in a few days, and you will have to do my bidding or to perish."

The girl was crying violently. She stretched out her hands to her father. For a moment his lips quivered, and there was an impulse to take his child to his arms and weep with her. He saw her cloak and hat lying on a chair. The scene with Miss Barnes flashed through his mind. His features became rigid as iron.

"God be with you, Alice! I cannot."

And so he left her.

After the funeral he did not return to the house. But the next day Mr. and Mrs. Stot arrived. The distinguished man hunter had been appointed Alice's guardian. They took her to their villa, and in a few weeks she was placed in a convent school in France, according to the instructions of Henry. Alice asked about her father, and was told that he had gone abroad. She wished to write to him, but Mr. Stot did not know his address.

When Mr. Stot returned from France, and reported to his wife that Alice had been left at the school, Mrs. Stot asked how she bore the parting.

"She cried a good deal, and asked me to bring her back."

"And I wish you had, Stot. It's a cruel business, and Mr. Clayton has no more heart than a paving stone."

"He's heart enough, but it has been awfully hit and twisted, and the girl was not what she should have been. But Clayton is in the wrong. He's made the very worst of a bad business."

CHAPTER VII.

LORD SHAMVOCK.

LORD SHAMVOCK took his watch from under his pillow. It was nearly eleven o'clock. His lordship yawned, and got out of bed.

Lord Shamvock is a peer, in the Irish peerage, and not a representative peer. His lordship inherited a small estate, and that he had mortgaged to the utmost farthing forty years ago. He had no visible means of support, yet somehow managed to live a life of ease and pleasure. His chambers, a first floor over a Piccadilly shop, were tolerably well appointed, and no man smoked better cigars nor wore more fashionable clothes. His lordship does a little, a very little, on the Turf. He might do more, but, unfortunately, he has been a defaulter. He is well skilled in games of chance, and is successful in divorcing young fools from their mo

three occasions he has been a candidate for a seat in the House of Commons, and was beaten; and forgot to pay his electioneering expenses. He has been, and is, a director of public companies got up for the benefit of the promoters and directors. His lordship has a grand coat of arms, a knightly crest, and his motto is, "Always for honour." Thanks to the art of the tailor, the art of the stay-maker, and the art of the coiffeur, his lordship, who has completed his sixtieth year, will pass for about forty in the street. That delights my lord, who has been a *roué* from his youth. The achievements of his life are triumphs over the virtue of poor girls—"always for honour." His favourite promenades are the Burlington, Leicester Square, and, by night, Regent Street and the Haymarket, and he is well known to the human garbage of the metropolis. He is cut by the Upper Ten. His only lordly acquaintances are two or three black-sheep lords. But he is admitted into a few decent houses. Nobodies of moderate fortune are honoured by the company of a lord, and they are in comfortable ignorance of what deeds are done by Lord Shamvock "always for honour." The nobodies' parties are a bore to his lordship, but he makes them profitable. It is on such occasions that he turns his skill in card-playing to account; and he frequently favours his host by borrowing a trifle. When a live lord who dined with you yesterday, and whom you want to give *éclat* to your party next week, asks you to be his banker to the extent of a hundred pounds, it would be vulgar to refuse, and Mrs. Nobody and her daughters would never forgive Mr. Nobody's meanness and folly. If a penniless lord will do anything, "always for honour"—if he will condescend to paltry, base, and fraudulent acts, "always for honour"—he can make an income by his title.

Lord Shamvock rang the bell, yawned again, and then sat on an easy chair, covered up in a dressing-gown that had been handsome.

In a few minutes Lawker, his lordship's valet of all work, appeared with a cup of tea. Lawker was a wizen-faced old man, dressed in napless black.

"Why, my lord!"

"None of your confounded excuses. Didn't I tell you to call me at ten?"

"At ten precisely."

"And why do you not obey me?"

"Why it is this way, my lord. It's over twenty years that I have been with you, and whenever I've waked you according to orders, it has always been a volley of perjuration and you out of condition for the day."

"Stop your jabber, and help me to dress. I expect a person here in half an hour on business. Confound the business!"

"She won't mind being kept a little, and if she do it can't be helped."

"She! It happens to be a he, Lawker. Women are for pleasure, not business."

"It's a matter of taste, and according to circumstances. Now for my own part"——

"If you don't stop your jaw I'll ram the sponge into your confounded mouth. Give me my teeth."

"The dress set, my lord?"

"Yes, booby. Didn't I tell you I wanted to dress?"

Lawker made up his master in silence, only broken by his lordship's ejaculations. The operation was nearly complete, when there was a bang at the outer door of the chambers.

"Tell him I shall be with him in a second."

Lawker went, and returned with a disturbed countenance.

"It's that Mr. Stot. I told him you were out, but he pushed in, and said he would wait."

Lord Shamvock ground his dress teeth.

"I know I shall strangle you. Did I not order you to tell him I would see him directly?"

"How could I suppose that party was the party as you was a dressing to see, as if he was a royal duchess in diamonds and feathers?"

"Buckle on my waistcoat, and do as you are bid. Stop. Do you want to crush in my ribs?"

When his master left the room Lawker sparred at the door.

"There would be more dancing than blubbering if you was crushed. Keeping you out of your grave is death to many, but not to me. Though the wages is in arrears that no mortal accountant could ever add up, I gets it out of you, my lord."

Lord Shamvock betrayed no ill-temper when he greeted Mr. Stot.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Stot, but you know that punctuality is not one of my peculiarities."

Five years have elapsed since Mr. Stot undertook the guardianship of Alice Clayton. Mr. Stot has retired from the detective profession. It is not so profitable as bill discounting, and it is a bar to polite society. Mr. Stot no longer resides on the south of the Thames, but occupies a house in Russell Square, and is reputed to be enormously rich. *He looks rich.* Rare diamonds glitter in his shirt. *A three hundred guinea ring* glitters on his finger. A richly

jewelled key is attached to his watch chain. Moreover, his gracious-pomposity manner suggests the possession of riches.

"Which means that your lordship makes ducks and drakes of other people's time, which does not belong to you. But a wait of five minutes is not worth fighting about. I can afford it."

"Try a smoke, Stot," said his lordship, offering his cigar case.

"I don't mind if I do, but it must be my own brand. Try one of mine. I import them myself."

"Mine are good, but I daresay yours are better. Not discount cigars, eh, Stot?"

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Stot, stiffly.

"Oh, nothing, Stot. Only the stupid old joke about half and half discounting, half cash and half cigars, or painted canvas."

"I object to jokes in business, Lord Shamvock, and I never did the chandler shop business you seem to know all about."

"Talk about being thin skinned! Why, Stot, you are raw, absolutely raw. When I got your mandate, which set forth that you must see me, I was glad of it, as I wanted to see you."

"Perhaps you want a loan?"

"That's a bull's eye. Yes. I want a trifle for a few months, and the security would pass muster in the City."

"Then take it to the City. This firm declines the business. Fact is, Lord Shamvock, I have gone into City finance. The West End trade don't pay."

"Not sixty per cent., Stot? You don't get that in the City?"

"You are out, my lord. At the West End it is sixty per cent. on paper, and I will bet that it does not net twelve per cent. Now, in the City, if you have the stuff, and you can get in the swim, you can spend like a prince, and also at least double your fortune, and often treble it, once in seven years."

"Well, Stot, you may still oblige an old friend, and charge what you like. I pledge you my word that you will get principal and interest in a few months, and old scores cleared off."

"I do not take the word of any man for my good gold unless he is a rich man who cannot afford to cheat."

"You are complimentary this morning, Stot."

"No, my lord, I only speak the truth. Your gentleman-borrower comes to the money-lender, and begs for a loan as if he were begging for his life. I tell him the security is queer,—that the rate will be heavy. He swears the money is worth anything to him. He gets the coin, and spends it, and when the time for payment *comes* he rails against the money-lender, and if he can pay goes to

Chancery to wriggle out of his bargain. You may call that honour; I don't."

"Well, Stot, it's a pretty lecture. Did you come here to improve my business morals?"

"No. I can't improve what don't exist. I came here about Boliver's bills."

"Confound Boliver and his bills. My name is to them; but I can't do more than pay my own debts, and that not for a month or two."

"Lord Shamvock, your name is not worth much as a rule; but this is an exception. It is as good as Rothschild's in the case of these bills. My lord, you came to my little place on the other side of the water. It was kind of a lord to do that; and when you asked me for a hundred pounds for a week I gave it you; and when your back was turned tore up your I O U. But Boliver's bills will be paid, and you will help me to get the money."

"You can't get blood out of a stone."

"Boliver is not a stone, and when you get a rogue in the vice you may screw money out of him."

"Mr. Stot, I really cannot permit you to speak of my friend Mr. Boliver so disrespectfully."

"Antics won't do. Hear me out, Lord Shamvock. I have over £7,000 on Boliver. The bill for £500 on Duncan, Forbes, and Co. will be due in a fortnight."

"Duncan's is all right. That bill will be paid; but as for the rest I am not very sanguine."

"Duncan's bill was given to me by you. It bears your endorsement, as well as that of Boliver, the drawer."

"Why do you drag in my name? I was only Boliver's friend. I did not share your money."

"Lord Shamvock, it's not nature to do something for nothing; but that is not my concern. Duncan's bill is in my safe."

Lord Shamvock was busy lighting a cigar.

"I see your lordship understands me."

"I tell you that Duncan's bill will be paid the day it is due."

"Perhaps not, my lord."

"I'll bet you a hundred to one in hundreds that it is."

"Suppose it is not presented?"

"That will be your look out."

"I don't think that I shall present it at the place where it is made payable."

Lord Shamvock started.

"That bill is a forgery, my lord."

"Impossible!" gasped his lordship.

"Don't waste time, my lord; I must be off directly."

"If it is a forgery, I am not responsible."

"You will let Mr. Boliver know that unless I get a part—a good part—of what he owes me, and good security for the rest, then on the day that Duncan's bill is due I shall go before the magistrate and ask for warrants for the arrest of the parties whose names are on the back of the bill."

Mr. Stot rose from his chair, and began pulling on his glove.

"How dare you threaten to prosecute an innocent man?"

"I never threaten; I only tell you what I shall do. As for guilt or innocence, that is a matter of evidence. The guilty get off, and the innocent get convicted, according to the evidence."

"How can Boliver find the money or security?"

"Let him loot somebody else, and for security for the balance I will take forged bills, endorsed by you to me, if he has nothing else to offer, for forged bills are good security. But I won't be chiselled, my lord; I will have my money."

"This is not a grateful return for my friendship, Stot."

"Why, my lord, is there no gratitude in the world? Because there is no cause for gratitude, and you can't have a consequence without a cause. Why have you been civil to James Stot? Because you wanted something from me. Why did I give you that hundred pounds? Because it paid me, and pleased Mrs. Stot to have a title to visit us over the water."

"I will see Boliver to-day."

"Do so. A fortnight soon slips away."

"When will you call on me?"

"Not till the affair is settled. It's your business to call on me. Good morning, my lord."

When left alone Lord Shamvock paced the room with unusual quickness.

"This might be a crusher. And this horrible fix for a girl, a puling girl who defies me, and who is not worth the ash of a cigar! I am glad he did not go to Boliver. That might not have mended matters, but made them worse; for Stot would be a devil if he became revengeful. It's a fix, but I must get out of it. Curse the girl, and curse Stot."

Lord Shamvock took a liqueur glass of brandy, and then went to his club to breakfast.

"So, my lord," said Lawker; "so, my lord bully, you are in for it, and the pot is boiling hot. If you don't settle with Mr. Stot you

will be lagged, and I shall lose a trifle. If you do settle with Mr. Stot, you will learn that doors have keyholes and that I have ears, and you will have to settle with Lawker."

CHAPTER VIII.

ROSE DULMAINE.

ROYAL LION THEATRE. Unprecedented success! The greatest hit of the age! The gorgeous and screaming new and original burlesque drama, entitled "The Siege of Paris; or, Love under Fire." Novel dances. Miss Rose Dulmaine has a quintuple *encore* in the song, "Cupid scales the Walls." Overflowing houses. The free list entirely suspended. Places may be booked three months in advance.

The Lion is one of the smallest, prettiest, and most prosperous theatres in London. It is not in favour with the critics. The scenery is excellent, the upholstery is expensive, and the dresses are extravagant; but the critics are not very kind to the acting, and denounce the pieces as poor adaptations from the French. The critics may be right, yet the theatre is thronged with audiences, who laugh loudly and applaud boisterously. "The Siege of Paris" is a decided triumph from the managerial point of view. Mr. Blewlite, the lessee, is turning in money so fast that he has taken a charming villa at Fulham, has a brougham and pair, and open house with unlimited champagne every Sunday. He has presented the author of the burlesque with a hundred pounds. He has doubled the salary of Miss Rose Dulmaine. After the performance he goes to the Albion and jeers at the critics. "They said the 'Siege' would not do, and wrote it down as hard as they could. The house was chock full of money to-night, and every stall and box booked for a fortnight. The critics are fools."

The critics are too used to abuse to be annoyed by the crowing of Mr. Blewlite. One of these gentlemen replied, "We never said that low bodies and short skirts, gymnastics in flesh-coloured tights, and highly spiced music-hall songs would not pay. We only said that from a dramatic point of view your burlesque is bosh."

The curtain had just risen on the playing-in two act comedy when Lord Shamvock entered the stage door. His lordship was very much got up, and was smoking a cigar.

"Has Miss Dulmaine arrived?"

The door-keeper, who was taking light refreshment in the form of bread, cheese, *spring onions, and porter,* replied that Miss Dulmaine *was in her dressing room.*

"I want to see her, Dick."

"There's a tidy few in the same predicament, but it's no go here. And if Mr. Blewlite came by and smelt that cigar there would be a tidy row."

"Blewlite has grown fastidious. Here, throw the cigar behind the fire. But, Dick, I must see the Rose."

"Very sorry, my lord, but it can't be done. Strict orders that no one is to see her, not if it was her own father, and she is not to be bothered with messages."

Lord Shamvock put half-a-sovereign into Dick's soiled hand.

"I think you will oblige me, Dick. Tell Miss Dulmaine I am here."

Dick Feckles is not a pleasant specimen of humanity. His face is thin, blotchy, and scarred. His eyes are sunken, and he has two red marks in lieu of eyebrows. His manner is cringing and shrinking.

Dick looked at the half-sovereign and then at Lord Shamvock's waistcoat.

"None of your nonsense, Dick. Do as I tell you."

"Go outside. I'll go to her and risk it."

"Very well, Dick; but be as sharp as you can, and don't keep me prowling about like a peeler in mufti."

Lord Shamvock was waiting nearly half an hour, but the time did not seem very long. His lordship was thinking not only of Rose Dulmaine but also of the Stot affair. His reflections were accompanied by profane ejaculations.

"Curse her. A pretty devil's ambush she has led me into. It's the first time in my life I have been worried by a woman. Worried and fooled, for though I have spent three hundred pounds in presents I don't know whether the bait takes, for she does not even wear my presents, and treats me as if she were a coronetted Diana. I hate her, but I won't be beaten whatever it costs."

His lordship's reflections were interrupted by the voice of Dick Feckles.

"Step in quick, she is waiting."

Rose Dulmaine stood in the dingy passage. She is a tall, finely moulded girl. Her eyes are lustrous but not expressive, and her features, though regular, are not handsome. She is good looking, but not beautiful, though men call her so, and her photographs sell largely.

"This is kind of you, Rose."

"But it is not kind of you. Blewlite objects to interviews at the theatre, and I don't want to offend him."

"My dear girl, I would rather see you elsewhere. Let me see you home after the burlesque."

"I have told you before that you cannot do so."

"Where, then, will you meet me for a little chat? If you are so cruel to one who is devoted to you I shall do something desperate."

Lord Shamvock held her hand and tried to raise it to his lips. She repulsed him angrily.

"Upon my word you are a cool, a freezing dame. You were good enough to accept my poor offerings, and now you treat me as a stranger. It won't do, Rose."

"Won't do! I did not ask for your presents, and I did not sell myself, body and soul, for a few paltry trinkets."

"Paltry trinkets! Their cost was not paltry."

"Your lordship did not send me the bills. But I must leave you. I shall be called in a few minutes."

"Will you meet me to-morrow?"

"Where?"

"Say Kensington Gardens, in the broad walk near the palace, at three o'clock."

"Perhaps."

"You will be there?"

"Yes. If I can."

"If you knew my devotion, Rose, you would not disappoint me."

"Good-night."

"Good-night, my darling," and Lord Shamvock stooped and kissed her hand.

"Dick, I want to see you. Call at my chambers on Monday night. Ten, sharp."

"Yes, my lord," said Dick, looking at his clothes.

"There will not be a party, Dick, and you need not put on evening dress."

"I must keep to my rags," muttered Dick, as his lordship went out.

After the burlesque Rose Dulmaine was escorted to a cab by Blewlite, and driven to her home in King's Road, Chelsea. Her home is an indifferently furnished first floor. There are two candles on the table, and one of them burnt into the socket. A man who was stretched on the sofa roused at her entrance.

"You are precious late to-night. You are always late."

"I left the theatre as soon as I had dressed."

"Come home in your paint. You won't look much the worse for it."

"You are always quarrelling. I am worn out. I wish I was dead."

"I don't. It would be a pretty sell if you were to die just as you are worth double your weight in gold."

"You care no more for me than for a dog."

"I dare say we can cry evens. If I hadn't a lease of you for life you would leave me to-morrow now that you are getting on and can do without me."

"Oh, Frank! you know that I love you, and that all I do is for your sake."

"Bah! Keep sentiment for the boards. It don't pay in private. Did you see that scoundrel Shamvock?"

"Yes."

"Did you ask him for the money?"

"No, Frank. I could not."

"Could not! If he were a young man you would be more willing to serve me. Shamvock is a hateful old scoundrel, and you will not squeeze him though I have to play hide and seek for a paltry two or three hundred pounds."

"He wants me to meet him to-morrow."

"Do so. Agree to any other appointment he proposes, on condition that he sends you a round sum. You shall not keep the other appointment, Rose, and we shall go on smoothly."

Frank got up from the sofa, and helped himself to whisky and water. He is verging on middle age. In his youth he might have been handsome, but his face is bloated, and the expression evil and desperate.

"How the old brute would start if he were told that you are the wife of his dear friend Frank Boliver."

"I wish he and all the world knew it."

"Much obliged to you, Rose, but I would rather not. A near relation might alter his will, and that would be awkward."

"And when your relative is dead, dear Frank, we shall be so happy."

"He won't die yet awhile. Rich men with poor relations have a knack of living long after they are wanted."

"If you loved me, Frank, as you did, I could bear any trouble."

"Perhaps I do love you, Rose, for I hate that scoundrel Shamvock on your account as well as my own."

"Must I meet him?"

"You must. Though Shamvock is a pauper, he will find the money that I want, and then if the old fool bothers you, it will be the worse for him."

Rose was standing by the table.

"Why can't you sit down? I suppose you don't want to go to bed the moment you come in? Half an hour is not too much time to devote to me. But be off, if you like."

"Frank, how can you speak to me as if I had ever been unkind to you? I like to sit with you, and oh! I wish you would be happy."

"Fill a pipe for me, and another taste of liquor. You are a mighty fine lady at the theatre, Rose, with lords and swells begging to be your humble flunkeys, but here you are my servant, and you must obey me."

The gentleness of Rose appeared to provoke him. He gnashed his teeth, and muttered. When Rose brought him the pipe he doubled his fist, and raised his arm to strike her.

"Frank!"

His arm dropped, and he sat on a chair.

"Don't be afraid, Rose. It is over. I am ill, very ill. It seems as if I had a double mind. I have dreadful thoughts, and I know that they are wrong, but I can't stop them."

Rose kissed him, and sat upon his knee.

"There, that will do. We might jog on together in peace if I had a little quiet."

"Oh, if you only loved me, Frank!"

"I hate sentiment. I am married to you, and there is the end of it. If I were free I might have got out of my trouble."

Rose got up.

"Have I brought trouble on you?"

"I was in trouble before I knew you, and through that villain Shamvock. Money would get me out of the fix, and if I were not married to you I could marry a decent fortune."

"I will not hinder you. I will leave you, Frank, and you shall never see me again."

"No you won't. I am not going to prison for bigamy, and you are not going to cut just when you are making money. None of your tricks, Rose."

There was a long silence.

"Is it much money that you want?"

"A hatful; but five hundred will do for the present."

"If you did not get the money?"

"It would be worse than beggary for me. But I must get the money. Shamvock is the cause of my fix, and Sham-
Meet him, and do as I tell you."

"I will do anything that you bid

"So much the better for us both, for I swear I won't suffer alone, and you shan't be jolly whilst I am in prison."

"In prison!"

"Didn't I tell you it would be worse than beggary if I did not get the money? Before that happened I should put a stopper on your enjoyment. But do as I tell you, and there will be an end to our trouble. Come, I don't want to sit up all night mooning over an empty whisky bottle. It's time we were in bed."

If the admirers of Rose Dulmaine could have seen her pale, sad face as she followed her husband out of the room, they would not have believed that the brilliant actress and the unhappy wife were one. The friends of Frank Boliver would hardly have recognised him if they had seen him, not only cast down by trouble but also brutalised by drink.

CHAPTER IX.

NATIONAL BACKBONE.

"THE English are a nation of shopkeepers," quoth Napoleon the First. Perhaps these are not the exact words, for the sayings of the masters of legions are not always correctly reported, but the great captain, in some form of words, sneered at the English retail trader.

Trafalgar and Waterloo are a biting reply to the sneer.

A nation of shopkeepers! Yes; and on the seas sovereign, in Asia the supreme Ruler, the mighty mother of mighty nations, in America and in Australia the dominant race, colonies and possessions in every quarter of the globe, in commerce foremost, in arms unconquered, in science and in literature unrivalled, and the freest people on earth.

There are politicians who rant against the shopkeeping class. Do these windbags ever read history or the newspapers? Do they find that nations without a shopkeeping class, that is, without a class of middlemen—who are to the producer and the consumer what the trunk of the tree is to the roots and the fruit-bearing branches—are prosperous and enduringly great? The order, contentment, and vigour of the English nation would be impossible without the shopkeeper. The aristocracy, titled and untitled, would become enfeebled and decay were it not for a constant supply of new blood. And how is that supply of new blood obtained? The shop is the viaduct. The labourer or his son begins shopkeeping on the smallest scale, with a stock that might be bought for a month's wages. In the next generation the business has grown, and the tradesman has stock and capital, and a little

property. Forthwith he becomes a public man. He is summoned on juries, he is a member of the Vestry, he is a Poor Law Guardian, a churchwarden, a Common Councillor, and if he increases in riches, or has the gift of gabbing, he will attain to the dignity of mayor. It is a happy incident of our political and social system that the moment a man rises above the rank of labourer he is schooled in the elements of public life. Real public life. Not talk, but administration. Not politics, but statesmanship. In every large town parish in England there are more real statesmen than are to be found in Paris and Madrid put together. The successful trader sends his son to a public school, whereat the son of a tripe dealer is better than the son of a duke if he has a better intellect; although intellect, like titular nobility, is a mere accident of birth. It is a wonder that some of our levelling reformers have not rebelled against Providence and proposed a law to abolish such an accident of birth as superior intellect! In thirty or forty years the shopkeeper's son is a bishop or a law lord, and there is another name inscribed on the roll of the peerage. The second son has stuck to the business and become immensely rich. He goes into Parliament, and marries his daughters to poor but illustrious titles, and so revivifies old stock with new blood. Do away with shopkeeping, and there would be an impassable gulf between the root and the top of the tree. The top of the tree would droop and die, and the root would rot in the ground.

We talk about our wonderful Press. The English newspapers are indeed the marvels of the age. Full, fresh, and exact information, and the finest talent in the land contributing essays that would be nine day wonders only they are so numerous. Now, Mr. Windbag, take up any leading newspaper. Do you know why that newspaper can give you so much news, latest intelligence, and first-rate literature for the price? Do you know why so much can be done for the money, and without any subsidy from any party? Do you know why the Press of England is not only the most costly and the best, but also the most free and independent? It is the revenue derived from the shopkeepers' establishments that makes the English newspaper the best newspaper in the world, and thoroughly independent. Abolish the shopkeeping class, and the English newspaper would no longer be the wonder and envy of the nations; and, without the English Press, what would become of England?

Yet Lord Shamvock, landless, moneyless, *roué*, gambler, and *particeps criminis*, if not actually a forger, shuddered at the prospect of most unholy but lawful

Speaking fashion

never a grandfather; but, to tell the vulgar truth, he had a father who was a jobbing carpenter in a small Eastern Counties town—that is to say, an overgrown village.

The jobbing carpenter and his wife, being thrifty folk and ambitious, apprenticed their son and heir, an only child, to the village grocery store, which was the post office, and sold everything. Thomas Hawes, who had attended the best day school in the town, was a smart lad and well educated, from the getting on point of view. To make money, and to be a modern King of Men, reading, writing, and a little arithmetic are the only needful mental accomplishments. When Tom was out of his time, the village store offered him a good salary, with a distant prospective partnership, and, to the amazement and dismay of the village store, the offer was declined. Tom had entered into an arrangement to travel for a London house. He became one of the best travellers on the road; like Hogarth's industrious apprentice, he married his employer's daughter, and when the father-in-law died, Mr. Thomas Hawes became head of a thriving business.

"It's all £2,000 a year, Jane," said Tom to his wife, "and, taking care as we do, we may have £40,000 by the time we are sixty; and that is what I call worth living for."

Mr. Hawes was rather annoyed that Selina, a girl, was his only child.

"However, what was not to be is not, and there is the end of it. I suppose only children run in families. The worst of an only child is that, if anything happens to it, there is not another to fall back upon, and your property goes away from your flesh and your blood and your name. If anything happens to Selina, I will sink my whole property in a life annuity. No relations shall get warm because I am cold."

So Mr. Hawes waxed richer and richer, though he was not nearly so rich as the gossips reported. It is wonderful how the world is given to exaggerate the riches of rich men. Still, Mr. Hawes had piled up many thousands, and his business did not fall off. He took a house in Montague Place, and gave parties. He wanted Selina to marry. Selina was not loth to gratify the paternal wish; but marriage is a contract, and there must be two parties thereto. A damsel with a reputed £100,000 contingent on the death of her papa is never without wooers, but the views of Mr. Hawes were very grand indeed.

"Our Miss don't marry a Mr., and that's settled, Jane. I think what I can give her in settlement and by expectations is worth a tip-top title, and I'll have value for my money."

Selina was thin, over thirty, and looked, in spite of art, all her age. But who cares for the quality of the purse, or the ornamentation, if it is stuffed with a fortune in bank notes? No doubt there were noblemen with high, mighty, and ancient titles, who would have gladly closed with the bargain, but the existence of the matrimonial nugget was not known to the great world. Mr. Hawes could not advertise his daughter. It is a breach of social etiquette for a lawyer to advertise for clients, a physician for patients, or a lady for a husband. Mr. Hawes and his wife were disappointed, and began to contemplate the bestowal of their daughter on a baronet whose grandfather had done something before the Prince Regent and who had left his descendants nothing to support the dignity of the hereditary Sirship. At this juncture Lord Shamvock appeared upon the scene, and after a short negotiation he and Selina were affianced. In fact, the business had been concluded the day before the unpleasant interview with Mr. Stot.

Lord Shamvock dined in Montague Place *en famille*, and after the retirement of the hostess and daughter, his lordship had a little chat over the wine with his future father-in-law.

"I am willing to sign, seal, and deliver before the three months, if you like, my lord, and the sooner the business is finished off the better. My lawyers could get the settlements ready in a week. It is very simple. Everything settled on Miss, with a life interest to you if she dies, which is not likely. We are a tough breed, my lord, and Selina is like enough to have a second spec. in the shape of a duke."

"I don't object to the terms, Mr. Hawes, but I think it would be fair to put a trifle, say two or three thousand pounds, in my hands. I do not profess to be rich, and the trifle would be useful."

"Very sorry, my lord, but it can't be done, and I would make the same answer to the son of a king. It has been my rule in life never to give. Nobody is the better for getting something for nothing, and I won't waste my property. Of course Miss won't leave home without a purse, and I shall put five hundred pounds into it. That you can grab, for according to the law what is not in trust is the husband's. The jewels will be settled."

"I wish, my dear sir, that I had acted upon your golden rule of never to give, but it is no use lamenting I was not wise yesterday."

"If I made the laws, giving should be a penal servitude crime. What becomes of all the fine property left [illegible] It isn't made the most of, and, what is more, is div
The one half goes to pay the trus

and the other half is given to people who could do without it. It is the same with hospitals and unions. Charity makes people idle and spendthrifts. Only let it be known that there is no help for anybody, and there would be precious little idleness and waste."

"Mr. Hawes, you ought to be in Parliament. We want men who are practical philosophers. But to business for a moment. The fact is I have two or three things to clear up. A few hundreds will do. It will facilitate matters if you lend me £1,000 on good security for about two months."

Mr. Hawes critically examined a glass of port, sipped it, put the glass on the table, and tapped his nose gently with his left hand forefinger.

"We met at Stot's, my lord. Is it Stot you have to clear up with? I should not care about Miss being married to one of Stot's lot. The principal would be safe, but every farthing of interest would be taken from her."

Lord Shamvock laughed.

"My dear Mr. Hawes, don't be alarmed. The boot is on the other leg."

"Come, that won't do. You have not lent money to Jem Stot?"

"Not exactly, yet Stot owes me money. I borrowed of him and paid him over and over again. When I found out the wholesale plundering, I was down on Stot, and he admitted owing me over twelve hundred pounds."

"Did he pay you?"

"No, I gave him three months."

"Did you take a bill?"

"Yes."

"Stot is good for fifty times the amount. I'll cash the bill for you at the Bank rate, so there will be no favour on either side."

"I pledged my honour the bill should not go out of my possession."

"I shan't part with it. You can have it back any day you like, by paying the money."

"Well, Mr. Hawes, I will see. If I find I want the money, I will let you have Stot's bill. By the way, this affair is, of course, confidential."

"Strictly so. If you want the coin, you can have a cheque for Stot's bill whenever you like. Shall we join the ladies, my lord?"

In a by no means pleasant humour Lord Shamvock took coffee with his bride elect.

CHAPTER X.

A LITTLE MYSTERY.

When Lord Shamvock turned his back on Montague Place he muttered several profane remarks about the Haweses. He cursed the meanness of Mr. Hawes, and he did not bless Selina, or her mamma.

"It's Rose who distracts me. Let me have done with her, and I shall put up with the grocery Miss like a lamb."

He stopped to light a cigar, and laughed as he thought of the invention about Stot. He was serious as the thought entered his mind that he might make it a practical joke and get the money. The blood rushed to his face, and he staggered.

"Not such a fool as that for all the Roses in creation."

He hailed a cab, and drove to his chambers. He had the latch-key in the door when he was accosted by a shambling figure:

"Beg your pardon."

"Well, Feckles, what is it? A message?"

"A letter, my lord."

"Come up, Dick."

They were followed into the room by the vigilant Lawker.

"Spirits and water, and then you can go to bed, Lawker. Call me at nine. I mean nine, Lawker. I have some business to look after."

When Lawker had put the spirits on the table and disappeared, his noble master opened and read the letter that Dick had given him coming upstairs.

"You have not kept your promise. You profess to love me, and yet refuse the small favour I ask. You know why I ask it. If you let me have the five hundred pounds to-morrow night I can leave next day. If not, I will see you no more. I can get what I require without your aid."

Such were the contents of the unaddressed and unsigned letter.

"Help yourself, Dick; don't spare the spirit."

Dick shuffled to the table, and with a shaking hand mixed some spirits and water, and sat down after a deep drink.

"Dick, do you know what the Rose wants?"

"Diamonds?"

"Guess again."

"Settlement?"

"Wrong, Dick. This is rather an exceptional case. She wants five hundred pounds in cash, and if I don't find the stuff she won't be my Rose."

Dick emptied his glass.

"Did you ever see old Dulmaine?"

A nod.

"Fill up, Dick. What sort of man is the father?"

"Queer, and always in for it," replied Dick, pointing to the bottles.

"An old scoundrel. Rose pretends the five hundred pounds is to get her father out of a mess. It is the price the scoundrel sets upon his daughter."

Dick took another drink.

"The Rose says she can get it without me. What do you think, Dick?"

"Shoals of them."

"Curse the fools, curse her, and curse my most infernal folly."

Lord Shamvock walked up and down the room, smoking his cigar, pausing once or twice at the table to sip his brandy and water.

"Curse her," he muttered.

He sat down opposite to Dick.

"Can you write?"

The abrupt query startled Dick, and it was repeated before he answered, in the affirmative.

"A good commercial fist?"

Dick jerked his head down and up.

"I'll try you. Copy that, and in the same handwriting, as near as you can."

Dick shuffled to the writing table, and began copying a note that Lord Shamvock placed before him.

"Capital. True as a photograph. Here, just try the signature."

His lordship turned over the note, and again placed it before Dick, who looked at the signature, and started as if he had been stung.

"What's the matter? Do you know Jem Stot? I suppose your little affair was short of murder, and Stot is out of the detective line."

But Dick was not composed.

"Dick Feckles, no nonsense with me. I always knew that you were a marked man. I shall not tell Stot to look after a person with shaved eyebrows and a scarred face who calls himself Dick Feckles. You serve me and I will pay you for your work. But you must serve me,

or your eyebrow-shaving and your scarring will not serve you. Do you hear?"

Dick muttered that he had been unfortunate, and that he would do any work if he was not named to Jem Stot.

"That's a bargain, Dick; you are good at writing. Was the imitation of writing your foible?"

Dick jerked his head down and up.

"There must be plenty of forgery going on. It's so easy, and, I suppose, not one in ten thousand found out. Dick, be here in the morning at ten, sharp. No, say eleven, sharp. Do you hear?"

"Yes, my lord."

"You will not be such a fool as to fail. Here's your cab fare and a drink."

His lordship put half-a-sovereign on the table. Dick took it up, put it in his pocket, cast a hungry look at the spirit bottle, and departed.

Next day Mr. Hawes discounted a promissory note for £1,253 for Lord Shamvock. As he put the promissory note in his strong box the old gentleman laughed.

"Very kind of Stot to beg of me not to let my lord have our Miss. Stot is pretty nigh due North, but not too North for me. He knows fast enough that when my lord is my lawful son I shall look after the cash for that note, and maybe squeeze out as much more by an inspection of accounts. I thought it funny when Stot said to me, 'You met Shamvock at my place, and, as between man and man, I must say to you, don't give him your daughter!' You are keen, Stot, but Hawes is a trifle sharper set."

Mr. Stot was rather ruffled at the rejection of his advice, and so expressed himself to Mrs. Stot.

"They say that a man who makes money can't be a fool. It's a wrong saying. Look at Hawes. He began with a straw, and he has scraped together feathering enough for thousands of nests. Yet he is going to fling away his only daughter because a rascally pauper and worse has got a Lord instead of a Mister before his name. For all his money making, Hawes is a fool, and I'm another. Advice for which you don't pay is not worth more than it costs; and advice that is not even asked for is not even thanked for."

Within forty-eight hours many other persons besides the Haweses and the Stots were talking about Lord Shamvock. The night after Mr. Hawes had obliged his son-in-law elect, Mr. Blewlite was perplexed and enraged by the non-appearance of Miss Rose Dulmaine He sent to her lodgings, but could get no other tidings than that the

[illegible] the end of the comedy poor Blewlite appeared at the footlights and told Miss Rose Dulmaine could not appear that night, that it was on account of her, and that he hoped the audience would allow Miss Jenkins to do her best in the part. The audience hissed, stared and grinned. A disappointed audience will never listen to the voice of reason or heed a plea for pity. Blewlite said that those who liked could have tickets for another night, or their money returned. The offer of the return of the admission money was greeted with cheers by those who had entered without payment, for although the free list was entirely suspended in the advertisements, there were many free admissions. When Blewlite reached his room he found a telegram from Rose. It was dated Paris, and expressed her regret that she was compelled to break her engagement without notice.

"She's off with that villain Shamvock. I'll make him pay for it."

The scum of society as well as Blewlite concluded that the Rose had gone off with Lord Shamvock, who, like a true *roué*, was wont to boast of his conquests, real and imaginary. The impression was confirmed by inquiring at his lordship's chambers and by Lord Walsher, also of the Irish peerage, who had a bet with Shamvock that he, Shamvock, would not carry off the Rose.

The gossips were put to sudden silence by Lord Shamvock strolling into his club soon after two o'clock. He was chaffed about the Rose, and smiled. The dregs of society are not ashamed of crime, and the scum of society is not ashamed of infamously vicious deeds. He assured Blewlite that he did not know the whereabouts of the Rose. The frantic manager did not believe the statement and had his lordship closely watched by detectives. The watching was in vain. No clue was obtained to the retreat of Rose Dulmaine.

The Lion Theatre was closed, and Blewlite was reconciled to the critics. Never again would he stake his money on a show or on devil in tights. Henceforth he would stick to legitimate drama. For weeks the midnight company at the Albion was entertained by recital of Blewlite's trouble, otherwise Rose Dulmaine would have been altogether forgotten. Pleasure-seekers run after those who only live to please, as children chase the butterfly; if the butterfly disappears it is forgotten. It is true that the poet, the artist, and the writer, who sunshine the hearts of men, are loved and remembered for ever. But Rose Dulmaine was not an artist. She was a mere flesh and blood puppet of the stage. So do not abuse *the public for caring* so little about her fate.

(*To be continued.*)

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

I LOOK upon the visit of the Shah of Persia as a token of recognition in the East of the finality of the abandonment by Great Britain of the policy of aggression and conquest. It is getting to be understood, not in Turkey and Egypt alone, but in Persia, in Afghanistan, in Beloochistan, and even to some small extent in China, that a new era has at last really dawned upon the history of the human race. Weak and insignificant nations in all times have called out against war, but such protests could not be accepted as a sign of war's decadence. A few examples have occurred of great monarchs, ruling in powerful kingdoms, who have declared for peace on principle, and maintained the principle so long as it was possible; but they could never give the smallest guarantee for the policy of their successors. Since the world began Great Britain is the first powerful nation which has pledged itself as a people never again to take any man's territory and keep it by force, and we have given so many proofs that this is our fixed resolve, and can show so much evidence that it is likely to be the permanent policy of the country, dictated by public opinion strengthening and becoming more confirmed year by year, that the old peoples of the East, who have passed all the days of their history in the perpetual turmoil of war, are gradually learning to put trust in our resolve, and to appreciate the transcendent importance of it. A sense of this great fact I believe to be the motive by which these Eastern potentates, consciously or unconsciously, are moved to come westward and visit us. They have been made sensible that the international policy of Great Britain does not depend upon the changing will of a line of Sovereigns or upon the arbitrary fiat of a Minister, and they want to see if it is possible to gauge the actual power on which they have to rely for the permanence of this intensely modern policy. I am afraid that these flying visits of Sultan, of Viceroy, and of Shah are not enough to make them comprehend how it is that government by the voice of a whole people must be, sooner or later, a guarantee against wars of aggression; but such sights of the people of England in their cities and at their work as those which the Shah has seen must convey the

thought that these millions have nothing to gain by the acquisition of territory, that they have a great deal to lose by war, and that if it depends upon them (as it does) a great deal of reliance may be placed in that modern international policy of ours of which Great Britain is the first exemplar. Shah and Sultan and Viceroy may well ponder on these things. What a splendid future might there not be yet for the countries of Asia, where civilisation began, if the international policy of Great Britain could be really transplanted and made to take root there! The potentates of the East seem more anxious than any others to come and sit at the feet of this country, and to learn what they may do to be saved. Why should not the old greatness of the East be restored? Let us not be superstitious about the dogma that civilisation of necessity travels westward. The secret of the westward movement has always been aggression, and Great Britain has begun to teach that aggression is not a permanent or inalienable condition of national life.

THE brief history of the Alexandra Palace during the time that it was open to the public exemplified the enormous demands made by our metropolis upon those who provide entertainment for its people and its visitors. The great building was burnt down after it had been opened only thirteen days, and during that time some two hundred thousand persons had passed in and out of it. The one lesson of that thirteen days was that the enormous palace was not spacious enough for its purpose. If a place of public attraction which is to be self-supporting depends for its success entirely upon the coming of vast numbers of persons, it should be one of the chief objects of its promoters to see that the building will bear the greatest probable pressure of numbers. It took only one week to show that the Alexandra Palace was not equal to the conditions on which it depended for its chances of prosperity. On the very day on which a hundred thousand of the inhabitants of London were engaged in forming a procession and making a demonstration in the western district of the metropolis, and when every form of holiday-making was patronised by great numbers in all parts of the town and suburbs and in every place worth spending a few hours in within reach of excursion by road, river, and rail, there were nearly sixty thousand people in, or trying to get into, that new and beautiful building on Muswell Hill. The palace was large, but it was not equal to such a pressure. We have got to learn the conditions attached to the congregation of this stupendous population on one spot and the increasing facilities for the coming hither of strangers

on particular occasions and days of the year. Is it too late for the promoters of that unfortunate enterprise to attempt to meet the case? Their mansion is almost level with the ground, and they are going to rebuild it. Why not take the lesson of the event, and make it a palace large enough for the comfortable entertainment of, say, a hundred thousand persons? Its unequalled size would be its best advertisement. Such an enterprise would show a sense of what the metropolis is coming to. The actual increase of our population is a hundred thousand in two years. We must duly provide for the amusement of this rapidly rising new generation, not expecting them to sub-divide and distribute themselves to suit our convenience.

Some modes of expressing the most ordinary opinions and sentiments continually provoke an appeal to first principles. A notable instance has occurred within the last month in Earl Fitzwilliam's address to his colliers after a conflict between him and them on a trade union question. The noble lord, in order to convince the men that they were fighting an unequal battle with him, and that, though he was disposed to act generously, he had them very much at his mercy, told them that it was a matter of indifference to him whether he worked his coal mines or not; that perhaps he might think proper to close his pits, and that whatever he did with that deep store of wealth it would be a firm bank to him and his upon which he could draw at any time. Even moderate journals have treated this as a most unwise boast and threat, calculated to accelerate the growth of communistic ideas with regard to the soil. I cannot, however, see that this portion of Earl Fitzwilliam's speech was quite what it was made out to be—an ill advised assertion of rights of property which are threatened. It was a simple mistake as to his rights. If Earl Fitzwilliam, and all—or any large proportion of—the owners of coal mines were to resolve to close their mines, they would quickly find that they have no arbitrary inalienable privileges such as that assumed by the noble lord. It would take Parliament only a few days to pass an Act for the working of the mines for the sake of the community, in spite of anything the proprietors could do to the contrary, and I am not sure that, on a crisis, if Parliament were not sitting, the same thing would not be done by the Home Office under an Order in Council. There is nothing at all terrible in this; there is only the simple fact that Earl Fitzwilliam made a mistake in the statement of his proprietary rights. It is one of the simplest and best recognised *principles of political economy* that rights of property *in the soil are limited by considerations* of the public good.

THERE is one solution of the difficult problem connected with English agriculture and the better payment of the agricultural labourer which I expect to see attempted on a considerable scale before long. If it should appear—as indeed it appears already—that the English farmer cannot meet the demands of the labourers for higher pay and go on making a reasonable profit from his corn in the market, he can only arrive at this conclusion: that under the rapidly changing condition of things this island cannot grow corn to advantage. Happily the alternative is not so very serious. There are places enough in the two hemispheres where cheap wheat can be grown on a vast scale, and the time is past when any civilised country can hope to live in independence of the productions of other nations. The natural agricultural production of a narrow island like ours is cattle. Neither meat nor fat stock can ever be brought across sea except under great disadvantages, while wheat and flour are among the most accommodating of cargoes. We have a good start, too, as graziers and breeders of stock. No nation as yet can produce animals and meat like ours, while in the matter of wheat we show no strongly marked excellence. We can grow cattle and food for cattle, and compete with all the world in the market, making a good profit and employing the very minimum of manual labour. I make no doubt that as far as the condition of our agricultural districts will lend itself to this change this is what we are coming to. We shall be by-and-by a manufacturing, a mining, and a grazing country. Some have foretold this swiftly coming future as a threat to the labourers and a punishment upon them for asking higher wages, but I do not see it so. There is enough of useful and profitable work for strong arms and industrious hearts to perform in the world without binding them down to a kind of production in which we are heavily handicapped in the race with other great agricultural territories.

THE attention of readers, as well as the province of writers, is so much divided in these days into separate and wholly distinct channels that I can hardly form an idea how many people are giving heed to the psychological discussion of the last few weeks on the nature and origin of instinct. It is a controversy of immense importance in the history of philosophy. If Mr. Spalding, Mr. Darwin, and Mr. George Henry Lewes are right then there must be an end to our habitual reverence for the dictates of pure instinct; for instinct means nothing more than a powerful habit of organism acquired by the animal through ages upon ages of striving for self-preservation

and gratification, and handed down by hereditary transmission. So instincts may be of evil origin as well as good, and it may become an important study how to eradicate some of the instincts of the animal species and of man. By this theory civilisation is at war with some of the most deeply seated human and animal instincts, and it may be that we shall arrive at a better method than any heretofore discovered of saving certain troublesome races of men and some species of the lower organisations from extermination. Up to the present time we have seen no way of dealing with them, and could only seek to sweep them out of our way.

Is it too much to hope that the Archæological Institute of Great Britain, on its visit to Devon in the present month, will make an attempt to throw a little new light upon the question of the origin of the so-called Druid stones and circles of Dartmoor? I cannot help thinking that scientific investigation has been a little sluggish in dealing with those and similar remains. Until recently it was generally accepted, in books, that the Druids fixed those great blocks in circles and marked out those sacred ways along which it has been supposed human victims were led to the sacrifice. But more recently, since the tendency of scientific thought has been to relegate pre-historic remains to periods of more remote antiquity than used to be admitted into ordinary speculations concerning man, doubts have been cast upon the whole Druid hypothesis, and the fixing of the stones has been thought to have been probably the work of races of men of fabulous antiquity, who were here before the Celts. All this while, however, casual visitors and parties of explorers, looking at the boulders without much reference to books, have been in the habit of forming theories of their own, and scarcely ever a company assembles on the ground but one or more of their number show signs of scepticism with respect to all the theories, and start afresh the question whether there are traces enough of human design in the position of the stones to need any archæological explanation whatever. The sceptical theory is that Nature herself does eccentric things sometimes, and may she not, it is asked, in the placing of so many hundreds of thousands of boulders on Dartmoor, have by accident left those few forming the rings of circles and the borders of mathematically shaped pathways? The present form of the face of Dartmoor was made, there is good reason to believe, by the action of the waters when central Devon formed a part of the bed of the Atlantic Ocean. Would it not be well that men like



Darwin, and the great geologists and physical geographers, should precede the antiquarians, and attempt to define the natural forces which made Dartmoor what it is, and say whether there might have been any action of currents, any movements of the world of waters which, by the denuding process, might have left those stones thus in curves and rows? If they should say that that is possible, I do not suppose that the anthropologists would be willing to accept the solution, nor would they be justified in adopting too readily the speculative explanations of men of science; but if the decision should be the other way, and the hypothesis of human design in the placing of the stones were to be affirmed by the doctors of natural philosophy, the archæologists would be in a better position than that which they occupy at present. I fear that the only sentiment which the Druid stones will excite in the minds of the military hordes who will flow over Dartmoor in the course of the next few weeks, in the execution of the annual manœuvres, will be a sentiment of execration that so many dangerous obstructions should stand in the way of horsemanship and artillery.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

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CLYTIE.

A NOVEL OF MODERN LIFE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

CLYTIE now found herself in the strange new world for which she had been longing. She dismissed Mr. Chute Woodfield's warning with a kindly note, and flung herself straight into the Barrington-Wyldenberg up. How should she, poor child, know that it was a trap? Mr. oodfield's advice might be very good, and it might not. Good or ad, she could not afford to take it. Her will was against it, her sires, her ambition, her hopes, her purse, all were against it. Her terview with Mr. Wyldenberg was charming. He had taken the elphos Theatre for three years; he was going to produce a lot of ew pieces; he had now in rehearsal a comedy and a burlesque. lytie's appearance was everything he could desire; she should ave a small part in each piece, and, to begin with, a salary of two ounds per week. His wife should help her, and he was very much ndebted to Mr. Barrington for introducing her. He took her from is private room to the stage, introduced her to his wife, who appeared n the bills as Miss Delamayne, and played Apollo in the burlesque. This lady received her somewhat coldly, but Clytie began work at nce, accepted her parts (which, by the way, had been thrown up at very morning by an *experienced* actress), and went home to St.

Mark's Crescent a proud and happy girl—proud in her anticipation of success, happy because she could now write to her grandfather a preliminary letter, telling him that she would soon be able to give him her address, where he would find her in receipt of an income of her own earning, and an independent little woman of the world who while forgiving him all his unintentional unkindness, desired herself to be forgiven. She felt that her foot was on the first round of the ladder, and nothing should prevent her from mounting. She worked without flagging, and had almost committed the words of her parts to memory on the day she received them. Her only difficulty at present was in the business of the piece and taking up her cues. All this she would speedily master.

Phil Ransford called at St. Mark's Crescent, and rejoiced with the Breezes over their fair lodger's prospects, and made himself so agreeable to Mrs. Breeze that she quite seconded all his plans for the young girl's advancement in life.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Breeze, "that Mr. Ransford is a born gentleman, and there, if I might say so, over head and ears in love with you. Why, he as good as told me that he had popped the question to you, and you wouldn't have him with all his money, and although he would have made no objection to the theatrical business, and, I'm sure, to have a husband in play-acting—well, there, it is almost a necessity."

"My dear Mrs. Breeze, I told you that story long ago, and I said it was chiefly through Mr. Ransford that I left home."

"Not the name—you did not say the name, my dear. And he was the gentleman! Well, I never! and such a fine young man; and you flung his handsome present into the river, and your grandfather fished it out; well, there, if you didn't like him that was the proper spirit; I should have done the same thing with Johnny Breeze, and pushed him in after for that matter; but Mr. Ransford, there, he loves you just as much as Johnny loved me, and it do seem a pity, as he says, that you can't reciprekate his passion."

"I have no particular objection to Mr. Ransford," said Clytie; "and it is very good of him to offer to take me to the theatre, but I would much rather he did not come here."

"Why?" asked Mr. Breeze; "why, Missie? I'm sure if you think it's wrong I will tell him so at once; but, there, he knows Mr. Wyldenberg, he says, and he can help you—Oh, I don't know how much he can't help you—and he is that kind it would seem like being ungrateful to fortune to refuse his attentions—and knowing your grandfather too."

"I will do what you think is right," said Clytie. "I dare say Mr. il Ransford can be useful to me."

"That he can," said Mrs. Breeze.

Mr. Ransford had praised Mrs. Breeze's little parlour; had tipped e children; had talked freely of his mother and sisters; had offered take the whole family to the play in his brougham the first night Clytie's appearance; and had made himself so agreeable and cinating that all Mrs. Breeze's natural shrewdness and foresight re overcome. A young girl alone in London, too, he had said, d a claim upon any man's consideration and sympathy; but Miss aller, whom he had known so long—a lady in manners and appearnce, and without friends in town—he would consider himself a ward and a cad if he did not use all his influence for her; to say othing of being pressed to do so by other and higher feelings than ere sympathy.

Clytie did not take much persuading to allow Mr. Ransford to lace a brougham at her service for the theatre. Mr. Barrington, who as standing at the stage door on the second morning of Clytie's ngagement, talking to the lessee about the remarkable beauty of that oung lady, was not a little startled when he saw the carriage drive p. He bowed profoundly to the young lady, who gave him her and with that frank innocence of manner which had impressed him much at his first interview with her.

"By Gad," he said to Wyldenberg, as the brougham drove off, to eturn again after rehearsal, "she's clever. 'Pon my soul, she's clever. I could have sworn she was genuine; would have laid my life against a strawberry that she was poor, and ambitious, and a stranger to London. I thought I was a match for the smartest girl in Europe. She's done me! And, by heavens, what an innocent look she has! Women are born actors, Wyldenberg; you ought to make a fortune out of this one."

"Don't understand," drawled Wyldenberg, a tall, lazy-looking, curly-headed, blonde young man, with fine blue eyes, and a moustache as long as the King of Italy's. "For a man of the world and a dramatic agent you are a gusher."

"Thank heaven I am not a *blasé* loll-about like you, Wyldenberg," said Barrington; "you look as if you had got up against your will, and wanted to lie down again; the famous old sluggard of the nursery books was a fool to you; how the deuce you contrive to discover capitalists, and when discovered to work them, is a mystery to me."

"Indeed—ah," said Wyldenberg, sitting down in the door-keeper's

room, and telling the man to go out and fetch some brandy and soda; "but what about this girl—how has she done you?"

"Didn't you see her brougham?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"I see lots of broughams."

"You're a knowing swell," said Barrington; "never commit yourself."

"No; you do though."

"My frank nature," said Barrington; "too honest; let out everything; always did."

"Then let out this thing," drawled Wyldenberg.

"You think nothing of the brougham after what I have told you?"

"No."

"What did you think of the driver? It was not a hired brougham."

"Oh, bother," said Wyldenberg; "tell me or don't. I'm tired; was up till five this morning."

"It was Mr. Phil Ransford's man who drove my innocent dove-like beauty here."

Wyldenberg whistled, and ran his fingers through his curls.

"Thought that would wake you up," said Barrington; "he is one of your capitalists, if rumour can be credited."

"Rumour can be something elsed if it likes," said Wyldenberg. "I owe him five hundred pounds, and he has threatened me with a writ. Barrington, shake hands."

Barrington smiled, pulled up his shirt collar, pulled down his wristbands, and shook hands with his friend, the handsome lessee of the Delphos Theatre.

When villains shake hands let good people tremble.

Clytie was even more successful at rehearsal than she had any right to expect. Miss Delamayne had not, however, treated her with marked courtesy, and the stage manager had brought tears into her eyes by the rough tone in which he had corrected one of her mistakes. A young lady who said she had been in the profession all her life told her when the rehearsal was over that she must not mind this sort of thing. The young lady laughed and winked in a very vulgar burlesque way when Clytie spoke of Miss Delamayne as the lessee's wife. Lord Somebody and two other gentlemen had stood at the wings during rehearsal, and this made Clytie nervous at first, but the love of what she was doing carried her safely through the ordeal of such an audience. She did not like being spoken to, however, by these gentlemen without an introduction. Lord Somebody and Miss

Delamayne seemed to be on very intimate terms, and the two other gentlemen were very merry with the girls of the burlesque ballet. The young lady who had been in the profession all her life laughed at Clytie when she saw that she blushed at Lord Somebody's familiar nod and smile. But the incident troubled Clytie not a little, and all the way home she sat wondering and musing over all she had seen and heard in the new world she had that morning discovered.

At rehearsal the next day Mr. Wyldenberg invited several ladies of the theatre to a luncheon in his room. Clytie begged to be excused, but Mr. Wyldenberg insisted, and she felt bound to comply. It was a champagne luncheon from a famous Piccadilly house. The gentlemen who were at the theatre on the previous day were present, and Mr. Wyldenberg told Clytie that he expected an old friend of his, and her's he was glad to hear. She was a little confused at this, and feared that some ambassador from her grandfather would presently appear. When, therefore, Mr. Phil Ransford presented himself, Clytie felt greatly relieved, and Phil was agreeably surprised at the unmistakable smile of satisfaction that welcomed him in Clytie's large eloquent eyes. He had misconstrued the cause; but vanity is not confined to woman. It was a noisy luncheon. The ladies laughed loud and long at the smallest jokes, and they drank the champagne with an undisguised relish. Lord Somebody sang a funny song, and told Wyldenberg that his friend Lord St. Barnard was never tired of hearing him sing it. He regretted much that Lord St. Barnard was laid up with the gout, and Wyldenberg hoped Lord St. Barnard would soon be better. Miss Delamayne said Lord St. Barnard was the kindest old boy in the world, and the cleverest. Then she reminded one of her lady friends of a picnic Lord St. Barnard had once given in his grounds at Grassnook, on the Thames, the loveliest place in the world. Once or twice Clytie felt the blood rush into her face at the remarks, not of the men, but of the ladies; but on these occasions Phil Ransford, who was by her side, contrived to turn her attention another way by some observation intended for her alone. By-and-by the conversation ceased to be general, each gentleman devoting himself to a lady, and each lady devoting herself to a gentleman. Cigars and coffee were introduced, and everybody seemed to be thoroughly happy.

"You don't much care for this?" said Phil aside to Clytie.

"No," said Clytie.

"Can't help it, you know, in the theatri
what they call Bohemian life."

"Yes," said Clytie; "but it will n
here *again?*"

"Well, no," said Phil, "not unless you like; but I dare say you will soon get used to it."

"I don't know," said Clytie, trying hard to regard it as something belonging to the duties of her profession; "I was very glad when you came."

"My dear girl," said Phil, taking her hand, which she withdrew rapidly, and at the same time looking round the room to see if the action had been noticed.

Miss Delamayne was sitting with her head reclining on Lord Somebody's shoulder, her lifeless yellow hair straggling all over his shirt front.

"Take me away," said Clytie.

"Certainly," said Phil, rising.

"Don't go, old boy," said Lord Somebody. "Miss Pitt, don't take him away yet."

Clytie made no reply. Phil offered her his arm. She took it, and they left the room. Phil's brougham was at the door.

"You look ill," he said, as he handed her into the carriage; "a little drive will do you good. May I accompany you for ten minutes?"

"Yes," said Clytie, "pray do; I feel miserable and ill."

Giving some directions to his coachman, Phil took his seat beside Clytie, who sank back into a corner of the brougham.

"I feel very ill, Mr. Ransford," she said; "it is the smoke, I suppose. I shall be better presently."

Phil took her hand and hoped she would; but she did not get better. He pulled the check string and told the coachman to drive home. Presently the carriage stopped in Piccadilly.

"Take me home," said Clytie, faintly.

"Will you not trust me?" said Phil. "These are my chambers. My man's wife shall attend you. A little eau de Cologne and quiet will put you all right. No doubt it is that horrid smoke. Come, I will take care of you."

Clytie looked appealingly at him.

"Trust me," he said, earnestly.

She suffered herself to be conducted into the house.

CHAPTER XIX.

FATE.

STANDING at the wing of the great world's theatre Fate arranges some wonderfully dramatic combinations.

Fate never tires. He is always at work. His plots are delicate

and subtle. The cruelties of his tableaux are veiled in the darkness of secrecy.

Mirabeau scouted the irreligious mania of fanaticism, yet he found it "impossible not to believe that there are very estimable beings who, from a concurrence of disastrous circumstances accumulated on their heads, seem to be destined to a calamitous existence."

Poor Waller, the organist of St. Bride's, was a good and estimable man. Indeed, his greatest sin—if sin it might be called—was that outburst of temper and its attendant jealous surveillance over his granddaughter which drove Clytie from home. And yet the musician had led a life of pain and misery and trouble. Blessed with an affectionate and loving nature, he had suffered a world of pain and heart-ache. Fate had struck him blow upon blow, wounding him each time where most he felt the smart. In his old age Fate still pursued him relentlessly, and as if glorying in the very refinement of his persecution put him down at Piccadilly Circus just as the door of Phil Ransford's chambers closed upon his child.

Fate stood at the wing of the world's play, and with his iron hand upon the curtain might be credited with a grim smile at this dramatic situation. Old Waller would have given his very life to have seen his child again, for one reason above all others; he had discovered that he had wronged her. At no time since her departure from Dunelm had she more needed his watchful care and protection than at that moment when he stood within a few yards of her at Piccadilly Circus.

This cruel trick of cruel Fate was quite consistent with the discovery which Luke Waller had made after his child had fled. That letter which Phil Ransford had written to Clytie, and which Tom Mayfield had seen through the intervention of the organ-blower, Clytie had left it behind her. The wily servant found it in my young lady's room. If she had discovered it soon enough for Tom Mayfield to have had an explanation some good might have been done; but Fate had ordered differently. You remember when Tom Mayfield stood in the shadow of the old church watching the Hermitage windows and Phil Ransford; you remember what the signal of Clytie's consent to elope was to be, a jar of flowers placed outside the front room window, at about ten o'clock, just before bedtime; you remember that daring insidious letter written by Phil Ransford to the persecuted wilful belle of the cathedral city; you pitied her at the time, you feared for her, you stood in imagination by the side of Tom Mayfield, you shared his rapture when the time came with the signal, your heart sank with his when a few minutes aft

the window was raised and a jar of flowers was placed outside. You remember his heartbroken cry "Oh, Clytie, Clytie, you have killed me," and you know what has followed.

Fate, if Destiny really may be personified, must have chuckled when Grandfather Waller read this letter. She had never given the hated signal. Clytie had no hand in it. The poor child, if her imagination had for a moment been fired by Phil Ransford's letter, had scouted his proposition the next. The thought of it had made her so anxious and afraid that her grandfather insisted that she was ill and must go to bed early. When she had said "Good night" and left the room the old man had seized upon a vase of flowers as the cause of his child's headache and evident indisposition; so he raised the window and put it outside. And this was the signal so terrible to Tom Mayfield, so glorious for the moment in the eyes of Phil Ransford. This was the trifling incident upon which Fate hung the destinies of half a dozen lives. The discovery of the cruel mistake heaped coals of fire on Luke Waller's head. His soul was filled with remorse. He wanted to fling himself at her feet and ask her forgiveness. He longed to wipe out all the past and make her happy. To discover that she was really innocent tortured him even more than belief in her guilt had done. And now, perhaps, he had driven her to distraction? How long could a simple innocent child such as she live in the great world alone, without a protector, and save herself from the ten thousand villains who would beset her path? The thought maddened him. The train in which he followed her to York seemed only to crawl, though it was express. And he read her tender pitiful letter over and over again. It was a mercy that the tears came into his eyes at last and relieved him somewhat from the great weight that seemed to be crushing his heart. "Oh, my dear grandfather, I am not what you think me! Oh, my dear grandfather, you should not have said that! I kiss you while you sleep, my dear grandfather, and am gone." He repeated the words though they were daggers, repeated them and sobbed and cried aloud "My poor dear child, my poor persecuted darling, forgive me, forgive me!"

Arrived in York, the poor old man had lost all trace of the fugitive. The railway officials did not think she had left York. An inspector remembered her well from the description. He felt sure that she remained in York. Luke Waller searched the city up and down, wandered about the old streets day and night. Once he had looked wistfully at the river, and had felt sick at the hideous thought that she might be lying pale and still in the shadow of the new moon that trembled on the evening ripples. On the following day he had

crept into the cathedral and prayed with all his might, but Fate stood grim and unbending at his elbow. Then a railway porter believed that a young lady, just like her whom Mr. Waller described, went on to Scarborough. The old man hesitated whether to accept this uncertain clue or go on, as his judgment dictated, to London. Fate decided for him. He went to Scarborough. At this fashionable watering-place he had come upon the track of two persons believed to be newly married who answered to the likenesses of his child and Tom Mayfield. He caught at any straw. This idea took him to Liverpool and Manchester; and at last he determined to seek the lost one in London. He had arrived in town two hours before Mr. Wyldenberg opened the first bottle of champagne at that luncheon in the Delphos Theatre, and when Phil Ransford's brougham pulled up in Piccadilly the old man was on his way to his old rooms in Bedford Street. Fate had a mind to torture him a little with memories of the past. In his happiest days he had lived with his daughter, Clytie's mother, in Bedford Street. Fate had put it into his head that some mysterious power of divination might lurk in the atmosphere she had once breathed. It would be a good point to start from. He would live there again if he could; he would make out a map of London from that centre, and search it house by house; he would advertise in the papers, he would employ the police, he would spend his last shilling in the search, and commence and conclude all operations from this centre.

Bedford Street would sympathise with him. The spirit of old times would look down upon him. Her influence would come to his aid. Fate would not be so cruel as to shut out his child from him any longer. He would call out her name in the streets. He would print it on the walls. All London should see and hear it.

Poor old man, the stones over which he walked were thick with clues to his mystery, but he was never destined to find them. At Piccadilly Circus he might almost have heard his child's voice, he was so near to her, but the cherished music was never again to break in upon him except in dreams of past days. In Bedford Street he was close to Barrington's, where he could have obtained her address, and that very day she had written to him, and to-morrow the letter would be lying at Dunelm; but Fate decreed that he should never receive the precious missive. Mr. Chute Woodfield stood upon the Garrick steps as the old man passed, and a Bedford Street printer was setting up his child's name for a playbill; yet his heart yearned in vain for a trace of his darling, for a sight of whom he would not have considered death too great a penalty. The last shadows

were gathering round the old man. The great scene-shifter had little more need of him. He had nearly played out his part, and there was no more dialogue set down for grandfather and child. He might wander a short time amidst the scenes of his early days, and dream himself back again into the old orchestra which death had long since cleared; but he was surely slipping out into the everlasting shadows, and she, the wilful, persecuted child of the old cathedral city, she had kissed him her last—for he and her the great parting was over. "I kiss you while you sleep, my dear grandfather, and am gone."

CHAPTER XX.

AT GRASSNOOK.

After passing Cookham Ferry, on the Thames, the river spreads itself into three branches, the principal of which, as the fine old guide-book in the Grassnook Library tells us, forms a sudden and bold sweep to the left, flowing rapidly by Hedsor Wharf; the middle stream pursuing a direct course, rendered more commodious for navigation by the checking of the current in the floodgates. These two branches assist in forming the largest island on the river, and on this island the late Sir George Young erected a pleasant villa, called Formosa Place. The remaining branch directs its course to the right by the well-known Venables Paper Mills. The scenery now becomes extremely beautiful; the Hedsor heights rising from their chalky beds with the hanging woods above, connected with the bolder and more richly variegated foliage of Cliefden. Hedsor church occupies a highly picturesque situation, embosomed in trees, and placed on a commanding eminence overlooking one of the most picturesque parts of Bucks and Berks.

In the midst of this lovely scenery reposed Grassnook, a low straggling house, planted in the midst of lawns and gardens, and surrounded by trees and old park railings. The windows looked out through the trees upon the river which flowed gently on its way between Hedsor heights and Grassnook flats. The tow path on the Thames was blocked at Grassnook by Lord St. Barnard's grounds, and thus brought into existence the ferry close by. Hedsor looked down from its woody heights upon Grassnook; Grassnook looked up at Hedsor; looked up from a level luxuriant plain green as emerald; looked up across the deep unruffled waters of the Thames that seem to lie quietly thereabouts to make a mirror for the Hedsor and Cliefden woods, and the pretty rustic lodges and boat houses on *the green banks.*

"There is hardly a more lovely spot than this in the world," said the Dean of Dunelm, sipping some very old Madeira near the open window of the Grassnook dining-room, into which room was creeping the combined perfumes of hay, honeysuckle, roses, and seringa.

"Dunelm, Mr. Dean, with the cathedral and castle seen from Prebend's Bridge, is finer," said Lord St. Barnard, sitting with his right leg bandaged and on a cushioned foot-rest newly invented for the rich gouty subjects of the Queen.

"Finer, perhaps," said the Dean in a rich unctuous voice, "but without the softness, the cultivation, the luxurious depth of colour of Grassnook and Cliefden."

"Yes, we are more civilised in our scenery than you are in the north; our trees are better behaved, our grass is a better colour, our river is bluer, our winds are more gentle," said his lordship, "but our gout is more severe."

The Dean, a tall, well-built, handsome old man, with a warm genial face, white hair, and grey sparkling eyes, turned round and smiled at his friend.

"Yes, you are going to say that I should have listened to the voice of the preacher, or followed the example of the famous clerical athlete at Oxford."

"No, I would be sorry to give you the additional pain of such reflections," said the Dean.

"Don't spare me," said Lord St. Barnard. "I have not done much with my talents, I fear; not even hidden them under a bushel. I hope my successor will do better, though I can say this, the silver pieces have not diminished; indeed, I rather expect my property has doubled in value during the last thirty years."

"You always did give very realistic and literal readings of scripture," said the Dean, smiling.

"Halt!" exclaimed his lordship. "I see we are drifting into theology again. I'll none of it. If I have not done all that becomes a man, not to say a peer of the realm, have I not suffered? Wifeless, childless, gout and potass water—good heavens above, you don't think there is anything more for me in the future by way of expiation?"

"Is that the question you select for preventing a theological discussion?" asked the Dean quietly. "My dear St. Barnard, you strike there at the root of all theology; but we will talk of other things; take me into your world. I am your guest, and you know my old way of adapting myself to circumstances."

"You are a dear old boy," said his lordship, "as you always were

the same at Eton, the same at Oxford, the same as a curate, the same as a dean, and I cannot tell you how much I esteem your kindness in coming down here in the midst of the season to see an old stranded friend. How long are you staying in town?"

"Two weeks," said the Dean.

"And then you return to Dunelm?"

"Yes."

"Then let us talk of the old city; you should have a great deal of news for me. How is my *protégé*, old Waller, and his pretty grandchild?"

"Ah, there I fear my news will cause you pain, my dear friend, since your interest in their welfare is so great."

"The old man is not dead?" asked my lord, earnestly.

"No, but he has suddenly left Dunelm; the story is somewhat mysterious."

"Indeed," said Lord St. Barnard, looking anxiously into his friend's face.

"The girl, whose beauty was becoming a proverb, it appears ran away from home; it is believed that she eloped with one of our students, a very promising young man, Mr. Tom Mayfield."

Lord St. Barnard sighed and leaned back in his chair, as if he resigned himself to the realisation of a foreboded calamity.

"Your interest in the young lady seems more than an ordinary interest, and I sympathise with you in the ill return which you have received for your generosity."

"Go on, my friend; don't mind me; I am used to this sort of thing; I expected it, though my hopes went strongly in the other direction; nature is above art, stronger than education; it always has its way. Poor child, what could be expected of her?"

"The old man followed the fugitives, the Hermitage is closed, and no one knows anything about the movements of Waller, Mayfield, or the child."

"When did this occur?"

"Only two or three weeks ago."

"I might have hoped to hear from you, under the circumstances," said his lordship, gravely.

"My dear Barnard," said the Dean, "I heard you were ill; the papers have been full of paragraphs about your health."

"Damn the papers!" exclaimed his lordship, "and the gout!" adding as quickly an apology for swearing. "Pray forgive me; I owe you and offer you my sincere apologies."

"I hoped to be in town this week, and I thought it best to

communicate my bad news in person; further, I wished to satisfy myself by the fullest inquiry."

"Certainly, and you were right."

"It turns out that there is some doubt whether Miss Waller really did elope with Mayfield. The student's landlady says the suspicion is wrong altogether; he was deeply in love with her; but if she favoured the advances of any gentleman, Mr. Philip Ransford was the fortunate man."

"Ah! Ransford, eh? A scoundrel, Mr. Dean, a scoundrel, capable of any iniquity."

"His reputation in Dunelm is not the most desirable; but I have to speak of the Ransfords presently."

"Did she receive the visits of this Ransford?"

"I believe so, and much to the annoyance of her grandfather, who rather favoured the suit of Mr. Mayfield, a well conducted and exceedingly clever young man—deeply in love with her too, so says his landlady. He had a bust in his room, a bust of Clytie, which he used to talk to, and he called Miss Waller Clytie, so his landlady says; and one night, that before she disappeared, he came home and broke the bust all to pieces, and the next morning he was gone."

"A romance, and a sad one, I fear; Ransford is the villain. The student would have married her, and ere this would have been at her grandfather's feet. Poor child! What was your Divine Master doing when He permitted this to happen?"

"No profanity, Barnard," said the Dean, solemnly; "we are men of the world; I am an ordained priest; in either capacity we are but poor creatures, and may not question the decrees of the Almighty."

"Well, well, if He loveth whom He chasteneth, then indeed He loveth me," said my lord with a spice of bitterness in the expression of a deep and earnest feeling.

"You never told me why you had so deep an interest in the Wallers, and I do not understand why you are so much moved; you have told me before now that I am the only friend who enjoys your entire confidence."

"It is true, my oldest and best of friends; I am a very lonely man; I have lived out of all liking or disliking, but I had a half-matured plan with regard to that girl, had she lived on, and stood the test of twenty summers."

"I do not ask for your secret, but I have always felt that you had one beneath the Hermitage roof, and I should not have been surprised to find that Mr. Waller had been here."

"That is a matter of astonishment also to me," said his lordship. "There may be hope in this; the trouble is not so great as we fear."

The Dean sipped his Madeira, and wondered what was coming next.

"You knew the story of my boy, my poor Frank, who lies yonder in the old vault, where all my hopes and ambition were buried with him?"

"Too well, my dear friend, too well."

"Mary Waller, the Clytie of your Dunelm student, is my boy's child."

"Good God!" exclaimed the Dean, rising to his feet; "my poor dear friend; the Lord in His wisdom has indeed afflicted thee!"

"Aye, more than you can ever know," said my lord; "but I have deserved it, I have deserved it."

The Dean got up and pressed his friend's hand.

"Nay, do not let it trouble you so much," said Lord St. Barnard; "I have nursed the secret so long that I am accustomed to it; time wears down the angles of the sharpest sorrow; try and consider that you have known this for years, and let us go on to other subjects. What about these Ransfords? I hate them—vulgar upstarts. And this son, with whose presence they polluted Maudlin College, what of him?"

"It is thought in Dunelm that the Ransfords are in monetary trouble; the Northern Bank, in which the old man had a large interest, stopped payment, as you know, last year, and the liability of the shareholders is being realised; it was rumoured in the city that you were about to foreclose the mortgage which it was known you retained upon the Ransford property, when Ransford bought the Dunelm estate and mills."

"Indeed," said his lordship with a frown; "it was rumoured, was t? You think men are punished in this world as well as in the next? It is right that it should be so, is it not?"

"'Whatever is is right,' is the expression of true faith and proper resignation."

"An arrogant lot this Ransford *canaille*. I have heard it said in Dunelm, vulgarly proud, not good to the poor, money trying to override blood, the loom setting itself up for equality with the sword, the mechanic standing uncovered in the presence of the descendant of princes."

"They are not beloved by the people of Dunelm," said the Dean. "It would be a great satisfaction to me if I were made the

instrument of their present punishment. Will you do me the favour to touch the bell?"

With a sympathetic smile the Dean complied. A servant entered upon the instant.

"Will you excuse me a moment?" said my lord to the Dean.

Then addressing the servant his lordship said, "Ask Mr. Belmont to write by the next post, and make an appointment for Selkirk and Brown, the lawyers, to come to Grassnook to-morrow at two o'clock."

The servant bowed.

"There are letters; will your lordship have them now?"

"Take them into the library."

"And now, Mr. Dean, let us discuss this painful business; you insist upon returning to London to-night, and your train leaves Cookham at ten o'clock; the carriage will be at the door in an hour."

"I will come down again to-morrow," said the Dean.

"The season will be at an end earlier than usual, they tell me."

"So I understand; Parliament will rise before the end of July."

"And the general election?"

"Will take place after the harvest," said the Dean.

"What about Dunelm; will the cathedral city do its duty?"

"I think so. A new and daring section of the constituency have had the audacity to mention the name of Mr. Philip Ransford as a probable candidate."

His lordship made a contemptuous gesture. "The new franchise has turned England topsy-turvy; but there will be no Ransford in the House of Commons as long as I live."

"There will be a severe contest in both divisions of the county, and an association is being formed with hostile intentions against the Church. I fear our successors, Barnard, will have some trouble."

"A policy of expediency and conciliation on the part of the Tories has brought about far more dangerous changes than all the legislation of the Whigs."

"There are no Whigs nor Tories now," said the Dean. "Radical and Conservative are not only new names, but they represent altogether a new order of things. The next Dean of Dunelm may live to see Fox, the Methodist, preaching in the cathedral."

"And Smith, the brewer, lording it over Grassnook," said my lord; "why, for that matter, have I not myself let the Bankside estate to a retired coal dealer? It is true I resisted; but my agent's financial arguments and the coal dealer's quiet English merchant-like manner, and his wife's presentation at Court, and a hundred o
wiped out the plebeian taint, and he is quite

Bankside. We are all as bad as each other, Dean, all alike; Mammon has his hand upon us, Blood has gone out of fashion, and Money has come in. It is a blessing we are old men, you and I; the change cannot trouble us much longer."

Thus the conversation flowed on until his lordship's carriage came swinging round the wooded drive at the side entrance to Grassnook; and then these two old friends, Dean and Lord, who had been boys at school and students at college together, parted; and while the Churchman was rolling by train to Paddington the Layman was being wheeled into the quiet lamp-lighted library of Grassnook, where the Barnards had written their letters long before the coaching days, let alone the age of Macadam and Stephenson.

Lord St. Barnard opened his letters. One of them was from Wyldenberg, venturing to hope that his lordship had recovered from his illness, and trusting that his lordship would be enabled to honour the Delphos Theatre with his presence before the season closed. Mr. Wyldenberg begged to enclose his lordship a photograph of a *débutante*, of whom great things were expected. His lordship was in no humour for Mr. Wyldenberg's letters. He had nearly laid portrait and letter aside with a mere cursory glance, but that same grim Fate who was marshalling old Waller the way he should go was at his lordship's elbow to hold up the picture.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed my lord, holding the portrait close in to the lamplight. "Miss Julia Pitt! Her face! Her name! God's judgments are indeed terrible. This is Mary Waller, Clytie, my boy's child, my granddaughter; in the hands of Wyldenberg! Curse this gout! Frank, I wish I had died with you, for I'm the most miserable fellow living."

His lordship leaned back in his chair with the portrait in his hand, and stared vacantly at the ceiling. Presently he began to talk to himself somewhat incoherently.

"It was indeed a lovely face! No wonder she won you body and soul, Frank. It astonished the Dean to know that this child was yours, though he must have guessed it, I fancy, some time or another. But there is that other secret which must die with me. If she had lived to be twenty without showing the taint of the Pitts, I think I should have declared that marriage and acknowledged her. But something is due to the Barnards—to those grand men and women who have handed down the name untainted in alliance with the noblest names of English history. I have done nothing for the family. I will solace my conscience with this sacrifice. The records *shall not* tell the story of Frank's wild elopement and final marriage

ress, and his father's unnecessary acknowledgment of the offspring of a half legal ceremony in Boulogne. No, St. rou shall rescue her, if possible, and save her from herself, ermits. But Bankside and Weardale and Grassnook shall to my nephew and his children. If Ransford does not , and of course he will not, Miss Julia Pitt shall have the of the Dunelm property. It will be a sweet bit of retaliation r that cub's patrimony—to settle it upon her so that she al with the principal."

dship seemed somewhat reconciled to his own misfortunes templating those which were coming upon the Ransfords. d his thin delicate hands together for a moment, and his sparkled. He had been a handsome man in his time, but ace wore a fixed and fagged expression. When his valet dminister a special medicine, to be taken at bed time, he

vrote to the lawyers?"

ny lord."

raph to them in the morning, and tell them to bring down e detective."

(*To be continued.*)

Our Climbing Club.

OUR town is a remarkable one. Among its other curiosities it is notorious (I would prefer the word "celebrated") for the possession of a Climbing Club. The members do not undertake to scale Alps, for the simple reason that there are no Alps in the neighbourhood to scale. The nearest approach to a mountain within twenty miles of the place is a hill of such modest elevation that the boiling point at its summit is not found to differ by the third part of a degree from the boiling point at its base. Having, therefore, no peaks and passes upon which to practice, and the members being mostly individuals who would prefer breaking their bones in their own country to being brought home upon a shutter from Switzerland, our society was incorporated for the express purpose of ascending steeples, spires, turrets, chimneys, upcast-shafts, obelisks, monuments, ruined piles, and other dangerous erections. A crumbling tower without a vestige of staircase, the stones threatening to crush the adventurer at every step, and the whole fabric nodding as if in resentment at the intrusion, is a favourite *pièce de résistance* with the body, but our most desperate experiments have been made upon tall chimneys and tapering spires.

We meet at regular intervals to listen to memoirs from the members who have made private ascents, and also to arrange for what are called field-days, when we assemble for the purpose of achieving some great exploit in common. It is our practice, on hearing of any suitable object, to send out the secretary and an official who is called a surveyor, and if they report favourably—in other words, if they announce that the project is difficult and reasonably dangerous—a day is appointed, certain performers are selected (unless the task admits of the united force of the club), and then the necessary steps are taken to give the expedition all the gaiety of a pic-nic as well as all the dignity of a serious enterprise.

Speaking without undue partiality, I should think it must be a very piquant spectacle to see us operating upon a crumbling castle or a ruined old abbey. On arriving at the spot we invest it formally as if we were about to subject it to a regular siege. The building is forthwith divided into imaginary sections, men are told off for the

assault, the choice of danger-posts is determined by lot, if it cannot be settled by agreement (our leading climbers are extremely tenacious of their rights in this particular); and, after a reasonable time has been allowed for the study of their several parts, a signal is given, which is the winding of a silver horn by the president, and the stormers rush to their work, just as the troops did to theirs at Badajoz or at Sebastopol. A very curious sight it must be to witness a number of dark forms wriggling up the walls in all stages of progress, and looking like big caterpillars, or like the travelling crabs which crawl over houses rather than diverge an inch from their path. Nor could a right-minded spectator contemplate without emotion the various results of the operation, for ought he not to share in the triumph of those who are speedily discovered bestriding the pinnacle at which they aimed, and yet, on the other hand, sympathise deeply with the disappointment of those who, after a dozen gallant struggles, find their part of the escalade utterly impracticable?

We do not, of course, decline to experiment on cliffs, and there is a gorge of some extent made by the River Weir in our neighbourhood, every steep escarpment of which has been crawled over by some member of our club. Nor do we disdain to practise upon quarries. Indeed we have rented an old one at no great distance, which is used as an exercising ground for our junior associates, and here the more experienced members keep their hands in by "taking a climb," just as swimmers take a swim. When we visit the quarry with a number of undergraduates—I mean undergraduates in the art—the cliffs are distributed among them according to their capacities, each individual being carefully instructed as to the points he must make in his ascent. "You see that tuft? Steer for it direct. Half a dozen yards above there is a piece of projecting rock: you must turn its flank. Beyond it again there is a bit of perfectly smooth whinstone: you can make nothing of that; you must coast it to the right; then use your axe in cutting steps in that bed of clay. You observe the exposed roots of a tree trailing down the bank? Your policy must be to make for those, and then hoist yourself up by their means to the summit." And so forth.

Occasionally, too, but more by way of affording elementary instruction to our younger associates, we operate upon trees. Our inspector is sent out to fix upon a wood and report as to its capabilities. The tallest and most difficult growths are assigned to the more advanced members of the club. We give ten
each individual, in order that he may familiarise

peculiarities of his vegetable, and map out his route to the apex. Then, at the usual signal, the climbers spring to the assault. A cracking of twigs and a clashing of branches is soon heard. The adventurers are speedily lost to view, until at length they force their way through the foliage and emerge at the top. On arriving there it is their duty to signify the event by waving a handkerchief or uttering a loud shout, and each person is expected to bring down the highest twig or branch he can reach, this being considered equivalent in some measure to carrying off the brush at a hunt. We have members who can run up an oak like a squirrel, and some who can swarm to the summit of an elm as easily as a monkey born to the trade. Our Chubb would scramble to the top of an Australian Eucalyptus, five hundred feet high by seventy broad, almost as soon as a street urchin could wriggle up a lamp post.

As intimated, however, our greatest and most legitimate exploits consist in the ascent of spires, windmills, lofty chimneys, and other artificial structures. Leaving natural objects in a great measure to Alpine clubsmen and Cockney mountaineers, we devote ourselves to the infinitely more dangerous, because more perpendicular, task of climbing edifices, where there is scarcely a projecting knob upon which we can lay hands or rest a foot. How such ascents are accomplished I will proceed to explain, selecting as an illustration our operations upon an old upcast shaft in the neighbourhood of Dunholme. The surveyor having reported that there was a fine specimen not far from Winkle Abbey—a place famous for pic-nics—it was unanimously resolved that this should be made the subject of our next field day. Accordingly on a fine summer's morning the club marched out in considerable force, admirably victualled for the occasion, and with the usual accompaniment of camp followers. On arriving at the spot four of our number were detailed for duty. But how, in the name of wonder, could four men clamber up a conical building with a surface as smooth as that of Eddystone Lighthouse? The question may well be asked. I am proud to give the reply. Each of the stormers—I repeat because I admire the expression—carried a pouch containing a number of staples or peculiarly shaped nails, which he drove one by one into any crevice in the stone, or into the mortar between the layers of masonry. For this purpose he was provided with a hammer, and also with chisels where refractory work had to be done. To each of these staples was fastened a kind of stirrup, into which a foot or a hand might be easily inserted. The mode of ascent will therefore be readily conjectured. Standing upon the ground, the operator first drove into the wall two of these holdfasts

at a height of about ten or twelve inches, and at nearly the same distance from each other. He then hammered in two more at a convenient elevation above, and having done this as far as he could reach, he placed a foot in each of the lower stirrups, and holding by one of the upper articles, the process was repeated continually until he attained the summit. Very carefully the work must be done, for woe be to the adventurer if the staples should be imperfectly fixed. Very cautiously must he transfer himself from stirrup to stirrup, for a slip might lead to the dislocation of every bone in his body. Meanwhile fresh three men were operating upon other portions of the shaft, and slowly but steadily advancing towards the top. Unquestionably it was a thrilling performance. As they receded from earth, and each step grew more hazardous (falling bodies, it will be remembered, tumble through about sixteen feet of space in the first second of time), the other members of the club cheered them loudly; for in that spirit of emulation which always distinguishes Britons (who, if they were going to shoot over a precipice in company, would probably try which of them could do it the fastest) our climbers invariably make a race of it to the top.

It will at once be understood that this mode of ascent is practicable only when the masonry is of such a character as to admit of the ready insertion of the staples. We could not, of course, mount a monolith pillar on this principle, except at a great expenditure of time, and with an enormous amount of chiselling (how Simeon Stylites clambered up his column I do not exactly comprehend). But we have "done" factory chimneys of incredible height, though these exploits are of so dangerous a nature that we do not allow any member of the club to peril his life except by special permission under the hand of the president, and certified by the secretary, after a resolution to that effect has been passed by at least three-fourths of the members.

But the best proof that our proceedings are fraught with danger is to be found in the fact that the club has a class of subscribers who are known as Past or Supernumerary Associates. They are in truth disabled members—persons who have broken a limb, or put out a shoulder, or effected a rupture in their interiors, or done themselves some other important injury, and have therefore been compelled to retire, either wholly or temporarily, from active service. These individuals, in so far as they are not absolutely crippled, attend the meetings and go out on field days, when they assist by their advice, or in superintending operations, or in managing the commissariat department. They are held in honour according to the amount of damage

they have incurred and the desperate nature of the enterprises they undertook. We have a member who broke his collar bone once, put out his hip joint twice, sustained a compound fracture of the left arm, lost at least a dozen teeth at various times, sprained his wrist so effectually that he cannot write his name, and on one occasion slipped down from such a height that he scraped off all the skin on his right cheek, including a bit of his nose, and came to the ground with half his body perfectly flayed. Hence our ranks are divided into the A.B.s and D.B.s—that is to say, the Able-bodied and the Disabled-bodied.

Sometimes, too, we have to incur dangers from the prejudices of proprietors who object to our performances. More than once the owner of a windmill or a tower has been infuriated on finding his grounds invaded, and his buildings scored with parallel lines of staples. On one occasion when we were engaged in executing an extremely delicate operation upon a ruin which was regarded as a very refractory object, and one of our men was clinging to the masonry at a considerable height, amidst the breathless silence of the spectators, a number of persons came up at a canter, dragging with them a machine as if it were a piece of artillery. The crowd opened, the men unlimbered (so to speak), and instantly a stream of water was directed upon the climber, who was cruelly pinned to the wall, and drenched more thoroughly than he had ever been since he was born. The bystanders shrieked with fun, and as the assailants had planted the engine near a rivulet, which they seemed determined to pump dry, it became necessary to execute a charge upon them with the combined force of the club before we could rescue our unfortunate comrade.

On another occasion, when one of our veterans who is known as Excelsior Smith was making the ascent (strictly private as he thought) of a dilapidated windmill, and had reached about midway—a stiffish piece of business it was too—the occupant of the farm came up in a towering rage, knocked out all the lower staples, procured a pole, and struck out the higher as far as he could reach, and thus left our unfortunate friend perfectly insulated in the air. After hanging in that predicament for a full hour, the exasperated brute at the foot of the building condescended to allow a ladder to be brought in order that Excelsior might descend; but no sooner had the latter arrived at the ground than he was taken into custody for trespass, and when he remonstrated with his captor he was further charged with an assault. To the eternal disgrace of British justice, I should state that *on being* carried before the magistrates, our distinguished clubsman was

fined forty shillings and costs, with the option of going to prison for a couple of calendar months if he preferred. And I should also observe (and I do so with unspeakable disgust) that the Bench strongly recommended him to select the latter course, because he could then pursue his studies by climbing the public treadmill instead of a private windmill.

As a further illustration of the difficulties in which a climber may sometimes be placed, let me give a few extracts from a paper which was recently read at a meeting by one of our best men, Septimus Bobus. "In August last," says this eminent hand, "I resolved to make a private ascent of the spire of St. Mary the Milkmaid. It is a spire of graceful taper, and of considerable elevation, springing from a tower, up which I stole without attracting any attention. I had, indeed, passed the night in the church, in order to be ready for an early assault, as I knew that I should not be allowed to deface the beautiful masonry by knocking in the staples if it could be prevented. I hoped to complete the enterprise before the churchwardens were well out of their beds, fearing that if I did not I should have those officials, with the sexton and probably a curate or two, at my heels. The sun had scarcely risen when I stood upon the leads of the tower, and planted my first nail in the spire." Here the narrator described the various steps of his progress, and explained sundry little mishaps which occurred. "At last," continued he, "I reached the summit, or as near to it as I could prudently venture. The spire had become so slender that my weight might have been too much for the delicate masonry, and I was compelled to clasp it with my arms, as if administering a fond embrace. In this position, of course, it became my duty to realise and enjoy the prospect. Every one knows the reason why people clamber up mountains and steeples. It appears that the picturesque is to be found at a considerable height in the atmosphere, just as happiness is to be discovered (so people think) at giddy elevations, and on the pinnacles of power. I therefore lifted my head as cautiously as I could, or to speak more correctly, I allowed my cheek to rest upon the cold stone, and screwed my eyes round to take in as much of the landscape as was accessible to view. Roofs of all kinds, and in every style of disrepair—tiles wanting here, and slates slipping off there—chimneys ranging from clumsy stacks to slenderly twisted tubes—pots and ventilators at all angles of inclination consistent with bare duty—these formed the principal objects in the panorama which lay outstretched at my feet. Not that I could see much of it, for the smoke which streamed from those [illegible] was driven full in my face. I candidly admit that I coul[illegible]

any considerable amount of pleasure from the spectacle. I am not aware that the scenery of house tops is considered peculiarly sublime. Roofs are undoubtedly a study—interesting to the philosopher and mason; but I am not acquainted with any painter who has made a forest of chimney pots, pouring out their separate torrents of smoke, the subject of any eminent picture. The country all around was, I believe, extremely beautiful, but I could not see much of it, and what I could see was not particularly enjoyable, considering my exhausted condition, and the painful attitude I was compelled to maintain. In this respect, however, I presume I was in no worse plight than most mountaineers who reach the summit to find their strength gone, and their prospect drowned in mist.

"But in this position I did not forget that I had one little ceremony to perform. When people have clambered to the top of a peak, after encountering a host of difficulties, their first business, of course, is to take some refreshment. Unless they do that they have done nothing; if they do that many think they need do nothing else. They always crown the exploit by opening a bottle of champagne or some other inspiring fluid (according to taste), and drinking to the health of the mountain. It was my duty, therefore, to take some refreshment. I owed it to my situation to draw out my flask, open a paper of sandwiches, and to lunch. How I accomplished this, compelled as I was to clasp the slender spire with one arm, is a point which the reader's ingenuity or imagination must help him to explain; but in endeavouring to pour the wine into my throat (I think it was brandy, however), the fluid took the wrong channel, owing to the constrained position of my head, and brought on a spasm by which I was almost choked. Coughing, and spluttering, and quivering, I continued for several minutes, expecting that I should lose my hold, and shortly afford a little practice for the coroner. In my contortions one of the staples beneath my feet partially yielded, and I felt that if I laid too much pressure upon it (and my weight is far from trivial) it would give way. I found myself in an awful predicament. A cold perspiration broke out from every pore.

"Glancing down at the Market Place I observed that it was filling with people. Some were pointing, all were gazing at the dark object which was clinging like a spider to the spire. Out of the buzzing and hubbub came forth some articulate sounds. 'Bless us,' cried one, 'it's a man!' 'A man,' replied another; 'he must be a superhuman fool!' 'It's an escaped lunatic!' exclaimed a third. 'A clear case of suicide,' added a fourth. 'We shall all be wanted at *the inquest*; the whole parish will give evidence.' I think this idea

pleased the multitude, for when some one suggested that measures should be taken for my relief, there was an amendment proposed and very extensively supported, that 'the idiot should be let alone.' Meanwhile a couple of reporters were at work with their note books, taking minutes of the adventure with a view to a most thrilling narrative in their next impression. One artist was busily employed in sketching me for the *Illustrated London News*, and another of humbler pencil was doing me in a fearfully exaggerated style for the *Illustrated Police News*. Indeed the latter gentleman embellished his drawing by placing a couple of policemen on the spire, and representing them as scrambling up the masonry in perpendicular pursuit. In a short time the churchwardens, accompanied by a detachment of the constabulary, mounted to the top of the tower, and shouted to me furiously to descend. They told me to consider myself in custody, although practically I was as inaccessible to them as if I had been on the summit of the Peter Botte Mountain. But I confess that when I heard I was already apprehended I felt greatly relieved, for just at that moment I should have been glad to exchange my position for a prison cell or even for the prison crank. The caption, however nominal it might appear at that altitude, seemed in some way or other to guarantee my safe return to earth, and it occurred to me that if after receiving this summons I remained any longer in my critical situation, I should be guilty of contempt of court.

"Not being a lawyer I am unable to say to what height the jurisdiction of a British tribunal extends above the soil: whether process can be served upon you in the atmosphere, or whether it would be right for a bailiff to board a man for the purpose in a balloon. But, leaving this point to the jurists, I held it my duty to descend for the purpose of putting in a legal appearance. How I got down alive, and without even a broken bone, I shall not attempt to explain, but the instant my body came within the reach of the officials I was seized by one as a sacrilegious trespasser, was collared by another as a dangerous lunatic, and was put under arrest by a third as an intending suicide. My sanity was eventually established (though with some difficulty), but ever since the exploit I have been known as the 'asspire-ing blockhead.' My only consolation is that the staples and holdfasts which I drove into the beautiful shaft of St. Mary the Milkmaid may be seen to the present hour by the aid of sharp eyes or of a moderate glass."

The above case will show that our club labours under one great difficulty—we are not duly appreciated by the public, we can extract no genuine sympathy or encouragement

not scrupled to christen us the *cracked ones*, and our D.B.s the *cripples*. This would be exceedingly painful to sensitive minds—and such there are among us—were it not that we are sustained by a high conviction of duty, and consider that we are rendering an important service to society by our aerial explorations. I find, for example, that some persons of a very ignoble cast of mind, when referring to our exploits, will frequently exclaim, "Just what chimney sweepers do." Now it is precisely this inability to comprehend the lofty and unselfish motives of our club which disgusts me with mankind. People ought really to entertain more elevated views, whatever their position or training in life may be. It is flagrant abuse of common sense to class scientific climbing with chimney scraping. I admit that a sweep is a useful member of society, and that in the prosecution of his calling he may disjoint a hip or get suffocated in a flue; nothing is more natural. But these are paid perils. Ours are purely voluntary. That makes a prodigious difference, even if there were nothing else to distinguish us from the heroes of soot.

In one sense, it is true, we are immensely popular. In all our expeditions we are followed by a crowd of persons, including many juveniles, several females, and even a number of gentlemen idlers. But I cannot conceal from myself that their intention is to amuse themselves at our expense, and though I object to this perverted view of our exploits, I trust I am sufficiently magnanimous to say that they are quite welcome to extract as much diversion as they like from our proceedings. I strongly suspect, however, that many of them are influenced by a motive which is not only discreditable but positively infamous. I cannot divest myself of the conviction that these people turn out in expectation of some serious disaster. They calculate that an accident must sooner or later occur. They accompany us as the horror-hunter did Van Amburgh, under the impression that the lions would some day or other snap off the performer's head, in which case they might as well be there to enjoy the spectacle. I readily admit that if one of our members broke a leg they would gladly assist (I do not mean at the fracture, but) in carrying him home on a shutter. Unless I am greatly mistaken, however, there is always an air of disappointment when we finish our operations without a catastrophe, as much as to intimate that we have defrauded them of a treat or failed in doing our duty to the public. Indeed, I have overheard one sanguinary individual express an opinion that if a fatal accident did occur he should certainly like to be in at the death; and I have known another brutally suggest that we ought to *keep a coroner* of our own, and have him always out with us,

instead of putting the county to the expense of sitting upon us in succession.

It would pain me much to record the comments which are frequently made upon our exploits while in course of performance, but in the interests of truth, and with a view to show that we are martyrs to science on a limited scale, I ought to mention a few of the ironical exhortations we receive:—"Look at that wriggling ass. He will never reach the top for a week. Give up, old boy; it is too much for you. And yonder is the stout one! He, now, is scrambling up like a lamplighter. He'll beat those lanky beggars hollow. What will you bet on the porpoise? A quart of beer, I say, on the fat one! He is the man for our money! Hurrah! one of them lean sinners has slipped. Like Jack and Gill, he'll be sure to crack his crown! Cracked already, Jim! And the others will come tumbling arter. But look at the fellow who has got perched on that bit of rock, and don't seem as if he could get any farther. Hollo, you, sir, are you going to stick there all night? Shall we send you up your supper in a balloon, or would you prefer waiting for it till the middle of next week? Thought as much; down he comes! Should say it is a case of a collar-bone at least: perhaps his neck! If so, it will serve him right, for I never saw such a set of born fools in all my life."

But perhaps I ought to say a few words about some of our club worthies. Our leading character is Martin Chubb. He is as agile as a monkey, as daring as a lion, and as desperate as a demon. That man, it may safely be said, sticks at nothing. There is a legend in Dunholme that he once scrambled up the perpendicular side of a house by dexterous manipulation of the window ledges, cornices, spouts, and other slender projections. I could never induce him to give me the precise details of the exploit, for he is a person of exemplary modesty, and for this reason alone must be accounted a true genius; but I have always construed his smile and the flash in his eye when the subject was mentioned as a silent acceptance of the impeachment. Indeed, I could believe anything of such a man. If told that he had vaulted over the great wall of China at a single jump, or got to the top of the Great Pyramid in a dozen strides exactly, I should say, "Very likely: if there is a person in the world who can do an impossible thing it is Martin Chubb." But like all genuine worthies, he has his detractors. I am ashamed to soil my lips by uttering the name which has been conferred upon him by the *canaille*. I suppose it must be done, however; but it is under protest. Him they call the "Very Cracked One!"

Hercules Potts is a born climber. His ruling passion was developed at an early age, as is the case with those who exhibit a decided genius for poetry, painting, fighting, felony, or any other special pursuit. While quite a lad he expressed a strong desire to mount the belfry of his native village, but being forbidden by his parents on account of its dilapidated condition, he made the ascent by stealth. The pleasure of outwitting them gave such a charm to the exploit that he not only repeated it frequently, but made excursions all round the neighbourhood until he had scaled most of the belfries within twenty miles. As his opportunities increased he proceeded to "do" the whole county, spite of his mother's predictions that he would assuredly dislocate his neck. Almost from the first he kept a journal of his performances, but when his passion had ripened into a systematic pursuit, he opened a ledger in which he recorded the particulars of each adventure, the precise moment of ascent and return, the difficulties of the journey, the number of steps traversed, the estimated height of the tower, the state of repair or ruin in which it happened to be, the extent and peculiarities of the view presented, with various other details, not forgetting any pranks which he might play upon the clocks, bells, or weathercocks, the former of which were occasionally stopped, and the latter not unfrequently missed or unshipped. Enlarging his sphere of enterprise, he made forays in all directions, until he could never see a tower or steeple without feeling an irresistible desire to attack it. The last time I had the pleasure of inspecting his books I found that, without reckoning repetitions, he had made his one thousand four hundred and thirty-ninth ascent!

Strange to say, we have a very stout man among our members. It was he who mounted the spire of St. Mary the Milkmaid. To look at him you would suppose that he was as unfit to scale a steeple as an elephant is to ascend a tree. But he is one of the bravest and most active individuals in the club. In his case the triumph of matter over mind is perfectly marvellous, for he will carry his twenty stones up a tower or an escarpment almost as quickly as the slenderest of our band could ascend. Is he distressed in making his ascents? He says not. In fact, he considers himself on a level with the others, except in the matter of perspiration. There he certainly suffers. He comes down dripping—one may say drenched. He is known by the vulgar as Big Bobus. He is always an object of peculiar attraction to the spectators. The dash and *élan* of this hero, who charges a precipice as if he were going to tear it down with his nails, always *commands* attention; but the figure of Big Bobus, outspread like an

eagle in heraldry, and displayed in all its huge proportions against the rock, is irresistibly comic—that I admit; and his progress, especially if it is the "wriggle," is generally greeted with shouts of laughter and ironical applause.

Augustus Sprigg is the dandy of the club. Will it be believed that on grand public days he goes to work in white kid gloves? Not that this is done in a spirit of coxcombry. On the contrary, he makes it a point of honour to return from the escalade with those articles either blackened with his labours or actually torn to shreds. And I am bound to say he never spares himself, for on one occasion (a quarry scene) his performances were so brilliant and spirited that he was literally encored by the associates. I shall never, indeed, forget him when, at the most critical part of the ascent, he coolly turned to the spectators and bowed his acknowledgments of the compliment, although in so doing he risked his life.

Brindley Watt is another great man among us. He is the inventor of the flexible mail-glove. This is formed of exquisitely fine rings of metal (any metal almost will serve, as the patentee does not confine himself to any particular substance, but leaves it open to the public to employ gold or platinum if desired). The article adapts itself with such freedom to the hand that the wearer is scarcely sensible that his fingers are covered, and yet it serves as an admirable protection for the flesh, and it has the special advantage that it cannot be torn like cloth or leather. Brindley received the thanks of the club for his masterly invention, which has saved many a palm from being severely blistered or excoriated.

Wallerton has his specialty. Place him between two meeting walls, say the interior angle of a building, and that man will scramble to the top without the least help from projections or any other mortal thing. He puts his back to the corner, supports his weight by pressing with his hands against each wall, and ascends by working his legs alternately in a similar fashion. Up he goes like a sailor or an Irish hodman. Prison-breakers have practised this trick before. Jack Sheppard made his escape, I believe, by its instrumentality, but there is a prodigious difference between a vulgar burglar and a refined philosophical climber. The value of this movement will be appreciated when it is remembered that fissures and crevices, as well as "chimneys" in the Alpine sense, frequently present themselves in the course of an ascent. Wallerton of course always selects a route which will enable him to practise his favourite manœuvre, if possible; and here it must be admitted he shines beyond any other member of the club.

Scraper again—Maximilian Scraper—is a splendid performer. He has the art of helping himself up, under favourable circumstances, by means of his chin. In certain places he can hook himself on to a small projection by means of this part of his anatomy, and so leave his hands and feet at comparative liberty, instead of employing them to support his weight. His jaw is of a remarkably massive build: indeed, it is so prominent in its form and so original in its structure that Scraper cheerfully foregoes all pretensions to beauty, and is content to rely upon its unparalleled muscular power. To shield it from injury I should observe that it is well shod when on duty, our great mechanician having invented a special apparatus for its protection. This consists of a plated pad, which fits under the chin and buckles round the neck; and it is generally admitted to be one of the neatest contrivances which Brindley's genius has yet produced. I have heard it stated, though I cannot bear testimony from personal observation, that Scraper has been seen suspended from a window ledge by sheer force of jaw, with his legs dangling in the air and his hands (both of them) engaged in scratching his head.

It will be seen, therefore, that we have our different styles of ascent. Martin Chubb, as might be expected from his daring, impetuous character, adopts what is called the direct principle; that is to say, he goes straight to his object if practicable, never diverging to the right or left unless some insurmountable obstruction bars the way. It is a point of honour with him to turn aside for nothing which human adroitness and human audacity can surmount, and as he is a man who has scratched the word "impossible" out of his dictionary, and always draws his pen through it when he discovers it in any of his books (he serves Mr. Mudie's in the same fashion), it will be readily understood that he goes almost as straight as an arrow to his goal. Muggins, on the contrary, eschews without despising the perpendicular style. He generally operates by zigzags. This plan he says is preferable, because it "eases" the ascent, and enables a man to reach the summit in a much less exhausted state, and in a better condition to do justice to the prospect and the provisions. Scraper modifies this principle in the case of curved or cylindrical objects, like slender towers or spires or chimneys or dilapidated windmills, by the spiral treatment, as it is designated. In other words, he winds round and round the erection, so that his path, if marked out upon it, would give it something of the appearance of the Tower of Babel in old pictures, or of the pillar in the Place Vendôme before it was levelled by the modern Goths. Craggs is a man of *medium* policy. He has no objection to the perpendicular system—

l suit his purpose; and as little to the zigzag or the spiral
vill contribute to the same end. In plain terms he accom-
s style to his work, and, like a sensible man, cuts his coat
o his cloth. In making this remark I must not be sup-
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nce to any one method must give a sort of monotony to
, and deprive the performer of much of the enjoyment
ıe to the delicate manœuvres a more eclectic practitioner
to adopt.

l like to have said a great deal more about our club had
tted, but must refer the public to the forthcoming volume
nsactions, where some choice illustrations will be found,
g the stout member on the spire, the very cracked one
dmill, and the entire company engaged in performing the
ıe, by way of frontispiece. There, too, the fullest informa-
given in a memoir by the president respecting the various
s in vogue among us, from the wriggle to the straddle, and
l to the pedal. I think I may say that this work will
ery favourable comparison with the journals of the Alpine
that our romantic escapes will prove quite as exciting
the most desperate mountaineers.

PAWNBROKING IN SCOTLAND.

THOUGH the present condition of the pawnbroking laws in England has been discussed from time to time in long and elaborate articles, the effects of these enactments on society in Scotland have been hitherto overlooked. The purpose of this paper is to indicate a few of the most important results of the pawnbroking laws in Scotland, inasmuch as they show perhaps more clearly than any which have been ascertained in this country how detrimentally existing regulations act against the welfare of the lower classes. The vastness of the interest involved will be understood from the figures quoted below, which are taken from evidence supplied by the most experienced authorities on the subject. The aggregate number of pledges entrusted to pawnbrokers in Glasgow every year amounts to 5,500,000, of which 5,000,000 are under ten shillings, and about half a million above ten shillings and under ten pounds. Most of the pawnbrokers conduct their business honestly, but some are represented as being guilty of constant acts of illegality. One man, for instance, is, or was, in the habit of engaging persons, or had them in his employment, for the purpose of going into the streets and selling pawn tickets to any simpleton—I am using the language of a city official—whom they might meet in the streets, and when the purchasers of the tickets went to take the things out of pawn they found they were inferior in value to the amount represented on the pawn ticket. It might be asked, and has been asked, how would the pawnbroker get possession of a ticket to sell in that way? The answer is ready. He takes what is represented to be, say, a gold watch out of his sale room and issues a ticket for it at, say, three pounds. This he gives to one of those persons called "stickers," who goes out and sells it to any one whose wisdom is so limited as to be deceived by the promised bargain. There is another practice which entails much more hardship on the poor than that already described, and which is the more dangerous from the fact that it is pursued under the cover of legitimate business. The pawnbroker issues a ticket marked with a larger sum than was paid to the individual who has pledged certain articles. When, then, the articles are released the man who has entrusted his goods to the pawnbroker

liscovers that he has a considerably larger sum to pay than that which he received. Furthermore, people who are obliged to pledge heir goods find that, when they return to redeem them, they cannot get the actual articles they pawned, but others of inferior quality.

The following case was brought under the notice of the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the operation of the Pawnbroking Acts some time ago. A pawnbroker took in pledge from a woman a large number of new shirts, drawers, and webs of plaiding entrusted to her for the purpose of manufacture. The woman was apprehended for embezzling goods. The detective officers, on going to the pawn-office where the woman said she had left the articles, found that the pledges were marked off as redeemed, but they afterwards discovered the articles in the pawnbroker's possession. The Chief Constable of Glasgow, from whose experience these details are given, stated that there is great facility for pledging stolen goods with pawnbrokers in that city. He does not think those in the trade fairly carry out an important provision of the Act—that of assisting the police in the detection and recovery of stolen goods. This is accounted for to a certain extent by saying that the pawnbroker gets no remuneration for loss of time spent in police-courts and other courts; he, therefore, has no interest in putting goods into the hands of the authorities. In his evidence the Chief Constable also observed that *very few pawnbrokers fail in business*, and even if a man goes out of the trade his shop is generally taken by another pawnbroker.

The present facilities for pawning tend, in the opinion of this functionary, to undermine the moral welfare of the lower classes, for by them improvident people have too many opportunities for disposing of their property. Speaking of free trade in pawnbroking, he contends that the pawnbroker would always be likely to get the best of the bargain, being, as he would be, in a position to dictate terms. He urges that the hours during which pawn-shops are open should be restricted, for a good reason given in these words—"I think the nearer that you bring the hours of a pawnbroker to daylight the better." His statement regarding the opportunities afforded to thieves for disposing of stolen goods by pawnbrokers is, perhaps, the most effective commentary on itself. Cases have arisen in which it has been denied that stolen property was in a pawnbroker's shop, and subsequently the tickets have been discovered on thieves, by which the knowledge of the place where the property has been deposited has been obtained. Almost invariably pawn-tickets are found when a gang of [illegible] apprehended, either on their persons or in

could almost say that I have found the presence of 100 pawn-tickets in the possession of one thief," is one of the sentences which occur in the evidence of the witness whose testimony has been quoted. There is not the slightest doubt that under the present system pawnbroking induces stealing. Everything a thief steals is turned into whisky or other strong drinks, and whenever he steals he turns the product of his robbery into money to obtain liquor. Very frequently he does so by resorting to the pawn-office as a means of getting money for the purpose.

It is not inopportune to consider the demoralising effect of the pawnbroking system while its reform is demanded by many of those pursuing that specific business. In 1800 the Act came into operation; in 1806 there was only one pawn-office in Glasgow; now there are over *one hundred and twenty*. But it must not be supposed that these are the only agencies by which the improvident can dispose of their goods and chattels. There are besides, under licences, four hundred and fifty "wee pawns," which correspond to the leaving shops of London which are not under licence. People habitually lose their tickets and then make affidavits before magistrates, stating that certain goods in certain offices are their property. This proceeding gives opportunity for dishonest practices. Affidavits are made and goods obtained by persons who are not the owners. These systematic receivers of stolen goods are supplemented in their work by a number of "resetters" as they are called—who keep their melting-pots ready, and do nothing but reset stolen property. The summary of the Chief Constable's evidence is "that the present system of pawnbroking fosters petty theft in our great towns."

A magistrate has given it as his opinion that if there were no pawnbrokers people of slender means would be led to rely more on their own resources, and to be more provident in their habits. The system—says the same authority—contributes to demoralise the lower portions of the community by affording facilities for getting drink. "I think," he adds, "that the fact of their having been so long able so readily to raise money in that way has contributed greatly to make them improvident in their habits. I think it would be a most desirable thing to have a law even to prevent people from making themselves and their children so poor and miserable as they are at present." Then arises the consideration for those who pay rates and taxes that people who part with their clothing and those things that are necessaries of life throw the burden upon others—the provident and thrifty part of the community. Instances have been adduced in which women have pawned every article of furniture in the house

and every stitch of clothing belonging to the family. The pledging of bed and body clothing in Glasgow has been proved to be very extensive. The small pledges of these articles are generally made to obtain drink. The witness, a magistrate of Glasgow, who proved these deplorable facts, says that he observes the table of interest—generally speaking—to be founded upon the standard of twenty per cent. "Now, considering that the pawnbroker has what we should call good security for the money advanced, I cannot see why he should be allowed to charge so high a rate," are the words in which he indirectly condemns the pecuniary dealings of the pawnbrokers with the poor—an opinion which will be, doubtless, endorsed by every one who thoughtfully considers the conditions under which the lending and the borrowing take place.

Some valuable suggestions were made with regard to pledges. It was urged that better provision should be made for the reversion of those pledges coming to owners, the pawners of the goods; and that that reversion, if there were any, and if the pawners of the goods could not be found, should be paid over to some of the charities of the city. "During the visitations of the poor I have made," said one witness, "I have very frequently observed the evil influences of the pawnbroking system. I have visited their houses, and sometimes found that there was nothing to lie upon possibly but a heap of straw, no bed-clothing, and hardly a rag to cover the nakedness of the heads of the family and the children."

Referring to the system of pawnbroking, which, it was urged, was a social necessity, this question was put:—"Is it more extraordinary than the banking system for the richer classes of society? and must not the poor have some place where they can go and get advances upon easy terms?" The following reply was returned: "It used not to be so in former days, and it is not so in many parts of the country still. I do not think that the really deserving poor are ever left to starve, or very seldom." Blankets given by benevolent persons to poor individuals have been very frequently pawned. The estimate given regarding Glasgow as a pawnbroking agency is enough to disturb the arithmetical digestion of every one who reads it. "I have tried," says a magistrate of the city, "to come at some sort of estimate of the money spent yearly by the working classes in pawning, and the result has been that from £150,000 to £200,000 a year is spent *in interest!*" In reply to a question, "Is not that more than is spent in all the religious observances and education of the city?" the witness said, "I think it is a great deal more."

In the whole range of the evid[redacted] more

extraordinary assertion than that *many of the people who habitually pawned were very regular in their attendance at church.*

It appears from the evidence of the Procurator Fiscal for the Eastern District of Renfrewshire that of 96,000 pledges made in Pollockshaws during the year, the majority were bed and body clothing and small articles of household effects—articles essentially necessary for the comfort of the people pledging them, and for the preservation of their health. The number of pledges for every individual in the population was 10½, and for every family of five persons, 50. Supposing that only one half of the population were to go to pawnshops, every creature of this half in Pollockshaws would pledge 21 pledges, and every family 100 pledges in the year. There can be no doubt whatever of the demoralising effect of pledging and pawning; and if that effect be going on, it is easy to conceive that there must be a great change for the worse in the social condition of the inhabitants of the place.

In 1833 there were only 52 pawnbrokers in Scotland; they had increased from one in 1806 to 52 in 1833. In 1838 they had increased to 88. In 1863 they had increased to 312. The number now must be considerably larger than it was in 1865, when a return was made to the House of Commons of the number of pawnbrokers in Great Britain, for in Glasgow alone the number had increased since 1861 from 79 to 115.

The following answers to questions addressed by members of the Committee of the House of Commons to a Scotch official are their own best commentary:—

"Can you give us the total number of pledges in the United Kingdom?"

"In order to get at the total number of pledges, you are obliged to assume a certain number for each establishment. It is difficult to make that calculation, because all parties are not agreed about it. Many people think, and I think, that the average number will be 60,000 for each establishment in Great Britain and Ireland. However, we will say that it will only be about 40,000. Keyson, in his work on pawnbroking, admits that the metropolitan pawnbrokers will have 40,000 each, and he remarks that no establishment can well be kept up unless it has 40,000. In that case, the number of pledges in Scotland (and it is to Scotland that I have given my particular attention) would be 18,720,000, and in the United Kingdom, taking the same rate, the number of pledges would be 207,780,000."

"Have you observed that the increase of the system of pawnbroking has been identified with the increase of crime in Scotland?"

"Yes, so far as my own observation goes, it has, very materially; and I may state that I have been in communication with all parts of Scotland on this subject, with gentlemen who take a very great interest in the social improvement of the people of Scotland; with the heads of the police, for instance, and other persons; and they all concur in the opinion that pawnbroking has been one great source of crime, and is the means of not only creating crime, but of fostering and encouraging crime."

"You have taken some means to ascertain the number of witnesses connected with pawnbroking establishments who have been examined in a certain number of cases connected with theft and embezzlement, have you not?"

"I have; in my own experience for the last forty years I have had comparatively few cases of theft under cognizance which have not had some connection either direct or indirect with the pawn-shop, and I have gone over all the indictments in the Sheriff Court of Glasgow, in cases tried by the sheriff and a jury in two different years, and I have ascertained by an examination of the lists of those witnesses appended to the indictments that in 119 cases of housebreaking, theft, resetting, and embezzlement, tried at Glasgow by the Sheriff of Lanarkshire and a jury in 1860, 106 of the witnesses were pawnbrokers or brokers."

It is astonishing how prosperous pawnbrokers are, notwithstanding the alleged persecution of their class, and their demands for improved legislation to guard them against the machinations of their clients. The witness from whose evidence I have most recently quoted stated that *he had never known a pawnbroker get into the Gazette in Scotland.* Looking at the whole result of the evidence—the undeniable statistics adduced by magistrates, and the weak, flimsy fallacies of the pawnbrokers—the only conclusion at which I can arrive is that the pawnbroking system, as at present administered, fosters crime, encourages improvidence, and, while it appears to help the poor, tends to involve them in degrading complications, the effects of which are not wholly dissimilar to those of the beneficent Poor Law, which makes paupers in these countries to the third and fourth generations.

T. F. O'Donnell.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

BY GEORGE HEDLEY.

THE Landlord and Tenant (England) Bill, recently introduced into Parliament, naturally suggests some mental production calculated to improve the relations between landlord and tenant, and help them to carry on their business in a more equitable, frugal, and satisfactory way. The Bill, I may state at the outset, does not apply to any holding that is not agricultural or pastoral, or partly agricultural and pastoral, nor does it hold any power over gentlemen's mansions, houses, or demesne lands. Tradesmen's houses and lands, I presume, are also exempt, whether agricultural or pastoral, or both; but the Bill does not say anything about the latter, and I suppose it would have to be fought out afterwards in courts of law, if the measure should pass, at what point the suburban residence and semi-agricultural and pastoral farm ends, and the real farm residence and real farm begins. The first question that we have to ask ourselves, then, is this—Is there a measure of any kind needed for the welfare of this country, and, if so, of what nature should it be? If we were to judge by the few cases of difference between landlord and tenant within our notice, by the almost total absence of appeals to law by landlord and tenant, and the utter apathy and stolid indifference manifested by the farmers while this Bill is pending, my answer would certainly be in the negative; and we should infer that the present measure was rather the result of dissatisfied agitators and ambitious members, who had nothing to lose or gain, than of those who were immediately interested and vitally concerned. My own opinion is that some measure or arrangement is really needed to ensure enterprising tenants who have short leases or no leases at all compensation for unexhausted improvements, when landlords pertinaciously refuse or fail to observe the rights due from them; because any land that is improved will produce more rent to the landlord (price of labour and money being equal), and, under any circumstances, greater crops to the incoming tenant at the expense partially, no doubt, of the one who has gone out. But the question arises, between whom do those interests lie? Are they between tenant and landlord, or between tenant and tenant? He would be a *very bold* man who would assert that they lay between tenant and

landlord entirely, for whatever sum or sums the landlord was mulcted in by the outgoing tenant he would certainly try to make the succeeding one recoup to him, and when law had become the stern arbiter between them, as it would under this Bill, he would not omit, as in many cases he does now, to put in a counter claim for dilapidations of buildings, gates, and fences, and general deterioration of the value of the soil. Who, then, would be the gainers but the individual tenant who was really a good tenant, and the whole number of landlords, whether good or bad, if they asserted their power? This would be protecting only a class and a portion of a class, while the other portion—viz., the farmers—without the improving spirit within them, would be left entirely at the mercy of their landlords and agents. A measure to amend the land laws of England should favour no class nor section of a class in particular, but should deal fairly with tenants in the aggregate and landlords in the aggregate; should have a humanising and tranquillising effect upon their feelings and thoughts; should lessen the distance between grades; should render espionage and litigation unnecessary; should strengthen the bonds of fraternity, and foster mutual confidence and mutual prosperity, so that the greatest amount of produce might be derived from the soil for the universal benefit of the people. Would the Bill of Messrs. Howard and Read have this effect? I humbly venture to say it would not. Although it is drawn with some ingenuity, and the utmost wish to do justice between classes, there is a lack of vision and statesmanlike qualification about it which would make it, if passed into law, repulsive and ruinous and bad to the classes it was meant to benefit. It proceeds precipitantly, and takes no cognizance of the power we already have to settle disputes by arbitration. It would give the needy owner power to ruin not only the bad and the middling class of tenants, but in some cases the good. It would give the cunning tenant the power to saddle the landlord with expenses valueless in themselves. It would set up a system of perpetual espionage, cupidity, and litigation, and it would strike at the root of all trade and commerce by destroying the validity of contracts. Let us now look closely and carefully at a few of the clauses of the measure and the general tenour of its sense as it appears to us. If passed into law as it is, with the 12th Clause intact, it would render all bargains and agreements at the will of the tenant, and at any time, null and void! If with the 12th Clause eliminated, it would simply be of no use whatever, because the landlord could at all times make a covenant with the tenant to supersede the Act. There was, in my opinion, a cruel irony in th

Conservatives to the effect that they would not oppose the spirit of the measure if the 12th Clause were taken out. But apart from that unhealthy and damnatory portion the Bill appears to me to be ill-conceived and hastily drafted, and would do harm instead of good to all classes of the community. The first clause says that tenants are to be compensated for "temporary, durable, and permanent improvements—(1) Temporary improvements shall extend to any outlay effectually and properly incurred by a tenant in the purchase and application of manures or fertilisers to other than corn crops, or in the purchase of corn, cake, and other feeding stuffs consumed by live stock on the holding. (2) Compensation for durable improvements shall extend to any outlay effectually and properly incurred by a tenant in subsoiling, getting up and removing stones, liming, chalking, marling, claying, boning with undissolved bones, laying down permanent pasture, or in any other improvements which have a durable effect in amending the land or deepening the soil. (3) Compensation for permanent improvements shall extend to any outlay effectually and properly incurred by a tenant in reclaiming, levelling, warping, planting (other than ornamental), draining, making or improving water-courses, works of irrigation, ponds, wells, reservoirs, fences, roads, bridges, or in the erection or enlargement of buildings on the holding, or in any other improvements of a permanent nature." * All these things to be settled by commissioners and arbitrators appointed by Government. As regards temporary improvements, the arbitrators — from whose judgment, let me remark here, in all cases, there is to be no appeal—may go back for four years and allow for outlays effectually and properly incurred. But who, I would ask, are to be the witnesses whether they are effectually and properly incurred or not? and is it not an undoubted fact that all manures and feeding stuffs, such as are referred to here, return themselves to the tenant in less than two years instead of four? It may be answered to the first part that a record could be kept of the outlay for each year, and vouchers, in the shape of the bills paid, be given; and to the second, that, although the tenant may and does receive full benefit from the things applied, they have had the effect of making the land better for the next comer. But would it be contended that this would not lead to spurious dealings and cooked accounts between unscrupulous manure and cake merchants and farmers not over particular in habits or principles, of the existence of whom our own reminiscences, and the evidence of chemists like Professor Voelcker, furnish sufficient data? And would it be argued that because a shopkeeper,

to use a simile, has spent his energies, his time, his capital, his talent in making his place attractive to his customers—and they are exact analogies—his shop, his land; his customers and goods, his profit—he would be justified in coming upon the landlord for a money compensation because the premises had got an improved name? The idea, I think, is preposterous and untenable so far as temporary improvements go. With respect to durable and permanent improvements, I ask again who would be the witnesses? Mr. Howard proposes to go back ten years with one, and twenty years with the other; but the arbitrators and witnesses who saw the farm ten years or twenty years before might be all dead and buried. The new arbitrators might have a very imperfect interpretation of the documents left behind for their guidance, and who would be left save those interested, and possibly interested to deceive, with a memory lively enough of what had been done to the farm in the shape of improvements, and also how many of those improvements had been repaid and balanced by countervailing returns from the landlord? As far as I am able to judge, twenty years is much too far to go back for compensation under any circumstances. A tenant could drain whole fields, if he liked, under the 5th Clause of this Bill, without the consent of the landlord, and make out his claim at the end of that time for compensation. This would never do. Many cases might be cited where tenants have drained large portions of farms under eight years' leases with no compensation clauses at all, and where their capital has undoubtedly been returned to them within three or four years by the improved state of the soil, and consequently larger crops. As to buildings, a silly, uninformed owner might sanction erections which by his wiser successor would be thought to be of no use, yet he would be compelled to pay for them or to have them pulled down at a loss of labour and time to the public and the disfigurement of the place for ever. We have many instances of large erections upon arable farms having become obsolete and useless already, and there is every appearance of this state of things increasing, as butchers' meat advances in price and large tracts of tillage are sown down to save expense of labour, material, &c.

If we look at the converse side of the question we shall find it equally objectionable as a matter of political and social economy, calculated upon a sensible basis, and tending to the good of mankind. A landlord can claim for land considered to be in a foul or neglected condition, and at any time within twenty years may assess his tenant with damages for dilapidation of buildings or deterioration of the soil. Why, this simply means misery and ruination in some hands to w

meaning and properly conducted tenants. I have known many instances where farms have been taken in such a poor condition that they would grow hardly a whicken or a weed of any kind; but after an affluent course of husbandry, and, perhaps, an impure seeding of grasses, which no tenant can effectually guard against, abundance of twitch and annual weeds were produced along with cereal and green crops, probably betokening foulness and imperfect husbandry without, but actually proving richness and vitality within. And have we not frequently known buildings which seemed good and substantial to begin with go down to decay and crumble to pieces in an incredibly short space of time? all of which under this Bill a tenant would be liable for; and if he refused to pay, what chance, I would ask, would he have even in arbitration, with the wealthy, the influential, and probably purblind, obtuse, or unscrupulous owner? It is needless to proceed much further in refutation of the prevailing tenets of this measure, except to notice the absolute incongruity between the 12th and the 15th Clauses. The one says that a tenant may contract himself out of all engagements; the other, that a tenant claiming under a local custom, such as Lincolnshire, &c., shall adhere to his custom and not be bound by the Act at all! This is positively bewildering to any person acquainted with the business of farming, and it would leave some parts of the country without any protection from the Act whatsoever.

Again, a landlord is to be entitled to claim for all hay, straw, roots, or green crops sold off the farm, and the tenant for the extra size, as he may term it, of a turnip or mangold, and the increased thickness of the stems of his cereals produced by artificial manure during the last four years of his tenancy! Might not the landlord under such a *régime* have much more to come in than the tenant? and if the other way, would it not be a funny spectacle to see a tenant distraining upon a struggling landlord who had an expensive family to keep up and no money to spare? Yet all these things are possible under this Bill. Moreover, a limited owner of a farm or farms has unlimited power to do all the harm he can to other limited owners, by making foolish bargains with his tenants, or letting the land upon a tenure unsuited to its conditions; and the Public Works Loan Commissioners are to advance to a tenant any amount of money settled upon by the arbitrators for what they may call tenant-right, and charge the farm or farms with it at an interest of five per cent., the whole being repayable in thirty-five years. Many a landlord under this clause would consider the ownership of land a curse instead of a blessing, for the *interest* might eat up more than the rent; and, without the consent

of his partners, he would not be able to sell out, or, if selling, would probably be left without a penny in the world. If all the farmers in the counties where no tenant-right exists were consulted upon this measure, I have not much doubt but that they would declare against it. Wherever such a system is legalised and put in force, it requires much more capital to start a farm than where it is left optional between landlord and tenant to make their own bargains, and hence it has the very pernicious and dangerous effect of preventing the frugal hind, the clever farm bailiff, or poor farmer's son from ever becoming a farmer. Take, for instance, a case in Sussex, where tenant-right prevails, and where a friend of mine received £597 12s. from his successor on leaving a farm of 100 acres. There is in this case, I perceive, in the inventory of the professional preparer of the land for leaving and the valuator of work done and goods left the following items, viz. :—Seventeen acres, five times ploughed, six times drag harrowed, four times clog crushed, four times rolled, then dressed with dung and superphosphate of lime, for which full time and value are charged. Then there are a great many acres supplied with dung and nitrate of soda, for which half price is charged; next there is the old remaining hay and straw at market value; then the soil heaps, ashes, and dung in folds and fields, the chalk and stones for roads, and labour of horses and of men; the whole amounting to that extraordinary sum. This, you will observe, is taking nearly six pounds an acre from one tenant's pocket and putting it into another's before the stocking of the farm is ever begun. The result of it is that the capital of the farmer is absorbed in the entry, and he has little left to apply to the business of farming, and to enable him to obtain good crops and profits by proper systems of husbandry and suitable horses and stock. I know several farmers in one of the southern counties so poor and miserable that they cannot buy sufficient lambs to consume their fogs with, and they make it a custom to send their messenger round to some wealthy dealer and ask him to send his flocks to eat them down for nothing. May we not fairly say that this is partly the result of what is termed the tenant-right system, for we scarcely can hear of such complete depletion in the exchequer of the farm where no such system prevails? It has been the wisdom of previous legislators to make the land laws of England as simple as possible. They have worked well up to the last few years; but now that tenants have the worst of it by dear labour and high priced manures, they naturally seek ease in some direction. But is it the body of farmers who look to legislation for support, or is it only the shallow agitator and his tool, the shallow member? I should feel inclined to say the latter. It is

true that the enterprising tenant ought to have compensation for unexhausted improvements; but is there no way of gaining that end but by appealing to law? The feeling between landlords and tenants is one of mutual respect and kindness; they know that they have an identity of interests at stake. When any differences arise—which is seldom the case—they are ruled by customs and their stamped agreements, which are binding at law. But law is seldom appealed to. They manage to settle their differences between themselves, with little injury to either; but, in any case, if that cannot be done, they do it by arbitration, and an arbitration of the wisest kind. They do not seek a Government commissioner, who would probably know nothing of the district, but take each a neighbour who is well acquainted with the land and very likely cognisant of all the facts of the case. The matter is adjusted with little expense to either, and with more fairness and equity than the law would be likely to give. The majority of landlords have no wish to take advantage of their tenants, but desire to do them all the good they can; the majority of tenants are very healthy minded, and keenly alive to everything that affects their own interests. Can they not be left to make their own bargains? A clause introduced into each agreement sanctioning the principle of a claim for unexhausted improvements would probably meet all the difficulties of the situation; and, after a few years had elapsed, if omitted by any party or repudiated by a landlord, the custom obtaining would determine the matter. Even such a clause might have the sanction of statute law; but it would have to be very carefully framed, otherwise it would cause a split between owners and occupiers, and eventually the owners would farm their estates themselves, having a steward or manager upon each farm. Almost any part of this Bill, with the first clause left standing, would have this effect also. How then, let me ask, could it benefit the tenant, or how could it benefit the landlord? and if it would not adjust differences in an equitable way, as I have shown before it would not, then I think sincerely and truly that it is the duty of all right minded and well intentioned men to endeavour to procure its rejection.

A Month in the Persian Gulf.

BY VISCOUNT POLLINGTON, M.A., F.R.G.S.

IT was with feelings of peculiar pleasure that one pleasant afternoon in January we perceived the small town of Busheer rising above the horizon. My companion and myself had travelled for fifty-four days on horseback, from the northernmost frontier of Persia, Toolfa, on the Araxes, to this place, and for thirteen out of those fifty-four travelling days we had waded through tolerably deep snow. However, this was to be our last halting-place, at any rate in Persia, and we resolved therefore to push on as fast as possible.

Now this "pushing on" could, for two reasons, by no means exceed the notable pace of four miles an hour. In the first place, the horses we were riding were half-starved, ill-favoured, and bony animals, that could hardly muster up strength for a trot between them; and in the second place, the soil over which we journeyed was by no means conducive to speed, consisting as it did of one broad flat expanse of sticky mud about a foot in depth, and occasionally covered for a mile or so at a time by a few inches of water from the neighbouring sea.

The road, although leading to the chief and (with the exception of Bunder Abbas, farther east) only seaport in the Persian dominions, barring those on the Caspian, consisted solely of the old tracks of many mules, horses, and camels, and was perhaps half a mile broad. There were no landmarks on the dead flat, excepting latterly the Anglo-Indian telegraph posts, here of iron, which skirt almost the whole of the road from Teheran to Busheer, where the land-line joins the submarine cable. Presently we discovered the sea—the Persian Gulf—on our right. It here made an excursion on to the mainland, causing thereby the road (save the mark!) to perform a prolonged detour in order to circumvent this water, and to get to the neck of *firm* land which sweeps in a westerly direction towards Busheer, and eventually forms the promontory whereon that town is built.

As I have said before, however, the road was at times for miles covered with water, and we seemed to be riding in the midst of a sea—an awkward position both for ourselves and our [illegible] any of our animals take it into their heads to

At length we reached the firm land, then past a few palm trees (we had left whole groves of them behind us on the previous day); past many muleteers slowly driving along their reluctant and heavily-laden beasts, and we urged our jaded cattle into a feeble and spasmodic semblance to a trot, which brought us up to the walls of Busheer at about four in the afternoon.

Now, when I speak of walls, the reader must not picture to himself anything like a good solid English brick wall. No; these walls were rather masses of dry mud, heaped up into some likeness to battlements broken down at every ten yards, and which any popgun would knock over at a moment's notice. The gate is closed at sunset, thus preventing ingress or egress; unless, indeed, you choose to walk round by the shore or climb over a broken portion of the walls, when you can get in or out easily enough. The gate consists of, or consisted of—it may have rotted away by this time—wooden beams insecurely fastened together by rusty ironwork.

Passing through this gate, we inquired our way to the Resident's house. However, as we perceived the English flag floating proudly on the breeze at a very short distance ahead, we had only to take the proper turning, and were at the door. On presenting our cards to two grim-looking sepoys who were keeping guard attired in white, with coloured turbans on their heads, we were shown upstairs.

We subsequently discovered that these Government buildings are called "residences," because the political agent who ought to reside therein seldom does so, being generally on leave, or travelling, or something or another.

The house fronts the sea, about twenty yards from the edge of some rocks which rise twenty feet above the beach. It is built of natural mud bricks, whitewashed over, as are most of the houses in Busheer. On entering by the arched front door, we stood in a court, having buildings two stories high on two sides, a wall on the third, and low buildings (offices, &c., including the Post Office) on the fourth side. Here we dismounted, and went up to a platform forming the roof of part of the house, by a broad flight of low dried mud steps, which were on our right on entering. When we had ascended these we were shown into a small room dignified by the name of "the office," on the left, when the "Uncovenanted Civil Service Servant," the Vice-Resident, received us, and expressed his regret that the Resident was not there to do so himself.

In this little room any little differences that may arise in Busheer or the neighbourhood between English subjects are adjudicated upon and settled.

The Resident courteously informed us that we could have the rooms set apart for strangers—subject to the return of the agent, who at that time was cruising about in the private steamer which a munificent Indian Government puts at his disposal. Descending the steps again, we passed under an archway into a second and larger court, surrounded by offices of all descriptions, including the stables, but much in need of repair. Then up another broad flight of steps we entered above the archway the rooms which were allotted to us. The furniture within them was not calculated on any very luxurious scale, consisting as it did of one large table, four chairs, one small looking glass on a diminutive table, and two hard divans—no carpets of course.

We proceeded to instal ourselves, and make ourselves as comfortable as possible, not a difficult matter, as the greatest amount of comfort to be got out of the rooms was small.

We had two Persian servants with us, a father and his son. The father talked about thirty words of English, and we were almost entirely guiltless of Persian, so that occasionally our conversation used to come to a standstill. The son could not speak one word of English, and was only useful in registering his father's commands.

Awa Baba's (that was the English linguist's name) favourite expression was "Down below," used equally in the singular or plural tense, and in the most impartial manner. With him it signified indifferently "down stairs" or what domestic servants term "the insides" of any animal, and then it turned under his manipulation into "Down belows," or indeed any word for which he happened to be at a loss to find an adequate expression. However, he was honest beyond the generality of Persians of the lower classes, and an excellent Dragoman.

With his assistance we converted the largest apartment of the three into our sitting room. This was some twenty feet high, with a stretched canvas ceiling. It had five doors opening on to a verandah, half panels, half glass, which of course let in much air, and although this, no doubt, was very desirable in summer, it was extremely disagreeable in January. The outer walls, as well as those of the partition, were five feet thick, and all round the room there were recesses, two feet deep, let into the walls, excepting at the partition, where the same sized recesses were pierced into the next rooms, no doubt to allow a person sitting in one room to overhear all conversation carried on in the others! Two doors opening out of this large room led down two steps to the two smaller ones. [illegible] we erected our travelling beds, articles

construction, but which we had found extremely useful in our caravan journeys. As we found soon after our arrival that the dining accommodation of the Residency consisted of three plates, two tumblers, and a salt cellar, we sent Awa on a foraging expedition, which turned out tolerably successful, and at any rate furnished forth our repast.

On the day of our arrival the weather was fine, but rather windy—much to our discomfort, as we had some faint thoughts of going on to India in the mail steamer (which had arrived the day before us, and was on its way to Bussora), before returning, supposing it to be perfectly fine, and a calm guaranteed during the seven days' voyage from Busheer to Kurrachee.

On the next day rain fell in torrents, and I regret to say dripped plentifully into the rooms of Her Britannic Majesty's Resident at Busheer—at any rate, into those we occupied. The wet caused such a dampness in our room that the very soap dissolved as if it had been left in water by mistake, and the streams that came from the ceiling caused us to dodge our beds about so as to avoid the drenching they would get if left in any place for twelve hours. As getting wet out of doors was perhaps preferable to undergoing the same process within, we determined upon exploring the bazaars. Our road lay through many lanes, and consisted of about three yards width of mud in a liquid state, enclosed by walls of the same valuable material, but in a dry condition, as the dwelling houses here, as in other Persian towns, stood some distance back, behind these walls, which enclosed a garden court.

The appearance of the bazaars at Busheer is squalid in the extreme. The vaulted portions consist here and there of mud bricks, with openings at the top to let in the light—and the rain—most of these arches being constructed of rotten palm branches, with a canvas covering laid upon them.

The bazaar is narrower than usual in Persia, and is lined with the ordinary little open shops on either side. Their proprietors sit cross-legged on a sort of splashboard (here not inappropriate), and patiently await the decrees of Providence. Sometimes, as we ourselves have occasionally experienced, they prefer saying "That is not for sale" to taking the trouble of getting up and handing the object to the would-be purchaser.

Here those shops that, were they situated in the Burlington Arcade instead of on the shore of the Persian Gulf, would be called "haberdashers' shops" were generally the neatest and best arranged; and the goods displayed therein were almost always of English manufacture. The amount of common wooden matches (warranted to light

anywhere, not only "on the box") imported from Vienna and sold in these bazaars is enormous. The tradesmen at Busheer never ask *more* than six times the amount they mean eventually to take. Some Jews have established commercial relations with Busheer, as indeed they have with most places of the habitable world. One of these, Nazim by name, had a shop outside the bazaar much frequented by the unfortunate European exiles in the place. After the manner of Jews in other parts of the world, he had a collection of the most miscellaneous objects littered about the one room that constituted the shop. Shirts, pocket-books, preserved meats, Cavendish tobacco, cloth, clay pipes, potted anchovies, and old coins were a few among the various articles in which he dealt. In fact Nazim sold or bought anything that could be bought or sold. One of his *habitués* took us over to the Jew's private dwelling, a tumble down old house, entered by a narrow door, in front of which a bit of mud wall screened the inner court from view; for the harem was on one side of this, and we caught sight of one dirty petticoat. Here we sat down in an upper chamber, and by way of commencing business our host forced us to imbibe some strong ginger wine. After this he produced a stock of old coins, and we purchased a few of them, although this is a hazardous venture in Persia unless the buyer understands the science of numismatics thoroughly, which neither of us did. Vast numbers of coins are continually offered for sale to the traveller, and some fifty per cent. of these are well executed counterfeits. The learned, however, in such matters sometimes pick up very curious coins as yet unknown in Europe. We also purchased a small carpet, for among his other stock-in-trade the Jew—an honest fellow, by the way—sold carpets. In Persia those without any pile and of the closest texture are the most sought after. These come from Keoman, to the east of Shiraz.

The town itself does not afford much amusement, and the bazaar was always exhausted in a quarter of an hour's stroll, so that we were reduced to inventing expedients for improving the mind. As we were safely booked here for a month, reading, under these circumstances, of course claimed the first place. There were only two periodicals to be had in Busheer, and these were a year old. However, one civilised being had a copy of "Les Misérables," and this somewhat bulky work sufficed for a limited time. Then an excellent copy of Lane's "Arabian Nights" proved a great resource, more especially as we intended visiting "the city of the Caliphs" on our way homewards. We also bethought ourselves of taking Persian lessons, which would be the more useful as

Thereupon an old man, a former Moonshee, or interpreter, to the Residency, made his appearance. He was in receipt of a pension from the Indian Government, and talked English at the rate of a word a minute. In the very elementary book out of which we endeavoured laboriously to extract a scant knowledge of the language some quaint stories were contained; the following is one of them:—

"A father and his son were once walking in the fields together, when suddenly the son disappeared down a deep well, which he had walked into unawares. The distracted parent rushed up to the well's mouth, and perceiving that his son was lying at the bottom, very much hurt but still alive, he shouted down to him, 'Oh, my dear boy, mind you do not run away; I am going to get a rope for you to get out by.'"

There was also another little story, which I think has found its way into Sir J. Malcolm's "Persia." It is a charming little anecdote of the celebrated poet Hafiz.

"One day Hafiz was in the baths at Pabreez when he met a stranger, who entered into conversation with him, and presently began to 'chaff him on his baldness.' (Now though Mohammedans shave their heads, they ordinarily leave a small tuft of hair, or forelock, in front, and of course the hair quickly grows again, except where there is natural baldness, as in this case.) The stranger (who, I must confess, seems to have been rather rude) took hold of one of the round tin shaving vessels used in the bath, and holding it out to Hafiz, exclaimed, 'How comes it that all you Shiranzees have the top of your heads like this?' 'And how happens it,' retorted Hafiz, turning the bowl with its cavity upwards, 'that all you Tabreezes have the inside of your heads like that?'"

The hour of our tuition by means of this invaluable book used to vary every day. Persians do not generally carry watches, and our old man used to come at any time between ten and twelve in the forenoon. The lesson generally lasted for about two hours, and then we sometimes strolled in the bazaars, where there was sure to be at least one fight in progress. The system of fighting which obtained here was entirely contrary to the rules of the P. R., and consisted in one of the antagonists (the stronger one) seizing the other by the waist, and pushing him vigorously into the gutter or a shop front, if such was handy, at the same time butting with his head. Hitting out was not their strong point, but I must allow them whatever credit may attach to the use of unlimited bad language. The noise which a *squabble* of any sort occasions in the East is deafening, as we

frequently found to our cost during our travels, when many nights we were kept awake by the muleteers cursing at each other.

During our stay we tried to purchase a bushy-tailed cat, but only one (a bad specimen) was to be found in the town; and this, with the exception of one which we saw up a tree in Ispahaun, was the only Persian cat proper we saw in Persia.

Another ramble was towards the beach, but this is most uninteresting here, and no shells are to be picked up on it, excepting perhaps after a storm.

Inland there are no grand natural features under a distance of forty miles or so, and walking on a dead treeless land is not exhilarating, so we seldom went that way. However, we used to walk into the little office occasionally, and study the intricacy of the telegraph system, which we never thoroughly got over. The overland Persian telegraph office and that of the sea line are, or were, situated about a mile apart, so that messages were always delayed here if they had to go by land, or *vice versâ*.

Nothing whatever is manufactured in Busheer, but everything, even including water, is brought from a distance. True, there are a few wells in Busheer, but the water drawn from them is brackish and not fit for drinking. We had a Persian gun made for us in the bazaars, but as its component parts consisted of an old "Brown Bess," Tower marked, flint lock and all, transmogrified, we did not count that as a manufacture, although some coarse inlaid work was put into the stock by the Busheer artist. However, the cotton trade of Persia with Bombay and Kurrachee passes through the town, and carpets are also freely exported; but the anchorage, excepting some five miles out at sea, is exceedingly precarious, owing to the north-west winds which blow into the roadstead, and the shallow nature of the sandy beach.

The boats which take out cargo to the larger ships in the offing can hardly come up to the rough quay, and civilised passengers have to be carried into these on the shoulders of men. There are generally six rowers to these boats, and they sit on the sides of the boat, pulling the oars towards themselves sideways. The blades of their oars are some nine inches broad and very rough. When we tried to get on board our steamer eventually, it took us three hours to do so, and we grounded when about three-quarters of a mile from the shore, although we drew about one foot of water only.

About twenty-five miles out to sea there are two small islands, the larger of which, called Karrick, was the station of the English fleet during our desultory war with Persia; some ancient reservoir

by the Portuguese, and other ruins, are still visible on this island, it is said. It is small, elevated, and of a round shape, as we sighted it on our voyage to Bussora. The best pearls are found near the island of Bahren, in the Sea of Oman, the dark waters of which roll near the opposite Arabian coast.

The fishermen who dive for the pearls are all very poor; they are strictly searched after every dive, but have been known to swallow a pearl in order to conceal it. The merchants, or Banian Indians, amass immense fortunes by employing these divers. There were several Banians at Busheer during our stay there, on account of some disturbances which were in progress on the island: they were all British subjects, and, indeed, every resident in Busheer not a Persian is under English protection. The inhabitants of Busheer are hardly true Persians: the conical thick cloth cap is rarely seen, but is supplanted by the Arab kefyeh—generally a piece of gaudily coloured cloth, sometimes silk, wound round the skull cap. The sea-wall round the town is broken down, partially by the English boats' crews in the war, and I believe is not allowed to be built up again. A flock of flamingoes were lazily floating on the waves, for people do not take the trouble to shoot at them, and if they did they would most probably miss the birds. One day, to vary our entertainments, some of the English residents and ourselves had an exciting contest in pistol shooting on the beach; we erected a black bottle at twenty-five paces as a mark, and called the contest Colt *v.* Deane and Adams; there were several of us, but I regret to state that out of some twenty shots apiece, *all* were misses, and the rival merits of our pistols were not put to any very decisive test. At the close we all gathered round the rascally bottle which had so long defied us, and demolished it by throwing stones from about two yards distance. About half the population of Busheer collected around us to witness the fun. In Eastern towns the smallest event is known throughout the length and breadth of the place almost before it has occurred. In any large bazaar the stranger on the look out for any particular object seems to be surrounded by a sort of human telegraph. We have occasionally asked the price of something at one end of a great bazaar, and on arriving at a remote part of the same, we have had the same sort of article offered to us, at a slightly reduced rate. No foreigners are allowed to possess landed property in Persia, except by special permission, which I believe is seldom granted. Of course all residencies or consulates stand on British ground, but they are subject to international, not national, law.

The only possible excursion to be made on horseback from Busheer is to the neighbouring fort, memorable from a gallant defence against us in the war. The commander of the fort at that time seems to have been a braver man than some Persians, at any rate if the speech attributed to him be authentic. When ordered to take command of the garrison and defend it against our expected attack, he is reported to have said "I will go; I hear I cannot stand against the English, but as I am commanded to go, I will sell my life as dearly as possible." No matter what he said, he certainly was slain after inflicting some loss on our forces. The fort was only attacked and stormed in order to make an example of the defenders and induce the capitulation of Busheer. The plan succeeded perfectly, for after the storming the garrison of the larger town ran away, a few of them only being killed by shells thrown from the fleet.

We rode out to the fort along the coast at about a mile from the sea, through a partially cultivated country. The background of mountains inland was exceedingly picturesque, but at the same time impressed us with the feeling of delight that we had no longer to cross those mountains; our path was narrow and very stony, and there were no trees excepting an occasional palm. When we had ridden about eighteen miles we arrived at the Resident's summer villa, a small mud-brick house, with verandahs all round. After partaking of tiffin here, we walked to a small mound in the immediate neighbourhood, where fragments of bricks with cuneiform inscriptions are continually found, and we were fortunate enough to procure some specimens. The legend is that permission to excavate the mound has been repeatedly sought and declined, as the Persian Government are fearful lest inside might be found documents handing Busheer over to the English. Then we walked down to the fort on the shore, passing various cut stones on our way, which seemed to have once belonged to some larger settlement. The fort looked very insignificant, only a square mound of earth, until we got close up to it; but then we perceived that a trench some twenty yards wide surrounded it, and the earthworks rose some fifty feet above the level of the ground on the other side of it, apparently raised on a natural platform of rock. There were no buildings to afford shelter to troops inside, but scattered stones testified to former quarters. There was an old reservoir in the centre of the fort, which appeared some 300 yards square in extent, and an underground passage led from this reservoir to the shore, thus allowing the garrison a means of escape if surprised from the land side.

We returned from our excursion before sunset.

that even in summer the days are never longer than fourteen hours here. Fever is very prevalent, even in February, for the superintendent of the cable line, the agent for the mail steamers, and the Vice-Resident, the latter a native of India, were attacked by intermittent fever during our month's stay.

The routine of our days gradually came to something like the following:—

Dressing, say half an hour, as at Busheer much attention to toilette was out of place; then half an hour smoking; one hour eating—oh, no, during the day; not one hour for breakfast! Two hours Persian Moonshee, one hour writing, two walking, and about nine reading. The relative portions of time occupied in walking and reading actually fluctuated according to circumstances.

The smoking above mentioned necessitated a total cessation from all other labour, and engrossed all our attention for the time being, as the process is most absorbing and very agreeable. The Persian waterpipe differs considerably from the Indian hookah, although the process is the same. The Persian pipe is composed of a brass or silver or even gold enamelled head, which contains the tobacco. This is principally grown at Shiraz, and lacks the pungency of the American or Turkish plant, and it is generally smoked in Persian harems; indeed, we have heard it whispered in scandal-loving circles that it used to be the fashion in India for ladies to smoke the hookah. The tobacco is well wetted, and then the moisture is partially squeezed out of it in a piece of linen. Then about a handful is placed in the bowl of the pipe, and some lumps of live charcoal are placed upon it. The head fits upon a perforated stem of wood, which in its turn fits into a (generally) globular-shaped vase of silver or brass, and penetrates into water, with which the globe is three parts filled; on one side of the vase there is another wooden stem ending in a mouthpiece. Then by inhaling the smoke from the head of the pipe through the water into the lungs the operation is perfected. The inhalation keeps the charcoal alive, which burns the tobacco and allows smoke to generate. The smoke is puffed out of the smoker's nostrils, and at first induces a species of gentle intoxication not provided against by the "Permissive Prohibitory Bill" of Mr. Lawson; but after the first few times of smoking this wears off, unless the dose be very long continued.

There are no mosques of any distinction in Busheer, and even if there were a giaour would not be permitted to enter them, and thus I have come to the end of the enumeration of things to be seen or done in Busheer; the list is somewhat meagre, but, alas! such is

also the fact, and for any one wishing to select a cheerful abiding place I should recommend an eschewal of Busheer, at any rate for a permanency. A very nice trip of two months might, however, be made from Bombay to Busheer, then up the country to Shiraz and Persepolis, and back.

One pursuit, and one only, I have as yet omitted, which can be, or used to be, followed here. This was the game of quoits, and Busheer witnessed our first introduction to the game in the back court of the Residency. The hour for our departure in the mail steamer found us playing at quoits, and this game finishes my "simple story" of "A Month in the Persian Gulf."



ZULEIKA.

ZULEIKA is fled away,
  Though your bolts and your bars were strong;
A minstrel came to the gate to-day
  And stole her away with a song:
His song was subtle and sweet,
It made her young heart beat,
  It gave a thrill to her faint heart's will
And wings to her weary feet.

Zuleika was not for ye,
  Though your laws and your threats were hard;
The minstrel came from beyond the sea
  And took her in spite of your guard:
His ladder of song was slight,
But it reached to her window height;
  Each verse so frail was the silken rail
From which her steps took flight.

The minstrel was fair and young;
  His soul was of love and fire;
His song was such as you ne'er have sung
  And only love could inspire:
He sang of the singing trees,
And the passionate sighing seas,
  And the lovely land of his minstrel band;
And with many a song like these

He drew her forth to the distant wood
  Where bird and flower were gay
And in silent joy each green tree stood;
  And with singing along the way,
He drew her to where each bird
Repeated his magic word
  And there seemed a spell she could not tell
In every sound she heard.

And singing and singing still,
  He drew her away so far,
Past so many a wood and valley and hill,
  That now would you know where they are?
In a bark on a silver stream,
As fair as you see in a dream;
  Lo, the bark glides along to the minstrel's song
While the smooth waves ripple and gleam.

And soon they will reach the shore
  Of that land whereof he sings,
And love and song will be evermore
  The precious, the only things;
They will live and have long delight
They two in each other's sight,
  In the violet vale of the nightingale
And the flower that blooms by night.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

OLIVE, PRINCESS OF CUMBERLAND AND DUCHESS OF LANCASTER.

MOST readers are aware of the fact that, like the Duchy of Cornwall, the Duchy of Lancaster is an appanage of the British Crown, and a source of income to royalty. Few, however, possibly are aware that within the memory of our fathers the title of Duchess of Lancaster was assumed and borne by a lady in virtue of an alleged bestowal of that honour on her by George III., and that she was recognised as such by four royal dukes, and received with full honours as a member of the royal family at the Lord Mayor's dinner at the Guildhall little more than fifty years ago, though she now lies in a humble grave!

And who was this Duchess of Lancaster? And how came she to assume that title?

I will tell the story as her daughter has told it in certain documents of a legal nature, which she not very long since brought forward in evidence of her claim before the House of Lords, and a copy of which has come into my possession.

To make the narrative plain, I must go back just a hundred years. At that time there was living in the town of Warwick a clergyman of some literary and social distinction, the Rev. Dr. James Wilmot—a man who was, in the opinion of many persons, the real author of "Junius's Letters," and who had married a Princess Poniatowski, sister of the last reigning Sovereign of Poland. The issue of this union—if the statements of the family are to be believed—was an only child, a daughter, Olive, who was married by her father, on the 4th of March, 1767, at Lord Archer's house in Grosvenor Square, to His Royal Highness Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, the youngest brother of George III.

It is well known that King George had a great aversion to any of the royal family contracting a marriage with an English subject; accordingly, it appears that this marriage was kept quite private, and, indeed, was not known for several years afterwards to the public, though two distinguished noblemen, the Earl of Warwick and the great Lord Chatham (the elder Pitt) were privy to its celebration, and certified to its regularity by their formal signatures.

On the 3rd of April, 1772, this marriage resulted in the birth of an only child, a daughter, who was privately baptised the same day as Olive Wilmot, and was brought up to believe herself the daughter of Mr. Robert Wilmot, and *niece* of the reverend gentleman who, if the story be true, was her grandfather. The family lived at Warwick, and Olive Wilmot grew up to childhood and to womanhood apparently unconscious of her real royal parentage, although on the day following her birth she was "rebaptised, by the King's command, as Olive, daughter of the Duke of Cumberland." This second baptism, however, was not entered in the parish register, but was placed on record by a certificate signed by Dr. Wilmot, his brother Robert, and John Dunning (afterwards Lord Ashburton). The certificate of this union was kept private and sacred, being entrusted to the care of Lord Warwick, as was also the following document, which I copy from the legal statements put forward in evidence only a few years since before the House of Lords :—

GEORGE, R.

We are hereby pleased to create Olive of Cumberland Duchess of Lancaster, and to grant our royal authority for Olive, our said niece, to bear and use the title and arms of Lancaster, should she be in existence at the period of our royal demise.

Given at our palace of St. James's, May 21, 1773.

(Witnesses) CHATHAM.
J. DUNNING.

This paper may have been written in full by the King; but it clearly is very informal, as it departs from the usual phaseology of "name, style, and title"—and does not mention in the second clause the grade in the peerage to which His Majesty wished to elevate "our niece," whether to that of a baroness, a countess, or a duchess. It was agreed, however, between the King, his brother, Dr. Wilmot, and witnesses, that the patent of creation should not be acted upon during the life of George III.; the reason alleged being that this step was necessary in order to screen the King's brother from a trial for bigamy, as in 1771 he had married publicly Lady Anne Luttrell, daughter of the Earl of Carhampton, and widow of Mr. Christopher Horton, of Catton, county Derby. It is clear, however, that if this was the ground for suppressing the patent of creation, it would have been far more sensible (since the King was privy to his brother's marriage) to have agreed that the patent should not be acted on during the life of the Duke of Cumberland himself, seeing that his death—which happened in 1790—of course put an end to all possibility of his being indicted for bigamy.

In 1791 this Miss Ol[illegible] be—

apparently in profound ignorance of her rank—bestowed her hand on Mr. John Thomas Serres, of whom all that we know is that he was a son of Dominic Serres, and that he followed the profession of a portrait painter.

Here I prefer to tell the story of "Olive, Duchess of Lancaster," in her own words. She says, in her printed "case":—

"The said Olive Serres, having been informed of her proper position in life shortly after the demise of His Majesty King George III., and being (as she had foundation to believe) the legitimate daughter of Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, fourth and youngest brother of his said Majesty, assumed the honour, title, and dignity of a princess of the blood royal; styled herself "Her Royal Highness Olive, Princess of Cumberland," and adopted the royal arms, livery, and seals in like manner as made use of by other junior members of the royal family."

In September, 1820, not long after succeeding to the throne, George IV. issued his command, through Lord Sidmouth, that the certificate of marriage between his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, and the elder Olive Wilmot should be "proved and authenticated." This was done: it was duly authenticated before Lord Chief Justice Abbott (afterwards Lord Tenterden); and the lady in question was told—apparently, however, only *verbally*—by her solicitor, a Mr. Bell, that His Majesty "had been graciously pleased to acknowledge Her Royal Highness as Princess of Cumberland, only legitimate daughter of his late uncle, Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland," and to give orders that she should have found for her a suitable residence until a permanent one could be fixed upon, and that pecuniary means, sufficient to enable her to keep up her dignity, should be at once placed at her command. She was then living in Alfred Place, Bedford Square; and even by her own statement the information does not appear to have been sent to her officially.

The Dukes of Sussex, Clarence, and Kent, it appears, were not slow in acknowledging their new cousin, being satisfied that the documents with their father's signature, "George R," were genuine; and, although the Duke of Cambridge did not acknowledge her till a far more recent date (1844), and the Duke of York refused to follow suit altogether, she maintains that the Duke of Kent had long previously gone so far as not only to make a will bequeathing to her £10,000, and to assign to her and her child a yearly income of £400 under his hand and seal, promising solemnly to see his "cousin reinstated in her royal birthright at his father's demise,"

absolutely to nominate her as the future guardian of his infant ter, her present Majesty. The documents are as follows :—

solemnly testify my satisfaction as to the proofs of Princess Olive of erland's birth, and declare that my royal parent's sign manual to the certifi- of my dearest cousin's birth are, to the best of my own comprehension and the genuine handwriting of the King, my father. Thus I constitute Olive, ss of Cumberland, the guardian and the director of my daughter Alexan- 's education, from the age of four years and upwards, in case of my death, om the Duchess of Kent being so unacquainted with the mode of English tion ; and, in case my wife departs this life in my daughter's minority, I con- my cousin Olive the sole guardian of my daughter till she is of age.

loon, Nov. 1st, 1819. EDWARD.

Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, binds himself hereby to pay to my daughter, ia Janetta Horton Serres, 400*l.* yearly during her life, in regular quarterly ents, and further promises that she shall be the young lady companion of his hter Alexandrina, when that dear infant attains her fourth year. Witness the signature of His Royal Highness, in confirmation of this sacred obligation.

c. 17th, 1819. OLIVE.

EDWARD.

he Duke of Kent lived only a few weeks after signing this strange er, dying a week before his father ; but he survived long enough this story be true—to "recommend solemnly Mrs. Olive Serres, rwise Olive, Princess of Cumberland," to his brother, afterwards rge IV., and to write other formal appeals to his wife and to his nt child, in order to aid her in obtaining "her royal rights."

At the request of the Duke of Kent, the late Mr. Robert Owen, of ialist memory, advanced to the Princess no less than 1,200*l.* ; and ppears from these papers that the sum was repaid to his son, Mr. bert Dale Owen, by her present Majesty's command.

The rest of the story of "Olive, Princess of Cumberland and chess of Lancaster," may be soon told. Her mother had died in nce, early in life, of a broken heart, brought on by the trouble d anxiety entailed on her by her connection with royalty, all the re perilous because it was clandestine. Her husband, Mr. Serres, d in 1824, and ten years later (in November, 1834) she died also a broken heart ; she was buried in the churchyard of St. James's, cadilly, and had the satisfaction, such as it was, of being entered he register as a Princess of the blood royal.

Her daughter, Lavinia Janetta Horton Serres, married a Mr. es—a member of a good Dorsetshire county family—but the riage did not turn out happily, the union being dissolved by a

It will be remembered that Her Majesty's full name is "Alexandrina ria," and that it was under that double name that she was proclaimed

legal separation. Mrs. Ryves died, if not in actual poverty, at all events in very needy circumstances, in lodgings in Queen's Crescent, Haverstock Hill, in December, 1871; her husband, too, ended his days in obscurity early in the present year. Besides one son and one daughter, who are deceased, Mrs. Ryves had issue three daughters and two sons, who survive her, by no means in affluent circumstances. I believe it is true, and if true it is a wonderful example of the irony of history, that the lady who, assuming her own statement to be trustworthy, was the second cousin of our most gracious Queen, and her possible and intended guardian, was dependent in her last illness on the aid and support of those who had little enough of their own to spare, and now lies in I care not to say how humble a grave in the cemetery at Highgate.

But my readers will want to know what steps were taken by the Princess Olive, and by her daughter, Mrs. Ryves, in order to prosecute their claim to the title bestowed by George III., and to the legacy left them by the will of Edward, Duke of Kent.

The lady who had trod upon scarlet laid along her path when she dined in state at the royal table at the Guildhall in November, 1820, in the following year was arrested upon a promissory note, most probably on purpose to raise the question of her birth in a legal shape and form. She pleaded that, as a member of the royal family, she was privileged from arrest; and, although baffled on this occasion by a legal technicality, in the next year she gained her point in another way. I use her daughter's words:—

> This lady . . . . subsequently gained, or rather was granted, her privilege . . . . as being a member of the royal family, for, having refused to pay taxes for armorial bearings, male servants, &c., an information was filed against her in the Court of Exchequer by the then Attorney-General, and after hearing the arguments on the case for several days the Chief Baron advised the Attorney-General to withdraw the information, which he accordingly complied with.

She must, however, have had a strong taste for the law and law-courts, as next year—I am not informed how the circumstance came about—she was "living within the Rules of the Fleet."

Her daughter tells us, with apparent satisfaction, that

> She was delivered into the custody of the Warder by the name, style, and title of Princess of Cumberland. From the Fleet she was removed into the custody of the Marshal of the King's Bench, when, after having been for seven years in illegal bondage, her liberty was effected by a writ from the Crown Office to the Marshal of the King's Bench for the Princess to proceed to the Judges at Westminster to receive her liberty, which she accordingly did, and obtained it.

On the death of George IV. the daughter, Mrs. Ryves, filed a bill

n Chancery against the Duke of Wellington, as the King's executor, or the money due to her mother from the estate of George III., but was defeated by a legal technicality which prevented her right from being really tried at law. But with respect to her claim to royal blood, she was wholly powerless to take any further steps until the passing of the "Legitimacy Declaration Act" in 1858. Under the provisions of this Act, as soon as she could collect sufficient funds, she brought forward in 1861 a suit to establish her own birth as "the lawful daughter of John Thomas Serres, and Olive, his wife"; but returning to the charge in 1866, she failed to obtain a decree for the legitimization of her grandmother's marriage with the Duke of Cumberland. In fact, to use her own words, "the decree of the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes of June 13, 1866, declares that Olive Serres was not the legitimate daughter of the Duke of Cumberland, and that there was no valid marriage between the said Duke and Olive Wilmot."

Against this decision, some three or four years since, Mrs. Lavinia Janetta Horton Ryves appealed, as a last resource, to the House of Lords; but she failed in her appeal, which was dismissed in a very summary manner. This failure, no doubt, as it stripped her of her last worldly possessions, also broke her heart, and she died, as I have said, in poverty at Christmas, 1871, like her mother before her, a victim to disappointed hopes and shattered ambitions. Alas! how true are the bitter words :—

The lovely young Lavinia *once* had friends!

Thus far I have given my story in the words of Mrs. Ryves. The death of her mother, however—the Princess Olive—gave occasion to a long obituary notice of her career in the pages of this magazine for the year 1835, in which her pretensions to royalty are treated as "fabrications," and she herself denounced as an "extraordinary and aspiring impostor." On the principle of "Audi alteram partem," I take from the notice of SYLVANUS URBAN all the facts which are in any way supplemental to the story of Mrs. Ryves.

It is here said that her father, Mr. Robert Wilmot, was a house-painter at Warwick, and that while living with her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Wilmot, shortly after quitting school, she appeared as a witness on a very extraordinary trial for a burglary in her uncle's house, for which two men were convicted and executed. "Her account," adds Mr. URBAN, "was very marvellous, and her conduct, as she represented it, highly heroic." Her husband, Mr. John T. Serres, was scene painter at the Royal [illegible] marine painter to King George III. a

her husband's father, Count Dominic Serres, a gentleman of French extraction, who had been taken a prisoner in war, settled in England, and became one of the early members of the Royal Academy. After her separation from her husband Mrs. Serres was thrown on her own resources, and in 1806 obtained the appointment of landscape painter to the Prince of Wales. It is believed that at one time she also made an appearance on the stage, and performed as Polly in the "Beggar's Opera."

Always possessed of a busy and romantic imagination, Olive at an early age essayed her powers at original composition, and in 1805 published a novel entitled "St. Julian." In the following year she gave to the world a volume of poetical miscellanies, which, strangely enough, she named "Flights of Fancy." These she followed up with an opera, "The Castle of Avala," and a volume of "Letters of Advice to her Daughters."

"In 1813," says Mr. SYLVANUS URBAN, "she embarked in her first attempt to gull the public by proclaiming her late uncle, Dr. Wilmot, to be the long sought author of 'Junius's Letters.' These pretensions, advanced by her in a 'Life of the Rev. James Wilmot, D.D.,' were negatived by letters from Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury, (afterwards Bishop of Lichfield,) and Mr. G. Woodfall, published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1813, and giving rise to a controversy which was carried on for several months." Her next freak was an "Explanation of the Creed of St. Athanasius for the advantage of youth."

"About the year 1817," continues Mr. URBAN, "she first discovered, or professed to have discovered, that she was not the daughter of Mr. R. Wilmot, but of Henry, Duke of Cumberland. At first she was satisfied to be accounted illegitimate; but she shortly after professed to be his legitimate daughter. At first her mother was Mrs. Payne, sister to Dr. Wilmot, and afterwards she became the Doctor's daughter. On these pretensions she proceeded to forward her claims to the Prince Regent and the royal family, and to the officers of the Government. She now employed herself in fabricating several absurd and contradictory statements, the most weighty of which was a will of George III. in which he left her fifteen thousand pounds. In the Session of 1822 or 1823 Sir Gerard Noel was induced to move in the House of Commons for an investigation of her claims. The motion was seconded by Mr. Joseph Hume; but Sir Robert Peel, in a most clear and convincing speech, set the matter at rest, and enlightened the few who had been deceived by her extravagant assumptions. He pointed out that her documents

were framed in the most injudicious and inconsiderate manner, many of the signatures being such as could never have been made by the parties whose they professed to be. He concluded his speech by humorously observing that "even if these claims were given up, there were others which could yet be pressed, for the lady had 'two strings to her bow.' In fact, he held in his hand a manifesto of the Princess Olive, addressed to the highest powers of the Kingdom of Poland, and stating that she was descended from Stanislaus Augustus! From this time, however, the Princess Olive was constrained to relinquish her carriage and her footmen in the royal liveries, which some simple tradesmen had enabled her to display."

Her later years were spent, I fear, not only in obscurity, but in poverty, and, indeed, "within the Rules of the King's Bench," where she died.

I have seen a portrait of the Princess Olive, and certainly no one who inspects it will deny that she bore a striking likeness to the royal family, and especially to King George IV.

E. WALFORD.

LIFE IN LONDON.

IX.—DINING WITH THE PREMIER.

IF I had been invited to dine with the literary magnates of Yeddo, and it had fallen to my lot to see the Japanese ladies come trooping in to look on from a distance, the incident would have been recorded in my notes as an example of barbarism in Japan. The Shah of Persia would not, I suppose, even extend so much consideration as this to the female ornaments and slaves of the land of Hafiz and roses. I confess it astonished me last month to see the women of England flocking round this Imperial Blue Beard with the diamond-hilted sword. But that is only by the way. My business lies in another direction, and with men who generally take credit for honouring and admiring women.

Fancy the intellectual men of a great civilised city, with the First Minister of the Crown at their head, inviting ladies to see them dine and hear them talk! I do not know when I have felt so humiliated as I did the other day sitting before a plate of soup, and seeing handsome and well-dressed women picking their way through a crowd of noisy men at dinner, to remote seats where they might contemplate the noble savage, and hear him talk after he had gorged himself to repletion. Yet this was the Literary Fund dinner. The managers of the Press Fund Festival spread a separate repast for the ladies in a room adjoining to the men's mess, and conducted them into the general room afterwards. It is left for the more humble Newsvendors' Association to invite ladies to the high privilege of sitting down with the men; but old Bede of Durham, who drew a line beyond which ladies were not to pass even at prayers in the cathedral, was not more strict than are the Literary Funders. I commend this subject to the pens of Mrs. Crawshay, Mrs. Garrett, or Miss Power Cobbe. I am a man, and feel incompetent to satirise this affair as keenly as the merits of the case deserve. It offers a capital topic for the pen of a woman who can feel for herself as I felt for her in Freemasons' Hall.

Mr. Gladstone never looked better, never spoke better, and never had a more appreciative audience. He sat between Lords Stanhope and Houghton. Close by were the Bishop of Derry, the Dean of

ster, the Dean of Lincoln, Mr. Motley, Anthony Trollope. The
s calm pale face stood out like the leading head in some old
It was a treat to watch the familiar countenance, to note its
to catch glimpses of the great mind in the eloquent eyes. Mr.
ne's remarks condemnatory of "the butcher, the baker, the
ick maker," entering the literary arena were received with
pplause. This is a subject which cannot be too seriously con-
by editors, publishers, and the public generally, and I rejoiced
dealt with in the preface to the last volume of the *Gentleman's*
e. A book, simply because it is written by a grocer, or a
or by some other working man, is not to be judged by the
tages under which it is written; it must stand on its own
nd if it will not bear the crucial test, those who applaud it
p it simply because it is written by one who might be
d incompetent to such a task are doing a great wrong both
thor and to society. This is the opinion of the Premier, and
sound and practical opinion. The crowd of amateurs, of
shoemakers and inspired kitchen maids, is growing every day.
boxes are full of their maudlin nonsense. Every now and
ublisher is found for some of them, and the result, as a rule,
disappointment. An author has no right to parade his want
r qualification for the work which he offers to the public on
terms as other authors. If I undertook to make a set of
om furniture for SYLVANUS URBAN, I have no claim to
onsideration when I come and say, "The fact is, sir, I am a
d this is my first attempt at joinering."

dined with Lord Stanhope at Madresfield Court, near Mal-
n after the marriage of his daughter with Lord Beauchamp.
tor of Pitt's Letters is an old friend of the Premier. Mr.
ne referred to this friendship in proposing Lord Stanhope's
eferred to it in really warm and affectionate terms. Despite
plexion of the Premier's mouth, which is marked by what
et has called "the downward drag severe," it is capable of a
ial and fascinating smile. This struck me most forcibly and
y while he was talking to Lord Stanhope—who, by the way,
htly and interesting conversationalist. It was his lordship's
her who invented the Stanhope press, and to whom
partly indebted for the art of stereotyping. Sitting near
other night carried me back to the grand old hall at
ield, *the more so that upon* that occasion Lord Beauchamp
rt speech discovered me to his lordship as an author, and
me to reply in the full view of Lord Stanhope's gold-

LIFE IN LONDON.

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ry knives, with which young heirs are suffer'd to mangle their udding; as likewise of *silver* and *gold knives*, brought in with sert for carving *jellies* and *orange-butter*; and the indispensable sity of a silver knife, at the sideboard, to mingle salads with."
t this is by the way. I want to say a few words about after r speaking. I am not going to trouble you with a treatise on ical æsthetics; I only desire, in a suggestive way, to ask why randial oratory is, as a rule, so arrogant and stupid. Froude her day at the Press Fund dinner moaned and postured, and d like a Primitive Methodist at a Love Feast; Anthony Trollope as if he had the pilgrim's peas in his mouth; and at the ry Fund one could not understand two words in twenty that fell the lips of Lords Houghton and Stanhope, or even Dean Stanley. Valter, M.P., was tolerably distinct, but why so preachy? Every man who gets up to make a speech seems to think he is in the t. The Bishop of Derry made himself understood, but he d and stuck to his text of "not yet," for all the world like a n engaged in a missionary sermon. Tom Taylor got out of the al style, but he made his usual mistake of thinking and talking about Tom Taylor. Called upon to speak for the Literature of Jnited Kingdom, he devoted himself entirely to a dissertation himself, his habits, his weaknesses, his strength, and what the s said of him. Next to the speech of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. ey's earnest tribute to English literature and to English tradition the most successful speech of the evening. Mr. Motley is a t, modest looking man of fifty, hair and beard a frosty , and crisp; he has earnest eyes, and his action while speak- is deferential and sympathetic. His picture of the earliest n of an intellectual American was idyllic. He drew the shrines at which a young intellectual American desired to bend knee; he drew Stratford-on-Avon and Westminster, and in hing, eloquent, picturesque language worthy the historian of e Dutch Republic." The Bishop of Derry, in proposing "The ature of the United States," mentioned "Walt Whitman" as of America's greatest geniuses. It was rude I know, but I hed aloud, and a spiteful reflection came into my heart. I said myself, "I am not sorry that Mr. Gladstone disendowed you, O pous Bishop of Derry!" Mr. Motley, in replying, referred to fellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Emerson, Joaquin Miller, tier, as among great Americans, and I applauded him to the echo. *When the "toastmaster" was about to call for a charge of our s to the health of "The Ladies,"* Mr. Gladstone, with his



quick observant eyes, noticed that the ladies had disappeared. Many of the gentlemen had gone too. Mr. Taylor's eloquence had emptied all the furthermost benches. "The Ladies" were, therefore, not toasted. It is well for me that this omission occurred; for I had registered a profane vow, over a glass of bad port, registered it savagely and with *malice prepense*. I was not set down in the toast list, but I had resolved to reply for the ladies. I dare say I should have astonished Mr. Gladstone, quite as much, perhaps, as Tom Taylor astonished the Mayor of Leeds the other day, and I might have surprised myself and friends, seeing that I am known as a modest and unobtrusive gentleman. May I ask the ladies who read the *Gentleman's*—and I am told they are legion—to think well of me for my good intentions?

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

An Old Story of Travel.

BY H. T. WOOD, B.A.

TO have been to India and back is not enough nowadays to make a man a traveller, but to go nearly all the way there on foot would be a very creditable feat even now. About three hundred years ago a man did this, and as, so far as we know, nobody else has ever attempted to rival him by repeating the performance, it really seems that he deserves more credit than he generally gets. Who is there who knows the name of Coryat—Poor Tom Coryat, as his contemporaries used to call him? Now and again a stray antiquarian, ransacking the dusty shelves of some old library, may come across the quaint book he has left us, but not many folk have the patience to struggle through the difficulties of queer spelling and ancient print, for the sake of a few quips and cranks three centuries old. He was one of the queerest fish that ever lived, this Coryat—cracked, some of his friends said, and it may be not without reason; though, if there was a bee in his bonnet, there was also a very considerable share of true genius, aye, and of sound common sense, under that bonnet. Let us try and dig up his intellectual bones.

The briefest sketch of his birth and early life may suffice. That he was born in 1575, the son of the Rector of Odcombe, in Somerset; that he was educated at Winchester and Gloucester Hall, Oxford, is as much as we need care to know. "At the latter place," says Wood, in the "Athenæ Oxonienses," "continuing about three years, he attained, by the help of a great memory, to some competency in logic, but more by far in the Greek tongue, and in humaner learning." His marvellous power of acquiring languages we shall have occasion to notice hereafter. When he left college he seems to have known well both Latin and Greek, the former, of course, as all scholars of his time knew it, colloquially. The first we hear of him when his university life was over, is as occupying some sort of position in the household of Henry, Prince of Wales. How he came by the post we are not told, nor even exactly what the post was, for his name does not appear in the list of the h
Whatever his official duties were, his real positior

been that of a privileged jester. Fuller, that quaintest of old chroniclers, says that "He was the Courtiers' *Anvil* to trie their witts upon, and sometimes this *Anvil* returned the *Hammers* as hard knocks as it received." He became popular, too—"falling into the company of the wits, who found him little better than a fool in many respects, made him their whetstone, and so became *notus nimis omnibus.*" Such, at least, is the statement of Anthony à Wood. Like some other clever men, he found that his most profitable employment was to play the fool, and, having a natural inclination that way, he probably played the character well. Still, like others who have followed the same trade, he might have died forgotten as soon as his antics ceased to please, but for one particular craze he got into his head. He thought he would like to travel and see the world. Whether he wanted to get materials for a book, or whether he was urged by a mere itch for vagabondage, does not appear. Anyhow, he did make a tour through Europe, kept a journal on the way, and published it when he came back under the portentous title of "Coryat's Crudities, hastily gobled up in five moneths Travells in France, Sauoy, Italy, Rhetia, comonly called the Gryson's Country; Heluetia, *alias* Switzerland, some parts of High Germany and the Netherlands. Newly digested in the hungry aire of Odcombe, in the County of Somerset, and now dispersed to the nourishment of the Travelling Members of this Kingdome." With these "Crudities" his name is connected by the few who know that name at all. The sole object of the book was to amuse. In this respect Coryat was the Mr. Sala of his time. He did not trouble himself much about anything but what he thought would amuse his readers and make them laugh. True, some of his witticisms are rather flat and stale, but it must be a good joke that will stand keeping for three centuries, and our friend's witticisms are, after all, not of the very finest order. In his search for comic objects he seems to have found nothing more comic than himself, so he treats us to a good deal of autobiography. Not that he tries to glorify himself; on the contrary, he relates with the most perfect freedom and candour matters that most men would take pains to conceal, and seems to enjoy nothing more thoroughly than relating with every detail the particulars of some occasion on which he made a fool of himself.

So much for the manner of the book; now for its matter. It was on May 14th, 1608, that Coryat started from Dover. The miseries of the passage he does not forget to describe, but gives us a graphic description of his sickness and the ridiculous picture he presented *under its* attacks. The discomfort of the crossing seems to have been

about the same then as now, only there was more of it, inasmuch as it lasted longer. From Calais he went straight to Paris, riding post. There he saw much to admire. The unfinished Louvre and the Tuileries both attracted his notice. The miracle of St. Denis he thought "too great to be true," a modified expression of opinion with which we may safely agree. Casaubon he made acquaintance with, and found him "by so much the more willing to give me entertainment, by how much the more I made relation to him of his learned works, whereof some I have read." "Fontaine Beleau" he was much pleased with. On the whole, his descriptions in this part of the book read curiously like the remarks of some much more recent travellers.

From Paris he proceeded southward through France and Savoy, without meeting with any very remarkable adventures. As he says in a set of macaronic verses :—

Alpes
Passavi, transvectus equo cui nomina ten-toes.

A piece of exquisite Latinity hardly worth the trouble of translation. It was in Italy that he spent most of his holiday and made most of his curious observations. One of the first things that struck him was a certain monstrous custom that the people had of using forks at their meals, instead of eating with their fingers in the usual way. However, though he was at first, naturally enough, shocked at so silly and withal barbarous a practice, he afterwards became reconciled to it—nay, even went so far as to adopt it himself, and attempt its introduction into England. For this he was properly rallied on his return, but as he was a noted eccentric, probably everything he did was considered humorous, and this among the rest. Fans, he remarked, were carried by both sexes, some very curious and of great value; but more extraordinary still were some wonderful contrivances "which they commonly call in the Italian tongue umbrellaes, that is, things that minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching heate of the sunne. These are made of leather something answering to the forme of a little cannopy, & hooped in the inside with divers little wooden hoopes that extend the umbrella in a prety large compasse. They are used especially by horsemen, who carry them in their hands when they ride, fastening the end of the handle upon one of their thighs, and they impart so large a shadow unto them that it keepeth the heate of the sunne from the upper parts of their bodies." Worthy Jonas Hanway, the introducer into England of the umbrella, being then unborn, th
which has since become the distinguishing ch

Englishman was not known to our ancestors. At Cremona he ate fried frogs; at Padua he went to St. Anthony's tomb, hoping to see some demoniacs exorcised of their devils, "but the effect thereof turned to nothing." Here also he observed one custom, the narration of which got him credit for want of veracity. He says that in a public place there was a stone, and if a debtor felt his debts too many for him, he could go and sit for a prescribed time upon this stone in a certain ridiculous position, and thereby become freed from his creditors. This new sort of bankruptcy court was not believed in by critics at home, but as Addison afterwards saw and described the same ceremony, it seems that we must give Coryat more credit for truthfulness than did his contemporaries.

His next halt was Venice. Here he spent six weeks—the sweetest of his life, as he says. Venice was then in the zenith of her glory; and the beautiful queen of the Adriatic, like Corinth of old, was ever hospitable to strangers. The "Odcombian Legge-stretcher," as our traveller called himself, was made as welcome as all the rest of the world, and for the treatment he received he was not ungrateful. Everything pleased him; he was ready to admire and wonder at everything. The gondolas he was delighted with, and he grows almost as fervent in their praise as Mr. Disraeli. So much did they take his fancy that he mentions as the most remarkable of all the Venetian curiosities "a little bay nag feeding in the churchyard of St. John and St. Nicolas." Who indeed could find a use for a nag, bay or other, when it was given him to ride at ease in a gondola? Some of his adventures in this city of pleasure we had better pass over in silence, though to be sure he dilates upon them with his usual *naïveté*. Nor, perhaps, are his observations upon the city and its monuments of a general interest. Some of his friends in England dubbed him the "Tombstone Traveller" on the strength of them, an unkind cut, especially as there were then no "Murray's Handbooks" to save the voyager the trouble of such descriptions.

Then, as now, the English style of dress hardly commended itself to the travelled sense of beauty, and as the continental Englishman now sneers at the shooting-jacket or the flaring gown of his compatriot, so to Coryat's eye the Venetian garb contrasted favourably with the garish colours affected by the English. Our ancestors, he thinks, wore more fantastical fashions than any other nation under the sun, the French only excepted. But it was not only the Italian costume that came in for criticism. Our traveller, though a sober man enough, has a word to say about the wines of the country. The *lacryma Christi* he especially fancied, and he quotes with approval

the dictum of some one who could only exclaim after the first bumper, "Domine, cur non lacrymasti in regionibus nostris?"

One thing, and one only, did not meet with his approval—the religion of the country. Our friend was a staunch Protestant, and had very little toleration for Popish weaknesses. A feat which he considered very creditable was the purloining of one of those little wax figures that Catholics hang up as votive offerings in their churches. After long hankering, he watched his opportunity and carried off a small waxen leg. As his performance rendered him liable to be had up before the Inquisition, it at all events required some courage to do that which otherwise had been but a miserable bit of petty larceny.

So much for Venice and its delights. From it he struck northwards through Germany. At the "bathes of Hinderhowe, commonly called Baden," he made a short stay, and watched the folk drinking the waters and bathing, the latter in somewhat promiscuous fashion. Not far from Baden he met with one of those adventures which he apparently dwells upon for want of anything more serious to relate. As he was going along the road he was struck by the suspicious appearance of two "boors." Being well provided with funds, he felt nervous, and so to disarm suspicion he adopted the *rôle* of a beggar, put off his hat very courteously unto them, and addressed them "in a language they did but poorly understand, even the Latin." The device was perfectly successful, for, says he, "they gave me so much of their tin-money called fennies (as poor as they were) as paid for half my supper that night at Baden." Either the "boors" were liberal, or the supper a very bad one; however, Coryat got off safe with the gold he had quilted in his jerkin, and was happy.

Strasbourg he passed through, and he gives us a picture of the wonderful clock. Another picture represents the great Tun of Heidelberg with Coryat standing on it. This tun was, in his opinion, "the most remarkable and famous thing of that kinde that I saw in my whole journey."

At "St. Gavern," a town on the Rhine, he was subjected to a ceremony something of the same sort as that connected with the celebrated "Highgate oath." Near the town gate was hung an iron collar, and this was fastened round the neck of the stranger to be initiated. Of course he was released on paying the usual penalty—drink for the company round. At Cologne there were the relics of the three kings to be seen, just as they are now. Probably Coryat was the first Cockney, as he was certainly not the last, to gape at

The remainder of his journey to Flushing contained little of interest. Thence he sailed to London, where he arrived on October 3rd, 1608, "being Monday, about foure of the clocke in the afternoone." In all, as he relates with pride, his travels had extended over 1,975 miles. He saw forty-five cities, and was twenty weeks and two days on his journey.

Such was Coryat's first tour. Not a very remarkable one, indeed, nor, except for its results upon the traveller, deserving much record. Perhaps not so much the deeds he did, as the way in which he told those deeds we should admire, and in the above bald account most of the original quaint flavour is unhappily lost. However, good or bad, these adventures were to be handed down to posterity. Coryat's first care was to write a book—the "Crudities" above mentioned. This was the only book he ever completed, and very proud he was when it was done. Having finished its preparation, and obtained the necessary permission to publish it, he went round to all his friends among "the wits," asking for sets of verses which might make a sort of introduction to the book. They seem to have given them readily enough, though the poems were not of a sort to have afforded much gratification to one of a more sensitive nature than Coryat. In mock-heroic style they lauded the virtues of the modern Ulysses, who had dared the dangers of the Channel, and visited such unknown lands as France and Italy. Whether our traveller accepted in good faith these extravagant bits of laudation, or whether, as is much more probable, he looked upon them as good jokes, likely to suit his book, we will not profess to decide. There they are, nearly sixty of them, a proof of either the pertinacity or the popularity of the collector. There are well known names, too, among the list of contributors—Ben Jonson, Lawrence Whittaker (a special crony of Coryat's), Michael Drayton, Inigo Jones, Dudley Digges, so that we may justly conclude that Coryat was at least notorious. The result was successful, for, as Anthony à Wood tells us, the verses "did very much advantage the sale of the book."

M. Delepierre, in his "Macaronéana," will have it that all the verses are by one hand—that of Coryat himself—and we cannot help a suspicion that he is not entirely wrong. However, all the writers who mention Coryat, in books written not long after his death, treat the verses as genuine, so the weight of evidence is in their favour.

So the book was published, and became at least a nine days' wonder. Coryat, in his own estimation at least, was the traveller of the age, and he felt the necessity of keeping up his reputation.

Partly, it would seem, from his craving for notoriety, partly because the restlessness of the genuine traveller's fever was upon him, he made up his mind to take such a journey as man had never taken before. He would visit the three quarters of the old world. This was his route—Turkey, Palestine, Persia, thence to India and China, that he might "see Tartaria in the vast parts thereof;" after that to the court of Prester John in Ethiopia, and then perhaps home again, to write another and a greater book—a book that should not only make him famous in his own days, but hand down his reputation to generations yet unborn. Such was the scheme. Had it been carried out (perhaps omitting the visit to Prester John) and a faithful record of it kept, we should like enough have had a book of travel only second to that of the great Father of History himself. In the event, as we shall see, death interrupted the traveller before his purpose was more than half accomplished, and besides we have but very scant accounts of what he did succeed in accomplishing. Of the earlier and less interesting part of his travels an account was published in "Purchas's Pilgrims," but of the latter portion we have little knowledge, except what is derived from a few letters sent home from various points in his travels, and a chapter in Terry's "Voyage to East India," of which more anon.

He started on this long journey in 1618. From London he went straight to Constantinople or Stamboul, and there his journey proper may be said to have begun. At Zante he saw the tomb of Cicero, but was not equally fortunate at "Syo" with that of Homer. The sites of the seven churches of Asia he was anxious to discover, but could not. For this he was partly reconciled by the sight of Troy, or its ruins, among them a great house which "is continued by tradition to have been sometimes a part of the famous palace of great King Priamus." He took the opportunity, as usual, of playing the fool in company with another Englishman named Rugge, who dubbed him a knight of Troy, whatever that may be. After this he made a speech—another weakness of his—and rested content with himself.

His next stage was by sea to Jatta or Joppa, whence he made his way to Jerusalem over a road infested by Arab marauders. In Jerusalem he was kindly treated by a convent of Franciscan friars, who showed him all the treasures and wonders of the sacred spot. They took him to Bethlehem, and did not forget to point out a stone by the wayside on which the Virgin had rested herself. In order to afford a comfortable seat, the stone had made itself soft, so that it had received on it the impress of the Virgin's form, and this, as it hardened again, it still preserved. As a memorial of his pilgrimage,

Coryat got himself tattooed, a fact of which he often boasted in after life, saying "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

According to Purchas, Coryat went to the Dead Sea, and there heard of but did not see "the pillar of Lot's wife in salt with her childe in her armes, and a pretty dogge also in salt by her, about a bow shot from the water." The "pretty dogge" seems to have been too much for old Purchas, for he adds that Coryat "saw not this, but tooke the report of another, and seemeth by the child and dog to be a falsehood in word or in deede."

Coryat found Palestine very thinly populated, and Terry, who notices this, goes on to contrast its condition with that in which it was at the time of the Biblical narrative. He remarks that it was very wonderful a strip of ground some 160 miles long by 60 broad should ever have supported thirteen hundred thousand fighting men. These calculations, though savouring of Dr. Colenso's spirit, by no means led Terry to the bishop's conclusions. He, worthy man, only thought the miracle the greater.

From Palestine Coryat went to Aleppo, where he was entertained by the English consul. Here he had to wait for a caravan. With it he marched into Persia, not forgetting to note on his way Uz of the Chaldees, the birthplace of Abraham. Nineveh he saw, "which now hath its old name changed, and is called Mozel; also Babylon, now 'Bagdat.'" The Euphrates and the Tigris he crossed, the latter almost dryshod, the water not reaching above the calf of his leg. Next he went "through both the Armenias, and either did, or else our traveller was made to believe that he saw the very mountain Ararat on which the 'ark of Noah rested after the flood.'"

The next country visited was Persia, where he saw "Uzpahan," the usual place of residence of "Sha Abbas, or King Abbas;" also Seras, anciently Shushan, where "Ahasuerus kept his royal and most magnificent Court." At Ispahan he remained two months, and then went with a caravan to Lahore, a journey that occupied four months and some days. This town, he tells us, was the Mogul's chief city, a place of great wealth, and "lying more temperately out of the parching sun than any other of his great cities do." His next stopping place was Agra, "the Mogul's metropolis." The road from Lahore to Agra was planted the whole way with trees to shade it; this road was 400 miles long, and took our traveller twenty days to pass over. Here Coryat stayed till "he had gotten to his Turkish and Morisco or Arabian languages some good knowledge in the Persian and Indostan tongues." Asnere was his next stopping-place. On his journey he had met Sir Robert Shirley, who was resident at the

Mogul's Court, and had married a niece of the monarch. From this town he sent home letters, dated 1615; one among them to Lawrence Whittaker, in which he describes the wonders of the Mogul's Court. Not the least of these marvels were the unicorns, "whereof," he says, "two have I seene at his Court, the strangest beasts of the world." This we may charitably suppose was a little bit of brag for friends at home. A picture of the traveller, riding on an elephant, accompanied the letter. Another letter was sent "To the High Seneschal of the Right Worshipful Fraternity of Sireniacal Gentlemen that meet the first Friday of every month at the sign of the Mermaid, in Bread Street, in London." At Asnere he rested some little space, and reckoned up his journey. From Jerusalem to Asnere he calculates was 2,700 miles. This he had accomplished in fifteen months and some days, all on foot. During the whole journey he had spent but £3, and ten shillings of this he had been cheated out of by some Armenian Christians. On the whole an economical tour.

On September 16, 1616, he left Asnere and went back to Agra, where he stayed six weeks. Next we hear of him at Mandoa, in the house of Sir Thomas Rowe, the English ambassador. It is to Terry, the chaplain of Sir Thomas, afterwards Rector of Greenford in Middlesex, that we owe most of our knowledge about Coryat's travels. In 1655 Terry wrote his "Voyage to East India," and in it he tells how he met Coryat "in those parts" (near Surat), and became intimate with him.

While at Agra Coryat put his linguistic powers to the test by tackling a certain laundress, who used to "scold, brawl, and rail from the sun-rising to sunset, until one day he undertook her in her own language, and by eight of the clock in the morning so silenced her that she had not one word more to speak." So says Terry, with infinite gusto.

But the end of poor Coryat's travels was drawing near. He began to fail in health and spirits, and was much oppressed with the idea that he would never get back safe home to publish his travels. This was his chief distress, and one day when he suddenly swooned away in the presence of Sir Thomas Rowe and Terry, he confided to them this feeling that he should never see England again. Nor did he, for in spite of the requests of Sir Thomas that he would continue with him, he determined to press on with his journey, and started for Surat. There he died, and the manner of his death was in this wise: on his arrival at Surat he found some English who had just arrived. They, it appears, had brought out with them some sack, and this seems to have caught our traveller's fancy, who cried out "*Sack*,

sack, is there such a thing as *sack?* I pray thee give me some sack." On drinking of it, though moderately, Terry tells us, as he was ever a temperate man, it so aggravated his disorder that he sickened and died. *Sic exit Coryatus*, says his biographer, who seems to have had a sincere regard for this queer cross-grained bit of humanity. He was buried at Surat "under a little monument, like one of those that are usually made in our churchyards."

Such was the end of "Poor Tom Coryat," the "single-soled and single-souled" traveller. It was but an unhappy end after all, since he never lived to carry out the purpose which had led him on so many weary miles. Could he have published his journal he would have died happy. It never was published. His papers seem to have come into the possession of Sir Thomas Rowe, but what became of the greater part of them is not known. This was a real loss. No one in that time, perhaps no one since, except Anquetil Duplessis, the Frenchman, ever saw so much of the people of India as did Coryat. He travelled among them as one of themselves, wearing their dress and speaking their tongue. That strange Eastern civilisation, then in its full splendour, must have been familiar to him. It would have been a very valuable book, had it ever been written, for, despite all his follies and eccentricities, Coryat was a keen and a shrewd observer. He was minutely accurate and veracious, so far as we can judge from his first book, and from the report of Terry, who probably had read his journals. As a traveller he had that restless itch for motion which has distinguished the race from Ulysses downward. Terry says that he was "of a coveting eye, that could never be satisfied with seeing, though he has seen very much, and who took as much content in *seeing* as many others in the enjoyment of great and rare things." In character he was "of inordinate but simple vanity," easily flattered, and easily wounded by any appearance of slight or neglect. Many of his contemporaries held but a poor opinion of him. Wood, the compiler of the "Athenæ Oxonienses," always speaks slightingly of him. Taylor, the water-poet, was a bitter enemy of his, and no love was lost between the two.

> Your plenteous want of wit seems wondrous wittie,

says Taylor; and this, though bitter, is not wholly unjust. Kinder and more entirely true is old Fuller's epigrammatic saying, "First, few would be found to call him *Fool*, might none do it save such who had as much Learning as himself. Secondly, if others have more *Wisdom* than he, *thankfulnesse* and *humility* is the way to preserve and increase it."

THE PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

A PROLOGUE.

IN vain will he who herein looks
Seek for great men, like Lords and Dukes,
The honest phiz of Smith or Snooks
Too surely has betrayed him :
No flattery tones a wrinkle down,
No smirk does duty for a frown,
Black is not white, and Brown *is* Brown
As plain as Nature made him.

This is my friend, that now my foe—
For thus the tide will ebb and flow—
Those dear fond eyes could even go
And smile upon another ;
Such tales are told beneath the sun,
This loving couple fight like fun,
That gentle youth has been and done
A bill, and his own brother.

In early youth 'twas understood
The premium was for "being good"
A picture-book, with cuts on wood
Of birds and beasts and bogies ;
And so, if you are nice, you know,
My picture-book to you I'll show,
Of "lions," brutes, of belle and beau,
And well got-up old fogies.

* * * *

The grave, grim knight in coat of mail,
The flowing wig, the quaint pig-tail,
The patch and powder, all entail,
Like parchment, life's gradations ;
Until the next heir, in his need,
With reckless Charles has quite agreed
To clear out, at utmost speed,
His "[illegible]lations"



Let but a few years pass away,
And see how fades that lady gay!
The very "lion" has had his say,
And sunk into perdition:
There's not a head but where you doubt—
Who—when—or what it is about;
And people talk of bringing out,
Alas! a new edition.

H. C.

MAKING THE WORST OF IT.

BY JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XI.

SISTER RUTH.

THE Strand is one of the best known and busiest streets in the world. Most travellers as well as natives have seen Somerset House and the two churches in the roadway, and have marvelled at the architectural and topographical eccentricities of our forefathers. What a thoroughfare! What a never ending, quick flowing stream of men and women from early morning until late at night! How many persons pass through the Strand in a day? Never mind about the figures. Day by day humanity enough to people a small kingdom uses the broad thoroughfare. Stand by the gloomy entrance to Somerset House and ask a hundred passers-by to direct you to Winsor Court. It is a hundred chances to one that even one in the hundred will be able to do so, though the court is just opposite. For Winsor Court is a blind court, and blind courts are only known to the poor and to the police. Probably a long time ago, before George III. was King, this Winsor Court was inhabited by well-to-do people who had pews in the parish church and who dressed as grand dames when they had a row on the silvery Thames or walked in the Park. The no-thoroughfare added to the value of the houses, because it ensured comparative freedom from noise. Now that the Strand has become a market only the blind court has gone down and become the abode of the poor. We pass along ten yards of smutty, yellowish covered entrance, and we are in Winsor Court. The noise of the rushing, crushing traffic of the Strand strikes hoarsely and confusedly on the ear, and as if it were afar off.

The second floor of the grimiest house on the east side is the abode of Mr. Feckles. Dirty and dismal is the sitting room. Two or three broken panes are patched with paper, and the curtains are a dress and a shawl, the shawl being Mrs. Feckles' only out-door garment, and the dress is long past the stage of shabbiness when the boldest pawner would dare offer it!

The blackness of the torn carpet vies with the blackness of the heavily cobwebbed ceiling. A woman in draggled and tattered clothes is huddled on a worn and uneasy looking sofa. Mr. Feckles is burning cheap tobacco in a very short and highly coloured clay.

"Dick, don't be a brute. Get me a little of anything. I have not tasted to-day, and I could cry only there's no tears left in me."

"Then why don't you eat? It's drink and drink with you as long as you are awake."

"You are a wretch. You know my poor delicate stomach turns at the thought of food; and those who can't eat must drink. And you are the one to preach to me about drink! Was I a drinker till you dragged me to the gutter? And don't you drink like a fish with a burning fever on it?"

"There's no money and nothing to pawn."

"Then why don't you turn out and get money? The Lion isn't the only theatre, and I wish that old lord had been burning before he went off with that hussey and shut up the Lion."

"I have no money, I tell you."

"That's a lie."

"You had better mind what you are after," said Dick, in an angry voice.

"Hit me, do. But you won't twice without getting a precious good tit for your tat."

Mrs. Feckles rose from the sofa as she spoke, and emphasised the word "tat" with a thump on the table. Dick was about to speak when the domestic wrangle was disturbed by a knock at the door.

"It's a dun; but you may answer him, Mr. Feckles, for I won't. No more of your dirty work for me, and the only thanks starving, lies, and bullying."

The knock was repeated.

"Come in," shouted Dick.

When the door opened, Mr. Feckles was startled, dropped his pipe, and exclaimed "Lord Shamvock."

"How are you, Dick? I want a word with you, and so here I am. Mrs. Feckles, I presume? I hope I shan't be in the way for two or three minutes?"

"Oh, no, my lord; but we are not fit to be seen by any one."

"Never mind about the place. Dick is down on his luck, but I shall put him on his legs. We need not bother your wife's ears with our business, Dick."

"Certainly, my lord. I will leave you," said Mrs. Feckles.

"*By the bye*, could you get me a glass of sherry? Here, Dick,

ask your wife to get a bottle," said his lordship, holding out a sovereign.

Mrs. Feckles dexterously interposed her hand, and took the money. Dick looked savage, and Lord Shamvock laughed.

"Don't let him have the change. I'll take care that Dick has enough in his pocket to keep out the devil."

Mrs. Feckles bestowed an anxious, longing look at the shawl curtain, and went on her errand.

"Feckles, do you know that the Rose is married?"

Dick shook his head.

"Why don't you answer?"

"No, my lord."

"Well, she is, and the scoundrel who passed for her father is her husband, and between them they have done me out of £800. The jewels that cost me over £300 they have pawned for a third of their value, and the night before the bolt they had £500 in banknotes. I mean to catch them. What sort of man is the sham father?"

"Tall and thin, and lushy about the face," replied Dick.

"What coloured hair?"

"Brown, with a good deal of grey."

"Any whiskers?"

"No, my lord, a clean shave."

"Stoops a little and eyes blue. Eh, Dick?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Any mark about the face?"

"Red mark on one cheek, like a scar."

"The villain! But I will have it out of him. Dick, that fellow's name is Boliver, Frank Boliver. There's fifty pounds for you if you can spot him."

Dick shook his head.

"Think it over, and call on me to-morrow night. You may hit upon a clue. Here is a couple of quid on account. Don't breathe a word of what I have told you, or I shall not stand your friend. Of course you will keep it dark from your wife."

"I won't tell her anything."

"That won't do, Dick. When a woman thinks there is a secret she will worm it out. Tell her a lie with a dash of truth in it. Say I came to ask you about the Rose, and that I am going to get you a situation. There is no lie so safe as a half truth."

Mrs. Feckles was heard in the passage, and she was not alone. She was saying something to somebody, and the somebody replied with a wild and scornful laugh.

"What's the row, Dick?"

"It's my"——

"Why, father, she wanted me to wait outside because you h lord with you. I am not afraid of a lord."

A girl, tall, pale, with lustrous flashing eyes, and a bright bu flush on either cheek. The hood of her cloak thrown off, and hair very long, dark brown and unkempt. Her cloak, of coarsest serge, is long and broad enough to fall in heavy f Round her waist a thick rope knotted at the end, and reaching t feet. Round her neck a thinner cord, to which a cross is atta The delicacy of the girl strongly and painfully contrasts with rough attire, and her voice is full and musical as if she were weak, but hale.

"Who is this, Dick?"

The girl replied.

"I am Sister Ruth. He is my father, but she is not my mot

"I am sure I have tried my utmost to be a mother to her," Mrs. Feckles.

The girl laughed. A low but ringing, half scornful, half pitying l

"Tried to be my mother! Who could be my mother bu mother? I never saw her with my eyes. Oh mother dear, le go to you, I am so weary."

"Poor girl," said Lord Shamvock.

"Not poor, yet I am poor. A bride and a widow, and a w and a bride. When I am very good the angels bring my mot me while I sleep. Though I never saw her with my eyes, I kno from all the angels, and I sleep on her bosom, and she is my m and I am her little baby, and I am so happy."

"It is sad," whispered Lord Shamvock. Perhaps for the first that hard, cruel, corrupt heart felt unselfish sorrow.

"No, that is not sad, that is joy. Oh, mother, nurse me to- But it is sad that in all the years and in all the nights I can bring my father to my mother. I cannot tell her about him. I him, but I never think of him when I am with her—never, n never."

She kissed her father.

"See me to-morrow, Dick. Good day, Mrs. Feckles. God you, my girl."

Lord Shamvock had shaken hands with Ruth, and was at the when she exclaimed "Stop, my lord, I must speak to you."

She took him to the window, and holding up her hand to the *spoke in a whisper.*

"You can see through it. The cage is frail. The spirit will soon be free."

She put his hand upon her heart.

"It beats so hard and fast. The spirit would be free, and will not let me rest."

She put his hand to her head.

"I feel it there, too. It is torture sometimes, and I know the end will come soon. And then my father will be alone. My mother will never let me come to him to comfort him. Will you give him a little, ever so little?"

"He shall not want."

"I shall pray for you."

Lord Shamvock was leaving.

"Oh, my mission, my mission! My lord, hear me!"

"Don't, dear," said Mrs. Feckles.

"The fire burns, and I must speak. My lord, when you go to Court tell the Queen and the lords that all men are equal; that the land is the people's, and that their misery has killed Sister Ruth. The rich ones of the earth heap up riches, and yet call themselves Christians."

Ruth walked up to Lord Shamvock, and said in his ear "I shall pray for you, and when my mother has me, and will not let me come back again, you will not forget my father."

She lifted his hand and kissed it, and as she did so a single scalding tear fell on it.

CHAPTER XII.

ALIAS SIMPSON.

"If I had to begin life again I would do very differently." So think most men in the hour of regretful despondency—those who succeed as well as those who fail, and perhaps the successful are the more discontented with their conduct. The man who wins the race finds the prize somewhat disappointing. He imagines that if he had done this, or left that undone, success would have been more complete and more fruitful of happiness. Granting that the paths you did not try would have led you to the untried earthly paradise for which you sigh, you would miss them even if you had to begin life over again. Unbought experience is worthless. It is the same with the nation as with the man. History may be written for our instruction, but we only read it for our amusement or to garnish a controversial speech. Therefore, history repeats itself. So with the

individual. By training much may be done to improve the chances of a virtuous and happy career, but every man has to walk alone and to pay for his experience with suffering.

Besides, what prevents you beginning life again? Too old? Faugh! It is not how many years you have lived, but how many years you will yet live. You may do something for the riches you covet. The difficulty is that you will not begin life afresh. You will not change your name, your associates, the place that knows you, and maybe your country.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, of No. 73, Belitha Road, Laurel Park, Holloway. They have been for some weeks at that lodging. Holloway is not a remote village. The doggerel prophet told a bygone generation that England's fame would ne'er go down till Highgate stood in London town. The Union Jack floats as high and proudly as ever, yet Highgate is part of the Great City of Burnt Clay, and Holloway lies betwixt the heart and the environs thereof. Yet though living in the great city, no one suspects that Mr. and Mrs. Simpson are not what they were a few weeks ago. No one has observed that Mr. Simpson was Mr. Boliver and Mrs. Simpson the Rose of the Lion Theatre.

Frank had resolved to live as an *alias* for a year or so, and Rose was content to live anywhere and to be called by any name provided Frank was with her. But both were disquieted. Rose knew not why her husband shunned society and seemed to fear some terrible catastrophe. Frank was restless and quickly repented his resolution. If he loved his wife at all, it was not all in all, and his heart yearned for the noise, the bustle, and the excitement of the whirling world he had forsaken. He became irritable and morose. The patience of his wife provoked him. Perhaps if she had been angry or passionate he might have somewhat curbed his temper, but her forbearance was a stinging reproach that infuriated him.

"Rose, I've something to tell you that you won't like to hear, but you must hear it and bear it too."

"Oh, Frank, are you in any danger?"

"None whatever, except of being moped to death in this hateful solitary cell."

"If you don't like the place and it is dull, dear, we can move."

"Now, Rose, once for all stop your aggravating innocence, for it does not impose on me. What is the use of moving from one miserable solitude to another? Look here, whether it pleases you or the other thing, I have done with hide and seek after this week. I am going into society."

"Very well, Frank. I thought there was something that"——

"What you refer to is settled, but trust you for stirring up an unpleasantness. No, I am free to go where I choose."

"Do what you will, Frank, so long as you are happy and love me!"

"Your yea-nay put-on meekness doesn't increase my love, I can tell you. However, you are my lawful wife and I must put up with some of it; but I am not to sacrifice the whole of my days to your whims. You must keep dark. You will stop here as Mrs. Simpson. When I come here, which will be pretty often, I shall be Mr. Simpson, a commercial traveller."

"Frank, I feel it; I can't help feeling it. I am your wife, and I am to be as if I were not your wife."

"You may sneer and snarl, but I am not going to be moped to death to gratify your stupid selfish whim."

"That is not fair to me. I will bear degradation—any degradation—for your sake."

"I suppose you would be charmed to hear that Lord Shamvock said Rose Dulmaine took jewels and money from him for her husband, Mr. Frank Boliver? You would be delighted to see me kicked out of society."

"I was to be acknowledged as your wife when your uncle died, but now I am to wait till somebody else dies. You will never acknowledge me till I am dead."

"Perhaps not then. I might have 'Simpson' cut on your tombstone."

That cruel sneer was too heavy an addition to the weight of sorrow, and Rose cried.

"What a fool you are. You aggravate me till I don't know what I am saying, and then you take every word as serious. I am not a liar. When my uncle dies you shall be my acknowledged wife, and, as for Shamvock, I'll give him a hint that if he dares to breathe your name he shall be taught that I can pull a trigger."

The somewhat kinder tone of Frank did not stop the crying.

"Come, Rose, leave off, for there is no need for tears. I shall think it over for a week, but if you bother me like this, I shall bolt at once and not be in a hurry to come back."

In the morning Frank was looking over the newspaper, while Rose was out marketing. He lighted on the following:—

"Mr. Frank Boliver. Any one giving information of the whereabouts of Mr. Frank Boliver will be handsomely rewarded.

Messrs. Doloski and Gouger, Private Detective Office, Surrey Street, Strand."

"Doloski and Gouger! Who has dared do this? It will be a dear day's work for somebody. Not long ago this would have alarmed me; but now my conscience is free as a baby's so far as the law is concerned. Doloski and Gouger's client shall pay for this. The answer will be quicker than pleasant."

The wife came in and saw Frank putting on his boots.

"I am going to town, Rose. I shall be back to dinner."

"Going to town? Is anything the matter?

"Nothing that hurts me, Rose. I will tell you about it when I return."

Frank was in a good humour, for he kissed his wife on leaving. Rose was pleased and puzzled.

"I know he would always be kind if he were not in trouble; and if he were kind I could almost forget the past."

Then Rose, after much mental guessing, concluded that the rich relation was dead or dying. No more concealment. No more false names. She would be his wife before the world.

Rose would be less sanguine if she were older. Waiting for the shoes of the dead is dreary work. The rich relation has the best medical care and lives long. When he dies, the inheritor of his wealth cannot enjoy it as he would have done ten years before. Perhaps he does not enjoy it at all, for a dead man's shoes are apt to blister the feet and press the corns of the new wearer. No wonder the poor man craves for riches, for money would do great things for him. No wonder the rich man murmurs, for wealth can do so little for him. Having the attainable, we have strength and leisure to sigh and pine for the unattainable. When we are too old to feed upon dreams we turn to philosophy, and that soon fails. There remains religion. Happy the man whose faith is to him as the very substance of the things hoped for!

When Frank arrived at the offices of Messrs. Doloski and Gouger a youth informed him that the partners were in.

"What name, sir?"

"Simpson."

When he was shown into the private room, Mr. Doloski looked up for a moment, and then resumed his writing. Mr. Gouger asked him to be seated.

"What can we do for you, Mr. Simpson?"

"I have called about the advertisement respecting Mr. Frank *Boliver.*"

"Very kind of you. Do you know his address?"

"Yes."

"I presume you will favour us with the information we require. It will do Mr. Boliver no harm."

"What about the handsome reward?"

"If we get the address from your information there is a ten pound note for you."

"Not enough," said Frank.

"What do you want, Mr. Simpson?"

"I will do it for twenty."

"What do you say, Doloski?" asked Mr. Gouger.

"Mr. Simpson has a big idea, but we may risk it."

"Give me a contract for the twenty pounds."

"Certainly, if you doubt our word."

"I do not doubt your word, gentlemen, but in a matter of business I prefer a bond."

Mr. Gouger wrote a letter promising to pay the twenty pounds, and handed it to Frank, who looked over it, folded it, and put it in his pocket.

"If I bring you face to face with Mr. Frank Boliver you will be satisfied?"

"Perfectly," said Mr. Gouger.

"Gentlemen, I am Mr. Frank Boliver."

Mr. Gouger looked at Frank and then at his partner.

"I don't see the joke, Mr. Simpson."

Mr. Doloski left his desk, and bolted the door.

"It's not a joke, Gouger. That is Boliver, I swear."

"Well, gentlemen, you have caught your Tartar; what are you going to do with him?"

"Detain you till our client comes."

"Detain me? Keep me in custody, in unlawful custody. That will cost you more than twenty pounds. Pay the reward, gentlemen, and unbolt the door."

The partners conferred together, and appeared uncertain as to the course they should pursue.

"Come, gentlemen, this won't do. Am I your prisoner? If not, I am off. You can pay the reward another day. I am satisfied with your written contract."

"From your coming here we feel sure there is a mistake which concerns you as well as our client to have cleared up."

"Who is your client?"

"Mr. James Stot."

"What, Jem Stot! A model money lender. He takes the cream, but does not chisel you out of the skim milk. What does Stot want with me?"

"He holds some bills of yours."

"He does not."

"Well, Mr. Boliver, he holds some bills bearing your endorsement, and for which you have had the coin."

"I tell you there is not a bit of stamped paper out with my name on it."

"We will be open with you," said Mr. Doloski; "Mr. Stot has some paper on which your name is written, and the cash has been given to Lord Shamvock on your account."

"Shamvock! This is news indeed! Well, gentlemen, I have not had the money, and my name has been forged!"

"Lord Shamvock is your friend?"

"No, he is my enemy. I have been fleeced by him, and lately he tried to do worse than fleece me."

"What was his game?"

"He gave me a three hundred pound bill to discount, and lent me fifty pounds out of the cash. When it was nearly due he told me that there was something wrong about the acceptance, and that I was in jeopardy, for I might not be able to prove my innocence. That bill is paid and burnt."

"Was the acceptance Duncan, Forbes, and Co.?"

"Yes."

"He has stuffed another of that lot into our client. Do you object to seeing Mr. Stot?"

"Object! I *must* see him. Where is he to be found?"

"At Russell Square."

"Let us call on him."

"Certainly, Mr. Boliver," said Mr. Doloski. "I will go with Mr. Boliver."

"I shan't bolt," said Frank.

Mr. Gouger laughed and shook him by the hand. It would require extraordinary sharpness and agility to bolt from Doloski.

Mr. Stot listened to the explanations of Mr. Doloski with what is called an unmoved countenance, and in these days command over the facial muscles is deemed an heroic achievement.

"What you tell me is not news, or I should not have advertised fo Mr. Boliver. If you want a chase, shout, blow your horn, and le your fox know you are after him; but if you want to snare and catc your fox, don't advertise your game. I knew that Mr. Boliver wa *innocent.*"

"You want me to swear to the bills being forgeries. I am ready."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Stot, "that was my plan, but it won't do. Shamvock will swear you are the guilty party, and in proof of it he will bring up the forged bill you discounted, shared, and paid. That would not answer my purpose, and would compromise you."

"I never thought of that," exclaimed Frank. "The villain may be able to disgrace and ruin me."

"Could not one or two witnesses listen to a conversation between Mr. Boliver and Shamvock?" suggested Mr. Doloski.

"No, my friend," said Mr. Stot. "I have a safer plan. When do you start for New York?"

"To-morrow night," said Mr. Doloski.

"How long will you be there?"

"Three or four weeks."

"Take Mr. Boliver with you."

"Certainly."

"How will that help me?" asked Frank.

"Leave it to me. Do as I tell you, and I pledge you my word that I will ruin Shamvock and get you out of the fix."

"There is one difficulty. The fact is, I am just now without money."

"I will find the money. Don't thank me. Shamvock shall pay the expenses."

It was arranged that Frank should go with Mr. Doloski.

"By the way, your going must be a secret. The whole success depends upon that. I have an appointment with Shamvock here at seven. He will be out at that hour. Call on him then, see his man Hawker, and leave word that you will call again in a few days."

Frank left with Doloski.

"Ah," said Mr. Stot, "I'll pot you, my lord. The old business may be vulgar, and it does not pay like finance, but it is good fun to trap an artful thief like Shamvock."

CHAPTER XIII.

UNFORESEEN TROUBLES.

FRANK did not tell his wife where he was going or when he would return. He said to himself that it would be unfair to Stot to do so; but the real motive for concealment was jealousy. He loved Rose too well to be indifferent, well enough to be cruelly distrustful, and not well enough to be nobly and wisely trustful. He told her

that there were family reasons for his departure, and that he might not return in a week or a month. Rose was startled, grieved, and rebellious, and, to reconcile her, Frank declared solemnly that it was necessary for his honour and happiness to leave her for a week or two, and that on his return he hoped he should be able to acknowledge their marriage. So Rose let him go, he promising to write to her frequently.

The next morning a letter came. It was affectionate in tone, but the news was disappointing. Frank said he should not write again until he announced his coming home, because it was necessary he should keep his whereabouts secret. In a few weeks she should know all, and then she would not reproach him. He enclosed a bank bill for fifty pounds that she could use if she wanted more money before his return.

Rose was crying when Mrs. Gibbs, the landlady, came to remove the breakfast things.

"Dear me, mum, what it is the matter? I hope there is no bad news from the good gentleman."

Rose shook her head; but Mrs. Gibbs had her suspicions, which she freely communicated to her next door neighbour and to Mr. Gibbs.

"I always said there was something queer about them. The way he used to go on at her is what no honest married woman would stand from the finest man that ever put one leg before the other. He will not turn up again, and she knows it, and serve the creature right. And a pretty condition he leaves her in. But Mr. Simpson don't saddle his cast-offs on Martha Gibbs."

The neighbour agreed with the irate landlady. Mr. Gibbs did not, and was bullied for siding with "a creature" against his wife.

"If Simpson don't turn up in a week, which I'd swear is not his name, I shall put a question or two that will take some of the bounce out of her."

On Saturday morning Mrs. Gibbs brought up the week's bill with the breakfast. Rose went into the bedroom, which adjoined the sitting-room, to get the money. She could not put the key into the lock, and when she pulled the drawer it opened, but there was no money. The gold, the bank notes, and the bank bill were gone. She turned everything out of the drawer, but there was no money. She called for Mrs. Gibbs.

"Well, mum."

Rose as well as she could explained to her what had happened.

"Oh! indeed, mum. You may be mighty clever, but it won't do,

and shan't do; and I'll let you know the consequences of accusing an honest woman, that you are not worthy to breathe with in the same air, of robbery. Prove your words before you are a minute older, or I'll see what the police can do."

With that she screamed for Mr. Gibbs, who immediately appeared on the scene.

"What did I tell you about this creature? Instead of paying me my honest money, she turns round and says we have robbed her of a fortune out of her drawer. But she don't get off with that gag, and will learn as soon as look at me that the wisdom teeth of Martha Gibbs is cut ever so long, and quite full growed enough to be a match for any hussey."

"I did not accuse any one, sir," said Rose. "I only told Mrs. Gibbs that the money was gone."

"And who could have took it, unless there has been fellows in here unbeknown to me?" exclaimed Mrs. Gibbs.

"You need not insult me," said Rose. "I will pay your bill."

"And go as soon as you like, we being quite willing to cry quits for the week's notice."

"My dear," said Mr. Gibbs, "if Mrs. Simpson has lost any money we ought to make inquiries."

"If your grandmother," said Mrs. Gibbs, scornfully. "Why don't she send for the police? Why don't she send for her husband, if there be such a party?"

Rose was helpless. How could she, living under a false name, take any steps to recover her money? She felt the taunt about her husband, for it was true that she could not send to him.

"I will pay your bill, Mrs. Gibbs."

"And go, mum!"

Go! How would she get Frank's letters? How would Frank find her when he returned? But Mrs. Gibbs was obdurate.

"I will go; but you will let me call for letters, and you will give my new address to Mr. Simpson if he comes home sooner than expected?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Gibbs.

"No, I won't. I won't take in no letters, no address, and no nothing. Pay your bill, and let me see the back of you and the last of you. And you needn't be fussing about Mr. Simpson, or whatever his name is, for you have had your pennyworth out of him, and he won't trouble you again."

Rose had a few shillings in her purse, and she [illegible] to provide money for Mrs. Gibbs and money for

mind to pawn her watch and chain. She dressed quickly and went out, and walked until she came to a pawnbroker's. Frank had often pawned; but it was her first experience, and she was timid and ashamed. A man in dingy shirt sleeves asked her what he could show her. She took the case out of her pocket and handed it to him.

"Can't you see this is the selling department? Pledges aint took at this counter. You must go round the corner, and the first door you come to."

Rose went, and entered one of the pawning boxes, which are so constructed that the customers cannot see each other. Pawning is not unlawful, but it is a confession of poverty, and the most hardened sinner would blush at being seen at a pawnbroker's. The customers sneak in and out as if they were thieving.

"Well, mum, what do you want on this lot?"

"As much as you will give me, please."

"That aint our way of business; you must name the figure."

Rose knew that the watch and chain had cost twenty-five guineas, and reflected that Frank might not return for a fortnight or even three weeks. She asked for fifteen pounds.

"Why don't you say fifty at once? We don't mind how much we oblige such an uncommon pleasant lady; but I tell you what we can do," continued the man, as he threw the case on the counter, "if you want to buy a lot superior to this, we can accommodate you for a five pound note."

"What will you lend?"

"What's the good of wasting time on a Saturday? We can do five on the lot."

"That is so little."

The man took up the case, examined the watch, weighed the chain, and tested it.

"It's good enough so far as it goes, and I'll make it seven ten. If that won't do you must try another shop."

Rose agreed to take the seven pounds ten.

"What name and address?"

"Mrs. Simpson, Belitha Villas."

"Ann Simpson, No. 7, Belitha Villas," muttered the man, as he made out the ticket. Rose took the seven pounds ten, less the charge for the ticket, and left the shop.

She searched for lodgings. At most houses they only let to gentlemen. At some they refused her, after a conversation. At one place they asked for a reference, and Rose had no reference to

She walked the whole length of the Caledonian Road, until ame to King's Cross, and there, in a dull street opposite the n, she hired some parlours, paying a week in advance, and an rent under the circumstances. When settling with Mrs. Gibbs, ave her half-a-sovereign, and that worthy person promised to in her letters, and, if her husband returned without writing, to n him of her new address. This relieved Rose of a pressing ty, and she promised Mrs. Gibbs a handsome present when usband came home.

ery morning she was to call at the Holloway lodging and inquire re was a letter, or if he had called. That was the arrangement Mrs. Gibbs. Tired in body and mind, Rose went to bed early, t was hours before she slept. Now that the excitement of the as over she began to think about the robbery, and wondered her Frank would blame her for being careless. Then her ghts were engrossed by Frank. Where was he? When would turn? Would he then acknowledge her as his wife? Presently, in of her utmost efforts, the remembrance of home, of her child- l and her girlhood, filled her mind. Her solitude became almost oppressive for endurance. She longed for the daylight, and the morning twilight gladdened her eyes she fell into a deep , and did not awake until the church bells were ringing for the ing service.

e was very hot, and her head ached. The landlady brought her tea, and being refreshed she went to Holloway. There was no ; and no one had called. Mrs. Gibbs was civil, and Rose said should come every day, and that her husband would soon be . Not a word was said about the robbery. Mrs. Gibbs told neighbours that she was still of opinion that it was a story ted for the purpose of concealing her poverty and desertion. Gibbs bragged very much of her foresight when day after day d and there was no letter, and no inquiry, and Rose did not

hen Rose returned to her lodging she could not eat the dinner was set before her. The landlady, a motherly, middle-aged n, was struck with her appearance, and felt her head and her s.

Dear soul, how feverish you are, to be sure. See my doctor; he y clever, and he will soon set you to rights."

se said she would be well after a sleep; but throughout the day continued hot, thirsty, and with a [illegible] In the ing she could hardly lift her head f

tried to stand her limbs had lost their strength. She was prostrated by fever.

The doctor came, but at that stage could give no opinion. He told her he would send her some medicine, and that she must keep in bed.

"Oh, I must go out!"

"Not to-day, my dear," replied the doctor.

"Am I going to be ill? Let me know the worst. May I go out to-morrow? Oh, do let me go out!"

"Take what I send, keep yourself quiet to-day, and you may be better to-morrow."

When the doctor left, Rose essayed again to get up, but could not. A letter might be waiting for her at Holloway, or he might have returned. She pressed her hot hand to her hot head.

"She would give him my address," she murmured.

The doctor repeated his visit at night. After he had seen the patient he spoke to the landlady.

"I am sorry to say this is a bad case. Very likely typhus. You have children and other lodgers in the house. She must be removed to-morrow. Do you know her friends?"

"No, sir."

"Where did she come from?"

"I don't know."

"Go in to her and ask her where she lived or the address of a friend."

The landlady questioned her, and so did the doctor, but in vain. Her replies were incoherent. They searched her boxes, but found no clue. The letter from Frank had been stolen with the money.

In the morning Rose was swaddled in blankets, and taken in the parish fever cab to the hospital.

"Poor, forsaken, motherless dear," said the good-hearted landlady, crying. "If it were not for my children she should not go."

"The journey will not hurt her," replied the doctor, "and you could not nurse her so well here as she will be nursed at the hospital."

CHAPTER XIV.

LORD SHAMVOCK CORNERED.

"It is awful folly to owe small debts. Owe much or nothing."

That is a Shamvock aphorism. It is in accordance with the law of *England*, which treats small debtors as criminals. If you are a swell,

nd your ledger, if you have a ledger, should show that you are a few ıousands to the bad, you need not be worried by creditors or try to vim with a load on your back. My dear sir, the law takes a just iew of the relations between you and your creditors. It pleased ıe trader in the exercise of his unbiassed judgment to risk his goods ı the expectation of making so much profit. The creditor has a ıortgage on your property, and to a limited extent on your income, ır the Court of Bankruptcy may adjudge you to set aside a part of our income, so that your creditors will receive, if they like to claim , a farthing or even as much as a halfpenny in the pound per annum, nd, setting aside the interest, they would get their debts in about five ıundred years. But you cannot be arrested for your debts, and, rith the aid of a lawyer and an accountant, you can get a discharge rom your debts and start afresh. If you are such a bungler as to ommit a fraud in law you may be punished for your bungling.

But the working man who owes paltry debts, giving a paltry total ıf twenty or thirty pounds, can be imprisoned time after time, and an get no relief from the Bankruptcy law.

Lord Shamvock does not in his brilliant aphorism refer to anything o mean as a County Court debt. He speaks of comparatively ımall debts. When he was less known and more trusted his lordhip favoured tradesmen who could afford to lose respectable sums, ınd who do not dun their creditors. Of late years, on the strength ıf his title, Lord Shamvock has patronised tradesmen of less ıminence, and he has been terribly bored by repeated and urgent pplications for settlements. Since the announcement of his forthoming marriage with Miss Hawes, the heiress, the outer door of is chambers has not been beset by duns. His creditors are conent to wait until his lordship is united in the holy bonds of matriıony to the money-bags of Mr. Hawes. Indeed the prospective ıarriage has enabled his lordship to open new accounts, to replenish is wardrobe, to refill his depleted jewel case, to purchase a chest of xquisite cigars, and to gladden the hearts of his friends with copious raughts of the finest wines. His lordship has even managed to pen a banking account, and his cheque will be honoured for any mount not exceeding five hundred pounds.

His lordship is arrayed in an effective morning costume. On the ıird finger of his right hand there is a massive signet ring. On the ttle finger of his left hand there is a cluster of brilliants. A new set f dress teeth glitter in his mouth. Yet his lordship does not appear asy or happy. He looked at his watch

"Nearly an hour late.

scoundrel Boliver. I wish that both of them, particularly Stot, were dead and buried. I should be out of my bother then."

Stop before you throw a stone at Lord Shamvock. Everybody is supposed to be in somebody's way, and there is often secret satisfaction at the victories of Death. It is very brutal to express a wish that some one may die. It is brutal to speculate on the benefit you would derive if so and so died. But what a mortality there would be if everybody who is supposed to be in somebody else's way were to die! Would there be one man living to mourn for the death of the human race?

The answer to Lord Shamvock's meditation was the arrival of Mr. Stot.

"An hour behind your appointment, Stot!"

"You said you would be in all the morning, and I mentioned eleven as about the hour I should call."

"I am just now a man of business. I am to be married this day week."

"Indeed!"

"Have you not read the announcement?"

"Yes, my lord; but unless our affair is arranged I may have to forbid the banns."

"You won't do that. It is not your interest to keep me out of a good investment."

"Will Boliver give me bills on Duncan, Forbes, and Co. for all the bills I now hold?"

"No, I can't persuade him to do so."

"You know the alternative, my lord, and I wish you good morning."

"Don't be in a hurry. I have a proposal to make. Give me a discharge in full, and I will pay you £500 in cash and £1,000 in bills payable two months after my marriage. I shall lose £1,500 by Boliver's criminal duplicity, and you will get £1,500 out of the fire."

"My claim, including interest and expenses, is £7,700. I shan't take a pound less."

"Then I can't help you."

"Very well, my lord, I must help myself. Before I dine to-day I shall have a warrant out against you for forgery."

"This is a scandalous and dastardly attempt to ruin an innocent man."

"I said I should get a warrant out for the arrest of Lord Shamvock."

"And I tell you I am innocent."

"It is a question of evidence. You may best me. I don't think you will."

"At any other time I would have defied you to do your worst; but now I should sacrifice a fortune. I will see Boliver and let you know to-morrow."

"To-morrow won't do. The Duncan, Forbes, and Co. bill is due."

"Surely you will give me until this time to-morrow?"

"It is not my fault that you have put off the arrangement until the last moment. If I get a bill at three months for £7,700, drawn by Mr. Frank Boliver, accepted by Messrs. Duncan, Forbes and Co., and endorsed by Lord Shamvock at seven o'clock to-night, I shall have the honour of being one of the guests at your wedding breakfast this day week, to which my friend Hawes has invited me. If not, I shall give instructions to my attorney which I shall not withdraw."

Lord Shamvock writhed with rage and fear. The taunt about the marriage revealed to him the deep abyss of infamy into which he had fallen. But there stood Mr. Stot, callous to his rage and to his fear, and as imperturbable as an incarnate fate. With an oath, a coarse, vulgar oath, Lord Shamvock told Mr. Stot he would send to him by seven o'clock.

"You must come to me yourself."

"Must! Why am I to obey you as if I were an errand boy?"

"For two reasons, my lord. It is improper to send such a valuable document by a messenger. It is necessary that you should see me burn the bills you propose to replace by the new acceptance."

Lord Shamvock kept the seven o'clock appointment and returned to his chambers in a humour the reverse of amiable. Lawker was standing before the house.

"I want a word with you, my lord, which must be spoke in the street."

"Are you drunk? Go in, or you will repent your impudence."

"No, I aint drunk, my lord, and I shan't go into them chambers again. I have done with your service, and my things are moved."

"You rascal! Go back, or I will give you into custody."

"No, you won't. I've taken nought of yours. I don't rob and I don't forge. I ain't a pal of Mr. Feckles!"

Lord Shamvock reeled, and then stood staring at Lawker without speaking.

"If you go into the little room and stand on a chair near the door you will find a pretty fairish hole in the wall. I've heard a good deal that has passed of late. I heard your talk

this morning. I saw what you and Mr. Feckles were doing this afternoon."

Lord Shamvock moved as if he were about to assault Lawker.

"That might do up there, and that's why I won't go there never no more. It won't do here. You have been ill-using me and keeping me out of my wages for years, but I always knew I should have you some day, and I've got you now."

"What do you want?" asked Lord Shamvock, hoarsely.

"No favour, but the money you owe me and the wages that is due:—Borrowed, £105; wages due, £55; total, £160. That's all I want of you. Give me a cheque, for I know you have got the money, and I walk off to my own business. Don't do it, and I walk my legs to Russell Square and Montague Place."

"If I give you a cheque for £200 and a handsome present in a few weeks, will you swear not to mention the business?"

It was a bitter, grovelling humiliation to ask a favour—and such a favour!—of his valet. But his lordship had not yet drained the cup.

"I don't want no present, handsome or unhandsome. I won't take £200. I aint a Feckles. I want my due, which is £160. Not a penny less or more. Pay that and I shan't speak a word about the business. For years you have been kicking me, but I have had my turn now, and that is enough."

"Come up, Lawker; I will give you the money. Don't be afraid. We will part friends."

"Well, I am not exactly afraid, but I shan't go up. You can bring it to me here. I will walk up and down till you return. I will wait a quarter of an hour."

Lord Shamvock entered the house and his chambers. It was dusk, and he lighted the gas. He went into the little room mentioned by Lawker, and mounted a chair near the door. There was the hole through which all that was done and said in the next room could be seen and heard.

His lordship sat on the sofa for three or four minutes.

"There is no help for it. If the scoundrel were here I would strangle him. But there is no help for it."

He drew a cheque for £160, and while writing cursed his hand for shaking.

He took the cheque to Lawker, handed it to him without speaking a word, and returned to his chambers.

"He is down, and I am almost sorry for him," muttered Lawker, as he pocketed the cheque and took a parting look at the chambers;

"but I have done no more than what is right to myself, and Shamrock has been all his life crushing others without pity."

No such reflection embittered the present misery of Lord Shamrock. He cursed Stot, he cursed Lawker, he cursed Rose Dulmaine, he cursed Boliver, and he cursed his own folly, but he never thought of the misery he had inflicted upon others; he never thought of the many victims of his brutal debauchery.

"When I am married I shall fight it out. Lawker will not betray me. Feckles dare not betray me. Stot may suspect, but he cannot prove anything against me, and I can prove something against Boliver. I shall best Stot, with all his cunning, and I shall have my revenge against Boliver and the Jezebel Rose."

Gloating over the dream of vengeance, and stimulated by brandy, he forgot his danger. When he went to bed the immediate trouble was how he should dress in the morning without the help of Lawker.

CHAPTER XV.

WHERE IS SHE?

SOCIETY is not hard hearted. It has forgiven the origin of Mrs. Stot and the detective career of her husband. Now Mr. Stot has become a magnate of finance, and has ceased to be a manhunter, people who are leaders in the fashionable world, who are rich and noble, who have ancestral abodes in their counties, and whose names are inscribed in the Red Book of English Life, travel from the etherial regions of Belgravia, Tyburnia, and Kensington, to visit the Stots in Russell Square. Mr. Stot's financial fame has something to do with the brilliant social success. No man is more skilful in floating a loan, so that the millionaires, the mighty rulers of nations, are delighted to have his assistance, and he not only gets a share of the profits, but can put money into the purses of his friends. Greece and Rome despised commerce. In the Platonic Republic there are no traders. Cicero deemed trading ignoble, and was of opinion that the highest nations should not be commercial. *Nolo eundem populum imperatorem et portitorem esse terrarum.* The only noble way of getting rich was by plundering fallen foes. Until very lately there was in this country a deep-rooted prejudice about the vulgarity of trade, but now old blood and new riches are reconciled, and old blood is by no means averse to making money by trade. Lombard Street, Mincing Lane, and Capel Court; Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, are related, and nearly related, to the above-named etherial regions

most pleasant means of filling your pockets, if you are not a trader by vocation, is having a kind financial friend who can allot you stock that is going to a premium, and will tell you when you are to sell. There are two or three coronets to whom Mr. Stot's acquaintance is worth at least £2,000 a year.

Then the Stots are agreeable folk. Mr. Stot is not courtly in his manners, but he is frank and not obtrusive. Mrs. Stot is jolly and good-natured. She is always ready to do anything for the young people, and the young people are immensely fond of her. If you want to learn the latest news as to engagements have a chat with Mrs. Stot. She is not a match-maker, but when an offer is made and accepted the fact is communicated to Mrs. Stot, who is a dear good creature.

A select dinner party was followed by a reception, and the Russell Square rooms were thronged with distinguished guests. Mr. Stot had lately achieved a financial triumph, and rumour credited him with a profit of a quarter of a million sterling; the actual profit being less than a tenth of that sum. Mr. Stot had just issued an address to the electors of Mammonton, and his return was regarded as a certainty. It is not surprising that locomotion was hard labour in Mrs. Stot's reception rooms.

Towards midnight the crowd began to disperse, and Mr. Stot had arranged for a rubber.

"We are going to have our game in the snuggery, my dear," he said to his wife.

"Who is that sitting on the couch near the window? He has been there for half an hour and no one has spoken to him."

"A gentleman from New York, a Mr. Henry. He was introduced by Duckworth. He came early and seems to be stopping to the last. I will speak to him."

The gentleman referred to was tall and thin, with a white flowing beard. He arose from the couch when Mr. Stot spoke to him.

"I fear you have had a dull time of it, Mr. Henry. There has been such a crowd that I have not had the chance of speaking to any one. Let me introduce you to Mrs. Stot."

"I have been introduced to your wife years ago, but I suppose I have grown out of all remembrance."

"Years ago!" exclaimed Mr. Stot. "I must be getting blind. You are"——

"Henry Clayton, and forgive me coming to your house uninvited."

Mr. Stot seized both hands and shook them heartily.

"Forgive you! No man more welcome. We have always been

talking of you, and hoping you would turn up. Mrs. Stot will be fit to jump out of her skin. Come here, my dear."

Mrs. Stot, who had been talking with some ladies, approached.

"Better not mention my name before your friends."

"Come this way," said Mr. Stot, leading Henry into an adjoining room; and when his wife had followed them he closed the door.

"My dear, you were introduced to this gentleman years ago. Don't you remember him?"

"No, I can't say I do, but you will not be offended, sir, for my memory is not like Mr. Stot's, which could not forget if it wanted."

"You saw me once only, Mrs. Stot, and I am greatly changed."

"I have a sort of recollection. Who is it, Stot?"

"Can't you guess? Don't you know the gentleman we have talked of almost every day, and whom you have longed to see?"

Mrs. Stot laid her hand on her husband's arm, and looked steadfastly at Henry.

"Stot, is it—can it be our Alice's father?"

"Yes, my dear, it is Henry Clayton."

Mrs. Stot took Henry's hand, and held it in both her hands.

"How glad I am to see you I can't tell you. And where is our Alice? Where is our Alice?"

"Thank you, bless you for your kind greeting. I have been looking for my child all the evening, but I suppose she has outgrown even my remembrance."

Mrs. Stot let go Henry's hand and looked at her husband.

"Is Alice with you?" asked Mr. Stot.

"Is Alice with me? I do not understand you. With me? Alice with me?"

"Stot, Stot, ask him what it means. Ask him if our poor child is well, and where she is."

"Keep quiet, my dear. It will be explained. Is Alice with you, Clayton?"

"With me? I came here to see her."

"Where did you leave her?"

"With you; I have not seen or heard of her from that day."

"Stot, what does it all mean? My poor Alice; what does it mean? Oh Mr. Clayton, let us know the worst, for this I cannot bear!"

Henry looked as alarmed and bewildered as Mrs. Stot.

"Keep quiet, my dear. Pray speak, Clayton, and let us hear all about it."

"My story is soon told. I went from place to place unt"

spent the money. I settled in Australia. Again I made a fortune, though I did not seek it. Then came a yearning for my child. I returned to England. I watched your house from day to day, in the hope of seeing Alice. Mr. Duckworth, the manager of the bank to which I sent my money, told me he was coming here to a party. I told him I wanted to see you without at first telling you my name. He brought me here. All the night I have been searching for Alice. Where is the child?"

"Stot, what is he saying? Oh, our poor Alice!"

"You need not speak," said Henry, mournfully. "It is the old fate. I am too late—too late."

"Keep quiet, my dear," said Mr. Stot. "Clayton, did you not send for Alice?"

"Send for Alice! No. Is she dead, or has something worse befallen her?"

"Stot, my dear, I am so ill. My poor Alice! Oh, my poor child."

"Clayton, it is well nigh three years ago that we got two letters from France. One was from the lady of the school. It said Alice had left to go with her father, and that she was pained and alarmed that the child had left in such a manner. The other letter was from Alice, saying that you had taken her, and that she was going abroad with you. It was a long letter, and she said she was so miserable about the past that she could not stop in the school, and that she was glad to go to you. I went to France. I found that Alice had left suddenly, and I could not trace her. I supposed that the story was true, and that you had taken her away."

"My sins are punished, and there is no mercy for me. Wife and daughter both destroyed by my cruel act."

"Stot, where is the child? Promise me, dear, that you will find her and bring her to me. If you want me not to die, do so. Think of her, poor dear child, gone no one knows where."

"Keep quiet, my dear. Clayton, we must find Alice."

"Bless you, Stot. You must, you will find her. Bless you, my dear."

"Find her! We may seek, but we shall not find. There is no such mercy for me."

"Clayton, this is an awful blow for you and for us too; for Mrs. Stot, who has not a child of her own, loves Alice, and looked upon her as her own adopted. But don't make up your mind to fail. That is not the way to succeed. We will find Alice."

"*If she yet lives*," said Henry.

"If! I am not going to be cowed by an 'if.' I say, Clayton, we will find her."

"Stot, if I had never loved you as I have done I should now. You will be as good as your word, dear, and you will find her?"

"We will start for France to-morrow evening."

"You might start in the morning, Stot."

"My dear, there is Shamvock's business to-morrow. But that should not keep me, only there is something to be done here as well as in France. I must see Gouger and set him on the scent."

"If I could I would thank you both. I, her father, deserted her, spurned her, drove her to despair. You loved her, and you care for her."

"Mr. Clayton," said Mrs. Stot, "you must be cheerful. Be a good soul, and believe what Stot says. He will find the child, and when he does we will all be happy together."

"Right you are, my dear. Now leave us, so that we may talk it over together."

"Stot, I can't. I must hear all, or I should be crying my eyes out of my head. As for going back and wishing anybody good night, I couldn't for the world."

Mr. Stot went to the few remaining guests and told them that a long expected friend had arrived, and so excused the absence of Mrs. Stot, and, when the guests had departed, he rejoined his wife and Henry.

It was daylight before Stot got up and said:—

"We can't do without some sleep. Clayton will stop here. Yes you will, Clayton, if you said 'No' fifty times. For the present you must obey orders, I being the commander-in-chief."

Mrs. Stot shook hands with Henry and then kissed him.

"You are our Alice's father, and we love you. Do keep a cheerful heart for her sake and for all our sakes!"

Henry was greatly moved by the true womanly affection of Mrs. Stot.

"For Alice's sake and for my own I thank you and bless you."

CHAPTER XVI.

LORD SHAMVOCK'S WEDDING.

MR. HAWES made the most of his matrimonial investment. The fashionable newspapers announced that the marriage of Lord Shamrock to the accomplished daughter and heiress of Mr. The

Hawes would be celebrated the last week in the month. He arranged for the exhibition of the bridal dresses in the window of the milliner. He could not restrain the expression of his delight. "Come now," he would say to a friend, "I think we have done a pretty good stroke of business with our Miss. I am a plain Mister, as my father was before me, but my Miss will be a lady of title, and I shall have a lord for a son-in-law. With my fortune backing him he may die a duke if he keeps his eyes open." The pleasure was not altogether unalloyed. The settlement involved parting with the control of a large sum of money. "Ah," he exclaimed, "I hate settlements. It's like being robbed by your own flesh and blood. It's like being stripped before you are dead." He took care to appoint safe and sound trustees, and to have the principal secured from any liabilities of Lord Shamvock. "What I want," he said to his lawyers, "is to have it made so tight that if a lord could go into the workhouse he could not be kept out with my money." He groaned about the cost of the trousseau and estimate for the breakfast. "I promised Shamvock to give Miss a purse of £500. I shan't do it after all I have spent. A purse of £50 will be handsome, and I don't see what a married woman wants with money." His pleasure was not alloyed by any doubt as to the happiness of his daughter. She was the means of making Mr. Thomas Hawes the father-in-law of a lord, and her happiness was not thought about.

Lord Shamvock was not exultant as becometh a bridegroom. He did not repent the bargain, and was glad when the marriage day dawned. The income of his wife and what he could squeeze out of Mr. Hawes would enable him to enjoy life and to be free from the worry of duns. Moreover, he should be able to fight Stot, and to effect an easy arrangement of his difficulty. With the money he had by him and the money Selina would take from home he should be able to redeem the Stot acceptance discounted by Mr. Hawes. Still his lordship was not lively. The worry about the bills held by Mr. Stot and the conduct of Lawker had broken down his health. Before his lordship could complete his toilet with the aid of his new valet, who was not nearly so handy as Lawker, he had to stimulate with brandy. When his best man, Sir Henry Bawbee, chaffed him about the marriage, his lordship bade him stop his jesting, as he was in no humour for fooling.

"Why, Shamvock, you are not grateful to Fortune. Besides, old fellow, you should have kept a stock of temper. You will want it during the honeymoon."

"*Eleven* is the hour fixed for the job, and it is time we started. I

hall be precious glad when the whole confounded bother is over and . can have my cigar."

And in this sweet state of mind Lord Shamvock went to church.

The wedding party was numerous, but not so distinguished as Mr. Hawes wished. Three or four fashionable people had refused the invitation to be present. Mr. Hawes asked Mr. Stot if he could bring some of his great acquaintances.

"You know I don't care about such fiddle faddle, but it will please Mrs. H. and Miss, and weddings don't come even once a year."

Mr. Stot said he could not assist Mr. Hawes, and again ventured to question the prudence of the marriage.

"Stot and all of them are choking with envy; but they won't baulk Thomas Hawes."

Lord Shamvock suggested that Mr. Stot should not be invited.

"But he is invited, my lord, and he shall come just to choke him with envy. He has not got a Miss, and can never start a family."

The presence of Mr. Stot at the breakfast did not improve the temper of the bridegroom, and in spite of the wine he was dull and absent. It was a relief to him when the bride retired to dress for the journey.

"Now the ladies are gone is there any objection to a quiet cigar? I know Lady Shamvock does not mind smoke."

"If her ladyship does not object we cannot," said Mr. Hawes.

Mr. Stot left his seat and whispered to Lord Shamvock.

"Impossible."

"No, my lord, not impossible, but imperative. I must have an interview with you. It would be unpleasant to mention the business before the company."

Lord Shamvock got up and his walk was unsteady. Perhaps the brandy and the wine had affected him.

Mr. Stot whispered to Mr. Hawes.

"What for?"

"That I will explain," said Mr. Stot, and the bridegroom and the father-in-law followed him out of the room.

Two gentlemen were standing in the hall. Mr. Stot beckoned t them, and they entered the study. Lord Shamvock sat down, b even then he could not keep his limbs still, and he was very pale.

"What does this intrusion mean? Why is his lordship, my son-law, troubled about business at such a time?"

"It's against my advice that Lord Shamvock is your son-in-law. am sorry to give you pain, Mr. Hawes, but it can't be helped. 'l day week his lordship gave me a bil'

drawn by Frank Boliver, and accepted by Duncan, Forbes, and Co. It was not drawn by Frank Boliver. It was not accepted by Duncan, Forbes, and Co."

Mr. Hawes looked at Lord Shamvock and then at Mr. Stot.

"I do not understand. What is it to me or to his lordship, my son-in-law?"

"I say that the bill for £7,700 endorsed to me by Lord Shamvock is a forgery; that the only genuine signature is that of Shamvock."

"Well, what is that to his lordship?" asked Mr. Hawes.

"I say that Lord Shamvock is the forger and the utterer of the bill that he knew to be forged."

Mr. Hawes gasped for breath, and when he could speak he turned to Lord Shamvock.

"Why is your lordship silent? Why do you allow this dreadful charge and insult?"

"Because he is guilty," replied Mr. Stot.

"I did not forge those names, and that I swear."

"Do you hear?" exclaimed Mr. Hawes fiercely.

"I didn't say the signatures were written by you, but they were written by your direction."

"That scoundrel Lawker," muttered Lord Shamvock.

"Lawker!" said Mr. Stot. "No, we have no need to seek for such evidence. Mr. Gouger," he continued, pointing to that gentleman, "of Doloski and Gouger, will tell you that Mr. Boliver, the pretended drawer of the bill, left England with Mr. Doloski a fortnight since, the day after he called on your lordship, and is now in America."

"That is so," said Mr. Gouger.

There was silence for a minute. His lordship saw that he was trapped, and Mr. Hawes had at length a dim perception of the situation.

"Either the £7,700 must be paid now, or Lord Shamvock must leave in the custody of the officer," said Mr. Stot, pointing to the man who stood by Mr. Gouger.

"Stot, you will not be so cruel!" gasped Mr. Hawes. "You will not kill us all. Let him go now. There is some mistake. It will be explained."

"There is no mistake. Time presses. Is the bill to be paid?"

Mr. Hawes, shaking, went to his iron safe, and, when he had unlocked it, took out a bill and showed it to Mr. Stot.

"A forgery, as you may well suppose," said Mr. Stot.

"What a villain!" exclaimed Mr. Hawes. "But he must go with my daughter. I could not bear the disgrace."

"Then you must pay the £7,700. But I don't advise it. In your case I should let him have his deserts."

"Call on me to-morrow. I will arrange with you, Stot."

"No, Mr. Hawes, I must have the money now or his body."

"I have not the money."

"I will take your cheque."

"I cannot, I will not pay," said Mr. Hawes, passionately.

"Wise resolution. Officer, do your duty."

As the officer was advancing towards Lord Shamvock there was a knock at the door, and a servant said:—

"If you please, sir, Lady Shamvock is ready."

Mr. Hawes stood between the officer and Lord Shamvock.

"Stop, this will kill me. Will you take a part, Stot?"

"No, and time presses."

"Are there any more of these things, my lord?" asked Mr. Hawes.

"I swear there are not."

The door was opened by Mrs. Hawes.

"Why, dear, how is this? Her ladyship is waiting."

"Leave us. We shall be with you in a minute."

Mr. Hawes took a cheque-book out of the iron safe, and drew a cheque for £7,700. He gave it to Mr. Stot, who handed him the bill. Mr. Hawes lighted a wax taper, and burnt the bill, and also the Stot bill.

"Now leave, and if I can I will have my revenge," said Mr. Hawes, shaking his fist at Mr. Stot.

"I urged you not to give your daughter to Lord Shamvock, and I did not advise you to settle this affair. I would rather have punished the man than had the money."

"Be off!" said his lordship, looking triumphantly at the taper that was covered with the embers of the burnt bills. "I am free from your plotting, and look out for yourselves. Be off!"

"Good afternoon. But do not threaten. The bills are destroyed; but I have evidence enough of your crime if I choose to proclaim it."

Mr. Stot, Mr. Gouger, and the officer left the house.

In a quarter of an hour the bride and bridegroom departed. It was noticed that Lord Shamvock was in better spirits than he had been during the day.

"I suppose old Hawes has been lining his pockets," said Sir Henry Bawbee.

But Mr. Hawes was not able to see his daughter to the carriage.

"I didn't think the old flint had so much feeling," said Sir Henry Bawbee.

CHAPTER XVII.

DICK'S DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

THIS chronicle begins with a tribute to the joy and bliss of Home. *Dulce domum.* Home, sweet Home. The tabernacle in the wilderness of life. The Temple on earth that typifies our thought and hope of Heaven. But every home is not happy. It is too often the Temple of discord. And then woe to the family.

Mr. and Mrs. Feckles had for years led what is called a cat and dog life. We slander the feline and canine races. A cat and dog abiding together by no will or consent of their own soon cease warfare, and live peacefully. Husband and wife voluntarily pledged and sworn to love and cherish each other, wrangle and fight until death or the law doth put them asunder. The jarring of Mr. and Mrs. Feckles had culminated in blows and the intervention of the wife's relations. Dick said that Mrs. Feckles was constantly the worse for liquor. Mrs. Feckles retorted that he had made her so miserable that she did not care what became of her, and further that he was often mad with drink. In the end Mrs. Feckles went into the country with her relations, Dick giving her ten pounds, and a promise of so much per month. Lord Shamvock, who was afraid of Mrs. Feckles knowing too much of her husband's business, benevolently found the money.

Dick was not so happy as he anticipated. He could drink and smoke without a word of reproach. He could lounge away the day without being abused for idleness, and he could stay out till midnight without being scolded. But Ruth was not domesticated, and did not attend to his wants as Mrs. Feckles had done. Worse than that, the girl had become more strange in her manner and in her talk, and so worried and aggravated her father that before the first week of freedom was over he began to think of asking Mrs. Feckles to return.

Ruth was stitching some coarse calico when her father entered the room.

"Working again?" said Dick.

"The naked are many, and the workers are few," replied Ruth.

"Stuff about the naked. You would be doing more good if you looked after your father. Here it is just three, and that bit of steak *not* cooked, and not a spark of fire in the grate."

Ruth laid down her work, and proceeded to light the fire, but before doing so she put on a pair of gloves. The girl, though she knew it not, was vain of the whiteness of her thin, transparent hands.

"Ruth, how would you like a week in the country?"

"The country is beautiful, and I often long for it when I see flowers, or when the sun shines, but I tell the flowers and the sunshine that I cannot leave my poor, I cannot leave my poor."

"I'll have no more of these tantrums. You shall dress like any other girl, and do as I tell you."

"That cannot be. My mother would be angry. I must bide where I am till I go to her."

There was no more conversation until Dick was eating his steak and Ruth had resumed her work.

"Father, you have told me that my mother was buried a long way off. Will you take me there? If so, I will leave my poor for a little while and go with you."

"Stop that talk," said Dick, savagely.

"You are always angry when I speak of my mother. Oh, father, what did you do to her that she never comes to you, and will never let you go to her—never, never, never?"

Dick raved and swore, and left the room in a rage.

"Oh, mother, I wish you could forgive him. He would be happy and I should be happy. But I must not think or talk; I must work. The naked are many and the workers are few."

Dick went to a neighbouring public and ensconced himself on a seat before the bar.

"Three, Mr. Feckles?" asked the barman.

"Make it four cold, and a screw."

"Why, Dick, here again? You might as well live here, and save shoe leather," said a bystander.

"You don't pay for my shoe leather," said Dick.

"Aint he getting high?" said another bystander. "We shall want a ladder and a telescope for to look at him directly."

"It comes of his being at the Lion," said the first speaker. "I say, Dick, what became of that gal, eh? That there Rose, eh? You're a reglar facinator, Dick, and I shudn't wonder if you was the Cupid that took her off."

There was a laugh, but Dick smoked and drank without deigning to reply.

Mr. Clayton and Mr. Gouger were at another part of the bar taking a glass of wine.

"What a strange looking fellow," said

"His face would convict him of any crime without evidence," remarked Mr. Gouger.

"I fancy I have seen his face before."

"Where?"

"Perhaps on the other side of the earth."

Henry went up to Dick.

"I think I have seen you before to-day. Have you been in Australia?"

"No, I aint," snarled Dick.

"I beg your pardon. Will you take a glass with me?"

Dick pushed his glass on the bar and walked out of the place.

"Not very civil," said Henry.

"Dick is on, sir," observed one of the bystanders. "He's a good deal to try him. A wife he has been obliged to shunt, and a daughter touched in the upper story. That would try most tempers."

"You are right. I am sorry that I spoke to him."

When Henry and Mr. Gouger left the public-house there was a crowd in the road.

"What's the matter?"

"A man bowled over by one of them hansoms."

"Why, it is the old fellow I spoke to."

Two men were supporting Dick and dragging him along.

"Come on," said Mr. Gouger, "there are plenty to look after him."

"I should like to see what becomes of him. I will join you in the office in a few minutes."

"Don't be long, and don't give the crusty soaker money. It will only make him drunk."

"Is he much hurt?"

"No, sir, only shook," said one of the men.

"Where does he live?"

"Just here, sir."

"Help him home and I will pay you for the trouble."

Stimulated by the prospect of reward, the men speedily got Dick to his home.

It required some skill to get him up stairs. The door was opened by Ruth.

"What's the matter with my father?"

Henry stared at Ruth, and then remembered what he had heard in the public-house.

"Do not be alarmed," he said. "Your father is not injured."

"A brush will set the tumble right," said one of the men. "The

governor has took more than he can carry perpendicular. That's what's the matter."

When Dick was laid on the bed Henry gave the men the promised reward, and they departed.

Dick was breathing heavily. Ruth loosened his necktie and bathed his face with water.

"Can't you let me alone? Give me a four, cold, quick."

Dick turned on his side and soon gave oral evidence that he slept.

"He will wake up well. He often gets like it."

"You should tell him of his danger. He might have been injured, or even killed."

"Poor father. No one watches over him. My mother never comes to him and will never let him go to her."

"And does your mother leave you alone?"

Ruth put her hand on Henry's arm.

"My mother leave me? She watches me by day, and when I am good is with me by night. All last night I slept in her arms."

"What, is she so near? Does she live in the house? I thought your mother had lately gone away."

Ruth put her hand to her head and looked at Henry as if she did not understand what he had said.

"Ah, you do not know. You mean his wife. She has gone, but she is not my mother. I have never seen my mother but when I sleep. She died, but I don't know when. He won't tell me when, or where she is buried."

"Poor girl!"

"Poor! No, I am Sister Ruth, and the angels have charge over me. But he is poor. I am soon going to my mother. She told me so last night, and then he will be alone. And he will never come to my mother. She will not see him or let me speak of him. What he has done I don't know; but the angels will not smile on him, and he is lost! Poor father, lost, lost, lost!"

"Have you no relations? No aunt or uncle?"

Ruth shook her head mournfully.

"My mother is with the angels, and there is my father."

And she pointed to the bed.

The blow was not intended, but Henry writhed. His girl, too, was motherless, and her father had not cared for her.

"Can I help you? Let me be your friend, and your father's friend."

Ruth put her hand on his s[illegible]ed at him earnestly.

"The angels smile on yo[illegible]me to-night I will tell her that you wer[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

"Ruth, who has been here?"

"I don't know."

"Did any one leave his address?"

Ruth shook her head. She had forgotten all the incidents of Henry's visit.

"Maybe it was the drink that put the devil's name in my eyes."

"Good night, father."

"What are you going to bed at this hour for, leaving me alone? Mrs. Feckles will have to come back, that is certain."

"I am not weary, father, but I must go to sleep soon lest my mother be waiting for me."

"Lor, what would I give to have Mrs. Feckles back with me this very night!"

"Listen, father.

In her arms I sleep;
When I wake I weep.

No, that is not it. I forget what the angels taught me; but I do not forget when I sleep. Then I hear the sweet music, and I, too, can sing so sweetly. Good night, father. Woe unto you if you wake me from the blissful sleep. Good night. I am coming, mother, dear, I am coming."

"Lor, what shall I do? I'd give worlds if Mrs. Feckles were here this very night."

(To be continued.)

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

It is a curious fact that the descriptive writers of the press who write introductions to reports and do light leaders for the daily papers should have overlooked the visit of the Persian princes to London in 1835 and 1836. Upon that memorable event Mr. James Baillie wrote two volumes, giving a detailed narrative of the visit of the Persians, with an account of their journey from Persia and subsequent adventures. This work would have afforded a fund of suggestions to the journalist engaged upon "copy" in connection with the visit of His Majesty the Shah. These three Persians were not only the first Persians but the first Asiatic princes who ever visited this country. Mr. Baillie was charged with the task of providing for their comfort while they were in England and "of escorting them hence, on their return to the asylum they had chosen." The princes were fugitives, and were severally known as Reza Koolee Meerza, Nejeff Koolee Meerza, and Timour Meerza. They stayed at Long's Hotel at first, and afterwards at Mivart's Hotel, Brook Street, as guests of the British Government. Mr. Baillie was the Boswell of the party, and his book is full of interesting memoranda of the Persians' ideas and opinions concerning what they saw. Prince Reza Koolee Meerza's criticism and comparison of English and Persian beauty in woman may be cited as specially interesting. Mr. Baillie told him that in England we esteem fair beauties, and blue and grey eyes, especially when united with suitable features. "Ah, well! we do not in Persia," said the prince; "deep black eyes for us, and the eyebrows like a pair of arches, with a fine rich colour. Now there—there is one [this talk occurred at a Chiswick *fête*] who has something just a little——You must know that among us we distinguish two kinds of beauty; one of which we value highly, and the other we admire but little. We call them *sebâhut* and *mallâhut*. The first consists in mere regularity of feature, fine eyes, a fine nose, a beautiful mouth, perhaps, but without life or expression: for this we have no fancy. The other consists in that beauty of expression which may exist independent of form and features. The mouth may be ill-made, the chin not what it should be; and yet in the whole face there may be a

spirit and a zest, a something more taking than mere beauty of form, which catches the heart of man in spite of himself. This is what we value, what we covet." From what I learn among those who profess to have understood what the Shah liked and disliked in England, this type of Persian beauty differs rather from the style of woman which His Majesty admired in London.

MR. BAILLIE took these Persian princes to Bedlam, the Penitentiary, and some of the principal prisons. One of the female inmates of Bedlam, a good-looking, excitable woman, asked the youngest prince his name. When he said it was Timour, she replied, "Ah! Timour the Tartar! Well, you are Timour, and I'm the Tartar, ain't I?" "And what is your name?" to the second prince. "Wali," said he. "Wali! oh, what a name! Strange figure too," said she. "Well, Mr. Wali, I'll tell you what you'll do. I'm going to get out of this place soon—they can't keep me long—and you shall take me for a nursery governess, and I'll teach you the tricks of Bedlam." Among the male lunatics there was Hatfield, who shot at King George the Third, and Martin, the incendiary of York Cathedral. The Persians were deeply impressed with the cleanliness and order of our public institutions. Above all things, they were struck with the national clemency which had provided special comforts for Hatfield, who had in Bedlam a fine apartment, "surrounded by his birds and animals, living and stuffed, canaries, parrots, &c."

ACCORDING to this remarkable book, which the newspaper correspondents have so strangely overlooked, Futeh Allee Shah, the then late King of Persia, had the largest family of children, perhaps, that was ever born to man. It was not known how many wives he had, because the vacancies by death were speedily filled. His Majesty, moreover, was in the habit of making frequent changes in the rose garden of his harem, occasionally weeding out those flowers which withered or lost their loveliness, and not seldom bestowing such superannuated fair ones as marks of favour upon his officers, who had to pay handsomely also for this mark of distinction. Those ladies who brought the King sons were seldom abandoned or lost sight of. The moment it was known that any of his wives had become the mother of a male infant, a superior establishment was immediately allotted to her, and she entered immediately into the enjoyment of a weight and influence which was denied to those who had the ill-luck to be mothers only of female children. "But the

King's passion was variety, and, as he made a rule of marrying after a fashion every female to whom he took a fancy, you may conceive that the number of his wives amounted to a pretty high figure."

If any one asks what is really the matter in France and Spain, he gets a hundred different answers. Every man has his theory. Opinion just now is in a chaotic state on such questions. People will lay the fault at the door of Kingcraft, of Imperialism, of Republicanism, of Communism, of Popery, of Protestantism, of unbelief, of the untutored condition of the minds of those populations in the matter of self-government. But is it not remarkable that, at the very time when Thomas Carlyle is still a living man among us, nobody seems to hit upon the explanation that those two great nations, without definite or trustworthy forms of government and without any guarantee of social stability from day to day, are each suffering from the same malady—the want of a Hero? It seems to me—not reckoning by dates, but by freshness of memory—to be, as it were, but yesterday when we were all reading "Hero-Worship," and when everybody was ready to admit, with or without qualification, that the great man rising up above the heads of his fellows was the only efficient cause of all success, the only competent remedy for all disasters and all undesirable states of things. The heads of all readers were full of Wodin and Thor, of Frederick the Great and Mahomet, of Cromwell, Martin Luther, and the rest of them, and nobody would have expected any nation in trouble to come right again, or to enter upon a high career, unless a hero turned up at the fitting time. The gospel according to the author of "Sartor Resartus" must be very evanescent, since, as spectators of the events in France and Spain we have already forgotten our hero-worship, and each of us is speculating with perfect freedom of thought upon the causes of the critical condition of those two countries. I am bound to move on with the intellectual tide, and therefore I will not say that it would of a certainty be well for either France or Spain that a giant should grow up in the service of each; for now that we have escaped somewhat from the spell thrown over us by the philosopher of Chelsea, it is impossible to avoid recalling periods in history when the master mind has come to the front and retarded rather than helped on the healthful progress of things. The fact, however, remains that there *are* no supreme heroes, either in the disorganised or the well-organised countries of the world—with one notable exception. The only actual giant in the two hemispheres is *Prince Bismarck*, and the only stupendous piece of work that has

been done in our time—the making of the German Empire—is the personal act of that one man. The literary career of the author of "Hero-Worship" will be incomplete if he does not write us the life of the first Chancellor of the German Empire.

I AM glad to learn that at the Greenwich visitation the Board of Visitors, by a unanimous vote, supported the views expressed by my contributor, Mr. R. A. Proctor, in his article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* on the transit of Venus.

"THE pipers walked before the carriage, and the Highlanders on either side, as we approached the house. Outside stood the Marquis of Lorne, just two years old, a dear, white, fat little fellow with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother; he is such a merry, independent little child." This was written in 1848 by Her Majesty the Queen, in her diary of a visit to Inverary. As time wears on, the early notes in Her Majesty's book grow in interest like my own pages. There is nothing so attractive to the human mind as personal history of this character. I was thinking of the "white, fat little fellow" while I watched him shoot at Wimbledon, where, by the way, the practice at the butts and the running deer has this year been something wonderful. Lord de Grey struck the deer twice in the heart with a double barrelled rifle while it was passing once.

A SAD but striking picture in English history is the incident of the death of the Bishop of Winchester. It wants a Macaulay to write that chapter. This was the grandest and most remarkable representative of the English Church in our age. He was a man whose company was sought by princes and statesmen. In the charm of social life he had few equals in English society and no superiors. A hundred reminiscences rise to mind as I think of him. Wherever he appeared in company men and women gathered round him, for of the few really accomplished talkers that were left to us he was one of the most eminent, and his wit had the rare quality that it was at once keen and kind. But if there are not many conversationalists remaining there are also not many genuine orators, and again he was one of the foremost. His figures of speech, enriched with fresh and original observations of the beauties of nature, carried the imagination captive, and there were touches now and then of tender sympathy—all the more po

natural and ready vigour of the man—which went straight to the heart, and reminded the listener somehow of the cogency of the fact that to this man's father eight hundred thousand British colonial slaves owed in a great measure their freedom. The picture of this fine old Churchman a-horseback by the side of Lord Granville, pointing out the grandeur of the July trees and glorying in the exceptional beauty and sweetness of the summer's evening a few moments before his death, will not be easily effaced from the recollections of this generation.

Lord Westbury, whose name appears on the death roll of the month, was one of the gladiators of the bar. Given a naturally fine intellect, and the law will make the best of it. Through life brain work seemed to him but child's play, and his scorn for feebleness of intelligence was unique. Humble minded men were afraid of him, strong men preferred not to encounter him. His reliance on pure mental power was so great that at times the very merits of his case, the logic and the evidence, were almost matters of indifference to him. It is half a century since he was called to the bar. He rose to the highest eminence in the State, but he might have been a greater man.

St. John's Gate, the fine old architectural relic which will for ever be associated with the name and early history of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, is to be spared and protected from the ravages of Time. Even in these days there are Crusaders and Hospitallers. There is a modern English Order of the Knights of St. John, and they have gone up Clerkenwell and taken possession of the Gate, within whose walls the famous Cave printed the "First of the Magazines." "These modern knights," says Mr. Pettit Griffith writing to the *Builder*, to whom he gives the credit of being the first to appeal to the public, thirty years ago, for the preservation of the Gate, "imbued with the same love of order and charity as their ancestors, have, by purchase, regained possession of the freehold, and the Gate will no longer be humiliated as a tavern; they will complete the restoration of the old Gate, and when restored it will no longer be hidden from the public gaze, but face an important thoroughfare, viz., the new street now being formed from Old Street to Oxford Street." During these thirty years the protection of the Gate has been under Mr. Griffith's care, and, thanks to the good feeling of the occupiers, he has had no difficulty in saving the fine old relic from injury. Mr. Griffith acknowledges the efforts of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, as well as those of the

Times and *Athenæum*, in behalf of the work which has now been so chivalrously undertaken by the Anglican successors of the grand old Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. It is more than seven centuries and a half since this Priory was founded in Clerkenwell, it is five hundred years since Wat Tyler set fire to it, and only a little less since its rebuilding; three hundred years ago Queen Elizabeth's Master of the Revels converted the sacred house into a wardrobe in connection with the dramatic performances in which her gracious Majesty delighted, and here were the rehearsals held under the management of Edmund Tilney. The disestablished Priory was, in fact, the cradle of modern dramatic performances, and no wonder that Garrick tried his first London dress rehearsal within the Gate. I presume that these Knights of St. John of the nineteenth century will not be forgetful of the hospitable traditions of their order or of their ancient care for pilgrims, and, if they disestablish the Gate Tavern, which boasts of being the oldest in Christendom, will open the Gate as a club for dramatic and literary pilgrims seeking to pay their devotions at the shrine of Garrick, Samuel Johnson, and Goldsmith.

Mr. G. H. Jones, in a new work on "Dentistry; its Use and Abuse," desires for dentists what schoolmasters are looking for—a compulsory examination and licence to practice their profession. The school master complains that any person can open a school; the dentist says, "There is not a profession more tampered with and which numbers so many unqualified members in its ranks as dentistry. Even an amateur can style himself a dentist, if he chooses, though he be ignorant of the very names of teeth." Her Majesty's subjects suffer seriously on this account, as they do in the case of ill-conducted schools and uneducated teachers. But it seems to me that it would be comparatively easy for the leading dentists to form an academy of their own, or so extend and enlarge their present association as to offer the public a directory of names of qualified practitioners that would protect them from amateurs and experimentalists.

I agree with the political critics that the forthcoming marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the Grand Duchess Maria of Russia will probably have very little influence upon diplomacy or international affairs; but *I shall look for* social results. As yet we *have learned almost nothing from Russia*, though, even in matters of *high civilisation, Russia has a good* deal to teach us. There are at

St. Petersburg fashions of high life, there are even some industrial arts, and there are certainly refinements of manner and breeding which might, with discretion, be wrought in with the warp of English life and society without doing us any harm and possibly with considerable advantage. The Imperial Princess will certainly not come and take up her abode among us without bringing influences with her—nor, indeed, without bringing Russians with her. She will set the fashion for a season or two, and perhaps be the "rage." There will thenceforward be more going to and fro between St. Petersburg and London than heretofore, and these are reasons why I think we may anticipate considerable results from the event. For the alliance brings us into contact with a totally different race, and we shall come face to face with many novelties. In this respect the advent of the Princess Alexandra was very different. We have lived next door to Denmark all our days, the same blood runs in the veins of the two peoples, and our purely domestic habits are almost identical with those of our Danish neighbours. For the Princess of Wales there was only the easy task of becoming an Englishwoman, and for us the welcome task of accepting her in that character. The Grand Duchess Maria will not become an Englishwoman. It will take two or three generations to assimilate the House of Brunswick with that of Romanoff. But since there is an intense longing in the hearts of the highest class of Russians for the best forms of civilisation, there is something to hope and not much to fear from this marriage between the two families. Fame speaks highly of the Princess, and there is not living a finer, manlier scion of the House of Brunswick than the second son of Queen Victoria and the late Prince Consort.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

CLYTIE.

A NOVEL OF MODERN LIFE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER TEN YEARS.

TIME halts for no man. Never ceasing, silent, unbroken, unresting, the all conquering monarch continues his course everlastingly. Day wearies him not. Night obstructs not his course. He stays neither for Love nor Hate. Even Money cannot arrest his footsteps. Mammon may buy most things. Time is not to be purchased. Onward, with unvarying footsteps, onward he goeth—in all weathers, through all seasons.

And yet he began his life before Adam; this untiring Time. We look forward, and Fancy outstrips the great traveller. Thought shoots ahead and seems to make Time lag. But thought is spasmodic and erratic; Time is steady and incessant in his progress. He stays not to think; he waits not to reflect; he does not turn his head to look upon the way he has journeyed. By-and-by he overtakes the Future, and like the rising tide obliterates the sign which Fancy had made in the sand when the sea was far away. Then we look back over the years that are gone; look back where the landmark of our hopes and wishes once stood, look back to the spot where we think we made that mark in the beach, and we find that Time is not only perpetual in h[illegible]
he is swift also.

When we were looking forward Time was the snail, the tortoise; looking back, he is Time. And who or what so swift as he? An arrow from a bow. A lightning flash. A shuttle in the loom. A swallow on the wing. A shadow on the wall. A dream of happiness. These things but faintly emblem the rapid, rushing, scudding, fleeting thing called Time.

'Tis a vapour in the air;
'Tis a whirlwind rushing there;
'Tis a short-lived fading flower;
'Tis a rainbow on a shower;
'Tis the closing watch of night,
Dying at the rising light;
'Tis a landscape vainly gay,
Painted upon crumbling clay;
'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires;
'Tis a smoke that quick expires;
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh:—
Be prepared, O man, to die.

Time is the great leveller, the revealer of the truth, the judge, the punisher. He is no respecter of persons. It is said that he deals tenderly with this man or that woman. It is not so. Some men and women deal tenderly with themselves. Some men and women go through life with a perpetual calmness. Fortune is in their service. Their forbears made their life free from money troubles. Others, with whom Time is supposed to deal tenderly, have banished wrinkles and disease by a strict respect of the law moral and divine. They have always looked to the future. They have had strength of mind enough to look onward and wait. Time, passing over all with equal pace, deals with material as he finds it. The result is according to the strength of the material, though at last there comes a day when the best must give way with the worst. Time's mission is defined. It is laid down, the course he shall travel. It is mapped out and planned with the stars and the planets, with the sun and the moon, and may not be altered.

After ten years what has Time done with the people whose histories go to make up this story? After ten years we may fairly begin by an inquiry about Tom Mayfield.

When the Dunelm student turned his back upon the old cathedral city, plucking as he hoped the image of Clytie from his heart, he took the train to Liverpool, with the intention of going to the Antipodes. But Fate had willed it otherwise. He fell in with some men who were going out on a mining expedition to California.

Time presently encountered the misanthrope at a mining station

on a salmon river, down in a wooded valley. Time found him there, a bronzed and bearded man with his hair long and his hands broad and horny. The pale-faced, anxious-looking student, thin and delicate as Clytie had seen him in the old city, was broad and thick-set and strong among the gold-diggers of California. He lived in a cabin with one of the men whom he had met at Liverpool, and was generally looked up to and respected by the rough colony in which he had cast his lot. He and his friends were successful in their mining ventures, and after two years Tom Mayfield had deposited a considerable sum of money in the bank of the only town in the district, a small city some three hundred miles away. But Tom cared little or nothing about the money. Getting it had been an absorbing occupation that helped him to forget why he was there, why thousands of miles of sea and land lay between him and his native country. The mining station was eventually broken up by an attack of Indians, and this made Tom a wanderer from place to place, from city to city. It was a wild strange life, full of danger and adventure. He had fought in Mexico; he had done battle with Indians in their own fastnesses; he had seen life in its wildest and grandest, in its simplest and in its noblest shapes. He had dwelt with Nature in her most delicious haunts; he had basked in the sun-lands by the Golden Gates of the Far West; he had fought for very life in the same place against winter in winter's most appalling shape—snow. He had sat by Indian camp fires and learnt the Indian tongue; he had seen the red man on the war trail and at peace; as a strangely-trusted white who had shown a reckless disregard of life that had won the red man's heart he had taken part in the autumn feasts of the savage, revelling in the Indian summer. He had felt a thrill of inspiration touch his very soul at the sight of nature in this grand, wild, western dress. Manzineta berries, rich and golden, the splendid anther, the red and yellow of the maple, the cold, dark green of the firs; the balmy sunshine, the novel festival; no wonder the student's imagination gave back the gorgeous colours; no wonder this wild life, with its chequered days and nights, full of romance and danger in a new world, gave a poetic tone to the settled melancholy of the disappointed lover.

Tom Mayfield found that he was a poet; and when almost everybody had forgotten him London discovered him; then England took up his book and talked of the new American writer, the new poet who dated from savage lands, from wilds of river and mountain, from a far-off country that was almost unknown; who had set the music of nature to new words, and given the language of rejected

new dialect. The modern monks at Dunelm read the new poet and wondered at him; and the new people at the Hermitage who had never seen the former occupants at all, they had a copy of Tom Mayfield's book, a reprint from the American edition. But no one knew Tom Mayfield in connection with the book. The name on the title-page was "Kalmat," and that name suddenly became famous in England. The critics could not understand how a man such as American gossips had described could write poems that had not only all the glow and warmth of Byron, but were as scholarly in their way as the works of Pope and Young. The Americans said Kalmat was a miner, a soldier, an adventurer, a wild, uncultured genius of the West, a native who must be self-educated, and they instanced him as an illustration of the God-gifted genius which knows all things as it were by instinct. Kalmat had nothing to say on this subject, but he wrote on. He poured out all the pent up feelings of his soul. He wailed over his lost love. He railed against that cruel Fortune which makes love a bane and a curse, a poison to the soul, a dagger to the heart. He drew pictures of a heaven of love where each heart found its fellow, and he put it in contrast with the hell of earth where gold and jewels are weighed against a true man's devotion. Rich and glowing, and hot, and eloquent, burning, scorching, luscious words and thoughts met you at every page; and it was easy to see that a great, brave man had here given up his secret soul to poetic confession, and you pitied him though you knew him not, and said sorrow and heart-break and disappointed love had their uses since they gave inspiration to a vagabond and a wanderer, who otherwise could only have told us tales of mining life and Indian battles.

But what manner of man was this poet of the Golden West? The newspapers gave it out that "Kalmat" was expected in England. And when the second part of this history opens Tom Mayfield, bronzed and bearded, and grizzled and grey with sun and shower, with heart-ache and storm, is tossing upon the bosom of the wide Atlantic, on his way home.

CHAPTER II.

THE RANSFORDS.

TEN years had wrought few changes in Dunelm, so far as appearances went.

The old city was quiet and beautiful as ever. Time had found Cathedral, Bridge, and Castle strong against his grinding footsteps. *People* went to church on Sundays, and took their morning walk

afterwards, with the usual regularity. Town Councildom talked and gossipped at nights in the bar parlour of the city tavern. Clerical Dunelm still turned up its nose at lay Dunelm. In summer the sun found the flowers and trees and wooded dells that had given so much pleasure to Clytie ready to be as genial and familiar with any one else.

But the rustle of the Ransford silks over the Prebend's Bridge was heard no more. It was always a condition of Pride that it should have a fall, and when Pride has taken the form of money-arrogance, its fall is fatal to peace ever after; for such a fall is never softened by sympathy. The Ransfords were a hard, bitter lot. In their prosperity they had no friends, though they had much lip service; in their fall no kind word fell upon their wounded feelings, neither man nor woman stood by them.

Old Ransford was ruined by a great bank failure, coupled with other financial complications, which brought upon him the most complete and utter despair. His fortunes were as finished a wreck as if some great tide of Fate had swept over them and left nothing but broken spars behind.

A period of ten years from the days of Clytie in Dunelm had left the Ransfords scattered, as it were, to the four winds of heaven. Their mills knew them no longer; the house on the hill was occupied by one of Ransford's earliest and most insignificant opponents, who had been one of his foremen; and, such are the complications of Fate, the revenues of this Dunelm estate had for some years been paid to a special account, watched over by trustees, for the very girl whom the Ransford women had looked down upon in their rustling array of silks and jewels on that summer Sunday when Phil Ransford stopped to speak to Clytie.

Thus Time after ten years finds old Ransford in the situation of a colliery clerk at five-and-twenty shillings a week. The eldest Miss Ransford is keeping a school at Barnard Castle. She has six pupils, and finds it difficult to get meat twice a week. The second Miss Ransford has done better. She has gone out to Australia as the wife of one of her father's weavers. The youngest of the family and her mother are still better off. They are lying in the churchyard beneath the cooling shadow of an ivied tower.

And what has Time done with Phil Ransford? What has come to pass in the career of the man who deliberately laid snares and traps for the happiness and honour of a vain but pure-minded and innocent girl? Is there anything in that philosophy
punishment? The Phil Ransford

their deserts until the Last Day? Is there no living present hand to spurn them? Does no one strike them down in the streets? Do they go on and sleep and breathe the air equally with other men? Not always. Now and then the Higher Power makes examples of them here, and they come to miserable endings. But the mischief they do is greater than their punishment, and because such men appear to flourish, the hasty and short sighted say there is no God.

Phil Ransford is a needy, shabby genteel, bouncing, billiard sharping, vulgar schemer about London. Once he was nearly a successful adventurer. He made friends with a promoter of public companies, and narrowly escaped making twenty thousand pounds. He commenced to exhibit his real character before the transaction was quite closed, and just in time to be kicked into Lombard Street by a northern giant upon whose money Phil had already placed his hand. Phil could not get on in the City after this, and was obliged to confine his operations to that part of London which is west of Temple Bar. Here he was an adventurer with many fortunes. If he had not been expelled from two respectable clubs to which he belonged in his palmy days of Dunelm his operations might have been on a large scale, but in one way or another Fate hustled him out of all decent society. Even Bohemia had utterly discarded him. The Wyldenberg set looked down upon him. Now and then, however, he would for a week or two at a time raise his head from the clouds that had settled upon him, and walk out, the shadow of what he had been. A new coat, a pair of well cleaned trousers, a white hat with a black band, an eye-glass, a cane, would help the general effect of a sort of spasmodic attempt to emerge once more into semi-respectable life; but these reappearances in respectable streets and at first-class cafés were only spasmodic. He soon dropped back again into the darkness to cheat and swindle on a small scale, and to curse Lord St. Barnard and his wife, whom he charged with helping to ruin him. This was a theme of which he never tired.

"If half of what you say is true," said Mr. Simon Cuffing, a touting lawyer, who pushed his profession chiefly in the hall of the Lambeth County Court, "if only half of it is true, I tell you, there is no difficulty about making money out of them."

"If! What do you mean, Cuffing?" said Phil.

"Mean what I say," said the shabby little lawyer, sipping his twopennyworth of gin.

"Do you disbelieve me?" asked Phil, taking a cheap cigar from his mouth, and putting on an air of injured innocence.

"Not exactly; but a clever fellow with a secret such as you possess ought not to be drinking in this miserable coffee-house with a common lawyer such as I," said Cuffing.

"How do you mean, Cuffing?"

"Have you never applied to them for money?"

"Never! You forget yourself, Cuffing. A man with an Oxford education, and the prospect of a seat in the House of Commons! I may be down now, Cuffing, but I do not forget that I am a gentleman."

"Don't you?" said the lawyer, unmoved. "I thought you had forgotten that long ago."

"Ah, you are like the rest, Cuffing; you only judge a man by his purse and his appearance."

"I judge him by the company he keeps. No gentleman would have me for his boon companion, to begin with."

"Cuffing, I bear no malice; here's my hand," said Phil, grandly; "if you do say an unkind thing you generally turn it back upon yourself."

Cuffing took the ends of Phil's fingers in his hand for a moment, and then gave them back to their owner, saying,

"And if you tell a lie about a business matter, if it is to your interest to withdraw it and tell the truth, you generally do so."

"Cuffing," exclaimed Phil, "ten years ago if any man had said that to me I would have brained him on the spot."

"Ten years ago," said Cuffing, calmly. "Did you know Lord St. Barnard then?"

"No; not this one; I knew the old lord slightly."

"Ah; who is this other fellow, then?"

"The old lord died about eight years ago, and this fellow was his nephew, a long way removed."

"What is he like?"

"Oh, he's what you would call a good-looking ass enough, so far as that goes."

"Ah; is he a civil sort of chap?"

"Yes, civil enough, the beast."

"When was the last time he gave you money?"

"He never gave me money. Cuffing, 'pon my soul, I shall strike you if you treat me in this way," exclaimed Phil. "Have I not told you, over and over again, that revenge is my only feeling in this matter—wounded pride, outraged honour."

Cuffing shrugged his shoulders and grinned.

"Strike me!" he said. "Why, Ra- - - - you like a dog if you laid a hand on me."

"Shoot me?" said Phil, with undisguised horror; "do you carry a pistol, then?"

"I do, except when my uncle carries it for me; but at this moment I happen to be carrying it myself."

"The devil you do," said Phil; "and what is it?"

"There it is," replied the gin-drinker, producing a revolver.

"You alarm me, Cuffing," said Phil. "I hate pistols, and I would rather be hanged than shot."

"The chances are greatly in favour of your own choice of deaths being favourably considered by a kind Providence," said the lawyer.

"You are simply a brute, Cuffing—simply a brute."

"Not at all; go on with your story. Let me see, where were we?"

"If I go on don't call me names; that is, don't insinuate that I am a liar."

"I never insinuate," said the lawyer.

"You want to pump me in your own way, and to get my story out of me as easily as if you had your hand upon old Aldgate pump."

"I don't want to pump you," said Cuffing; "but I see no reason why you shouldn't have revenge as well as money. Hitherto, you say, you have had the money from her ladyship, not from Lord St. B."

"Well, if you must have it, I admit that on two occasions I have; but the money was not so sweet as sitting at luncheon with her and my lord."

"When was that?"

"A year ago at the Westminster Palace Hotel; I made her introduce me; I made her ask me to luncheon."

"That was plucky," said Cuffing. "I wonder he stood that."

"Stand anything from her," said Phil; "but she has thrown down the cards, won't play any more."

"No; how is that?"

"Have called twice, and she declines to see me."

"Ah, that's wrong. Have you written to her?"

"Yes, and she takes no notice."

"You have worried her too much, perhaps. Ever meet her out anywhere?"

"I used to go into the park on purpose."

"Yes," said Cuffing, making perfect mental notes of the situation; "did she recognise you?"

"Yes, they both bowed; I insisted on that."

Then you had talked the matter over?"
A year ago. Yes, after that luncheon."
I see, I see. Then you were in the park last week; for I remem- you had on a new coat. Did you see her?"
Yes, and Barnard too."
And they cut you dead?"
They did, curse them, and it shall be the dearest cut they ever le."
What do you propose to do?"
Expose her, crush her. Curse the woman, why, she gets her very money out of my property."
How?"
The Dunelm estate, which was to have been mine, and would for the old lord foreclosing, is her husband's. I am not sure if old lord did not give her the proceeds before he died."
That is important," said Cuffing. "His lordship is a great sweil, e not?"
A Lord of the Admiralty, something in the Queen's Household, olonel of Volunteers, Lord Lieutenant of his county, the Lord ws what, curse him."
Her ladyship has been presented at Court, of course?"
Yes; I stood near Buckingham Palace and saw her on her way. re was a block of carriages. I stood and looked at her. By ven, you should have seen the cold-hearted little beggar. She ed bang at me as if she had never seen me."
She is clever then."
Clever isn't the word for it; but clever people always make mis- es."
Money is your game I conclude, though I see revenge in your " said the lawyer. "You have never tried his lordship? Now, nore equivocating, be straight with me, and I can help you.'
I have tried him," said Phil. "You would worm the very soul of a fellow."
Did you say what you would do?"
I hinted at it."
That you knew his wife under disreputable circumstances, or is to that effect?"
I did."
What did he say?"
Called me a scamp, showed me the door, and threatened to me over to the police if ever I annoyed him again."
Now, why in heaven's name did you not tell me all this at first?

You must get a little money and take respectable lodgings somewhere West, and then we will bring these aristocrats down—that is, if you are prepared to state on oath a quarter of what you have said to me unsworn, any time this six months."

"What, about the lady?"

"Yes, your associations with her, your knowledge of her career."

"I am prepared for anything," said Phil.

"Very well then, make a little money somehow, brush up a bit, and I will show you how to play your cards."

"There's my hand," said Phil.

The little lawyer took and returned the fingers as before, called for another two of gin, drank it off, and without another word said "Good night," leaving his companion sole occupant of the little back room where they had met by appointment. Phil threw the end of his cigar upon the floor, buttoned his coat, and sauntered into the street. It was early summer, and about ten o'clock. If he could make a sovereign at pool he thought he would try his hand again at cards. The luck must turn some time; perhaps it would turn to-night. If it did, he could go on with his bitter fight. Cuffing was right; he would do no good in his present condition. He must be well dressed and lodge in a decent quarter of the town. If he could only get back those old chambers in Piccadilly! Then he would make the Barnards tremble. To cut him, to threaten him with the police, to leave him to starve! He would show her ladyship and my lord too. He would take the starch out of the Admiralty collar. Yes, by heaven, if he were hanged for it, the infernal stuck-up thief. And Lady B., with her grand airs and her St. John's Wood history, if he did not bring her down upon her knees in the mud he wished he might be struck dead.

Soliloquising thus, Mr. Phil Ransford, billiard sharper, cheat, loafer, and coward, lounged into a favourite gambling house in Soho.

CHAPTER III.

CLYTIE AS MY LADY.

THIS flight of ten years finds Clytie's vague dream of greatness and wealth realised.

She never saw her grandfather again. The old man passed [illegible] into the shadow at the old Bedford Street lodgings, where he [illegible] that he had found Clytie, and was taking her home to [illegible] child, who was beckoning him away. It was a heav[illegible] There was no awakening in it, no coming back at day

old unsympathetic street and the wearying, vainless search. He passed away in a dream of happiness, and the shadows received him tenderly and still, and he went out to them with a gentle smile upon his face, in which Death seemed to have smoothed out the wrinkles of Time.

And Clytie! Ten years of her life are a blank to us. Since the door of Phil Ransford's chambers closed upon her, she has spent her life outside the historian's special ken. The story has to come to him second hand, as it were; it must be told by others. Unfortunately the greater part of it has to come through a muddy source. As this second book of the general narrative opens Phil Ransford is making up his mind to lift the veil that hangs over these ten years. Supported by Mr. Cuffing, he is forming a distinct and settled resolution to tell Clytie's story aloud; to proclaim it on the housetops; to call Envy, Hatred, Malice, and all Uncharitableness together, and ask them to hold an inquest upon the reputation of Lady Barnard. For the close of these ten years, the end of this flash of time, finds Clytie a lady of rank and title, the wife of that nephew of the former master of Grassnook to whom Lord St. Barnard referred in his touching soliloquy upon Clytie's picture while the Dean of Dunelm was on his way to London.

Lord St. Barnard, it will be remembered, resolved that none of the Clytie taint should touch the sainted name of the Barnards. Something was due to the family. The records should have no account of the wild elopement and final marriage to an actress of his son Frank. No, he would rescue Clytie from the ruin which seemed to threaten her. But Bankside, and Weardale, and Grassnook should go intact to his nephew and children. And if Phil Ransford did not marry Clytie, the girl should have the proceeds of the Dunelm property in her own right. You remember all this; how Lord St. Barnard sat and thought it out, and ordered his lawyers and a detective to come down to him from London on the following day.

Man proposes. At the end of ten years, while the old lord lies with his son Frank in the family vault, Clytie reigns mistress of Bankside, and Weardale, and Grassnook. The nephew, a widower when the late lord died, has married Clytie, but without any knowledge of the relationship which makes her his cousin.

All the girl's dream of riches, and carriages, and horses has been fulfilled. She is rich and happy. The old house on the Thames has never seen a fairer lady at the head of a Barnard table. Grassnook is her ladyship's favourite establishment, and Mrs. Breeze declares that [illegible] the world. Well, the truth

is, she says, she couldn't have believed that nature could be so beautiful; and as for living in a lodge, why, Johnny is quite right, it is a little palace; and their own boat on the river, and their own son, Master 'Arry, a rowing of it with Miss Breeze and her engaged lover; and Johnny having little to do and well paid to do it, and altogether perfect happiness. As for the missus, Lady St. Barnard, well, there never was a lovelier or a better in the world, a coming and sitting down in the lodge and talking to them just as easy and free as in the old days; well, there, Mrs. Breeze considers that romances and plays and such like aint nothing to compare for wonders to the story of her ladyship, who come to her for lodgings that blessed day ten years ago at St. Mark's Crescent.

Yes, Clytie was married; neither to Tom Mayfield nor to Phil Ransford, but to Lord St. Barnard, a peer of the realm and a nobleman of wealth and consideration. His lordship was about twenty years his wife's senior. He was a widower when he met Clytie and fell desperately in love with her. They had met in society, the lady having established herself in this supposed exclusive world with little or no difficulty, on the strength of her beauty and her income; for the proceeds of the Dunelm property had come to her soon after that new will of old Lord St. Barnard was made, with White, the detective, as one of the witnesses. Clytie had not made a public appearance on the stage. Her experience of rehearsing at the Delphos, and her experience of a first night that came to an end before the curtain went up, coupled with the conditions upon which she was to be paid a certain income, robbed the theatre of a really great actress; but enabled Clytie, sooner than she expected, to order her carriage to be driven to St. Mark's Crescent, when she fulfilled her promise that if ever she were in a position to do so she would take Mrs. Breeze out. It had been a red letter day in the history of St. Mark's, this arrival of a handsome carriage and pair at the Breezes, and the alighting of an elegantly dressed lady who kissed Mrs. Breeze on the doorstep, and went into the house and came out again half an hour afterwards with Mrs. Breeze and drove away. After this the P. K. family had not only gone up in the estimation of the whole street, but they gradually gave up letting lodgings, and one day the P. K. himself switched his cane in the face of the sleek, freckled gentleman over the way, who had complained of Master 'Arry snowballing his eldest son. In short, the Breezes went up socially and financially. About two years after the advent of the carriage they all went out one early morning in great style to see a wedding at St. George's, and a month or two after that their house in St. Mark's Crescent changed tenants, and the Breezes went to Grassnook.

Clytie looked her position to the life. The timid, pretty girl had grown into the handsome, high-spirited woman. She carried herself with grace and dignity. If she had been born to a coronet she could not have held herself better. There was the freedom of secured position in her manner. She was a countess, and she looked it. Assured of her rank, she could afford to be gracious to those beneath her, and she was. This is the especial privilege of rank, fearing no rivalry except from rank, to make those of inferior station at home in your society. Lady St. Barnard was even now only eight-and-twenty. She looked thirty. Her figure was thoroughly matured. An ample bust, a fair, Clytie-like face, deep violet eyes, brown wavy hair, a mouth with a slight expression of pout on the lips, a dimpled chin, her head well set upon her shoulders, her gait free and flexible, her arms models of shape, her hands white and dimpled, and indicating a generous nature, Lady St. Barnard was acknowledged to be one of the loveliest women who had ever graced aristocratic society.

My lord was a tall dark man of fifty, with long black hair streaked with grey, a clean-shaven face of singular character. His mouth was firm but generous in its curve and outline. He was a man of strong passions and romantic sentiment. His love and his hate were alike strong and lasting. He had made a high position for himself with the Tory party, and he was respected by Whig and Liberal. As an author, too, he had given evidence of great literary and critical power. He was not a man to let his title to respect and distinction simply depend upon his right to honour on account of his rank. He loved his countess with a strong and fervent affection. She had not been easily won. Over and over again she had distinctly told his lordship that she had made up her mind never to marry. Moreover, her station in life was not equal to his, and she was proud, and would rather not incur so large a debt to her husband for rank and station as marrying Lord St. Barnard would involve. Further, she had in her own mind conceived the idea that the old lord was her grandfather, and the relationship of her aristocratic lover puzzled her. When she made out that he would only be a cousin several times removed, her scruples in that direction were satisfied; but the mystery of her parentage, the character of her education, the little cloud that had hung over her early life, influenced her more than all other considerations. Love, however, if it only be true and patient, conquers and overcomes all obstacles. Lord St. Barnard was at last successful, and we are now introduced to Clytie and her husband after seven years of happy married life, only disturbed now and then by the shadow of Phil Ransford, who now openly threatens Lord St. Barnard with social exposure.

"Mary," said his lordship, "you know there is no sacrifice under heaven that I would not make for you."

"My dear husband," said Clytie, looking up into his face with perfect confidence in this avowal.

"When you consented to make me the happiest of men seven years ago you said there was a family mystery about your early life that had alone influenced you in rejecting me twice previously."

"Yes, dear, but I think I have told you all the mystery over and over again," said my lady.

"You mean the professional character of your mother, her elopement, your unhappy life at Dunelm, and your running away. I refuse to see anything derogatory in that, and society condones such things every day. At the present moment the lady who is in the highest consideration at Court, who almost performs royal duties in her entertainments and hospitality, was the daughter of an actor to whom my uncle had almost given alms."

"You ought to be a Liberal in politics, my dear lord," said Clytie, "your sentiments are too generous."

"We Tories, dear, are chivalrous, and we count Love and Beauty outside the pale of politics," said my lord, kissing his wife with an air of high-bred gallantry.

"I know what you wish to speak about; I see the same expression of trouble in your eye as that which only comes there when you have seen or heard from Mr. Ransford. Ah! my dear, I was right when I resolved never to marry, and wrong to indulge in the supreme happiness of being your wife. My instinct told me that sooner or later that man would be the cause of grief and trouble and annoyance not to me alone—for I could have borne it singly—but to my husband."

"Have no fear, my darling."

"I do fear; I have a presentiment that this man, coward and plebeian, will separate us. I saw him a week ago pass Grassmere in a boat. He was pointing at the house. I was sitting on the terrace with our little Helen, and it seemed as if his shadow fell upon me and chilled my heart."

"My own darling, you have a delicate and sensitive nature. Tell me what it is we have to fear from this man, who threatens now so boldly, and in such a way as to invite and almost compel defiance and action."

"Nothing, my lord," said Clytie. "I do not think there is one thing in my life that I need blush for. I did not tell you that when quite a girl this man, who knew my grandfather, paid a clandes-

e, and that my grandfather dragged me into the house and
cruel names."
dship winced at this. It seemed strange to hear this lovely
countess and a queen in society, make such a confession.
I told you how he drove me to his chambers in Piccadilly
had commenced the profession of my mother on the

voice trembled, and she looked timidly at her husband's
h was more fixed and stern than she had ever seen it.
you told me that," said his lordship, inwardly counting how
ncidents as these might be twisted to the purpose of a
o now openly told Lord St. Barnard that he would have his
ided from Court.
e is one circumstance which I have never attempted to ex-
ou fully," said Clytie. "I told you that I had every reason
that my mother was married—indeed, that I never doubted
randfather Waller promised some day to satisfy me upon this

think this man will strike at you from this point?" asked his
interrupting her.
not know what to think, my dear; but these subjects have
h in my mind of late, and I believe that the secret of the
St. Barnard's finding me out and settling that money upon
ot simply because he knew my grandfather and was a friend
an, but on account of his son having married my mother."
are you saying? You bewilder me," said my lord.
nk you and I, dear, are cousins; I have thought so for

never confided in me until now," said his lordship
ully.
afraid," said Clytie; "I did not like to talk about these

you did not love me as I have loved you."
laid her head upon her husband's shoulder and wept.
wn dear love," he said, putting his arm round her, "I did
d to wound you; be brave and trust me and tell me all."
nk the late earl's son, Frank, was my father, and I think
ght you to me because He was kinder to me than to you."
kinder?"
use you brought happiness to me; I in return give you
nd shame."
hame?"

"You should have married in your own station—one of your own rank, and you should have known her life from the first."

"If your suspicions are correct I have married in my own rank, and if you have told me all your life I know it from the first; and whether this be so or not, you are my wife, the mother of my children, and I love you with all my heart and soul."

He took her into his arms and pressed her to his heart.

"I think the Dean knows about my mother," said Clytie presently. "I feel sure he does; he was in the confidence of the late lord."

"He shall come down and see us; next week he is to be in town, and he likes Grassnook, he says, better than Dunelm. And now, my darling, we will talk no more about these things."

"But what will this man, this Ransford, do?"

"We must have him punished, I think."

"Punished!" said Clytie. "How? By the law?"

"Yes, dear, I think so."

"An action, then, for libel, or an arrest and prison?"

"I hardly know; some action must be taken, unless you object."

"I do not object for myself," said Clytie.

"I have no wish or feeling beyond you."

"My dear Edward," said Clytie, suddenly drawing herself up to her full height, and looking straight into her husband's eyes, "I see that you are more troubled about this matter than you care to say. The time has come when this coward and calumniator must be met. I see it; I feel it; I have thought about it always when you are out of my sight. Do what in your wisdom you judge to be right. Count me as nothing against your honour; let no consideration for my feelings influence your action. I am your cousin and your wife. Man nor woman, howsoever pure, can go through this muddy world and escape calumny even in the humblest ranks; how much more shall scandal fall upon those who rise to distinction and affluence! If an early life of trouble, running away from home, being a student for the stage, a lodger in an obscure street, be fatal to a woman's reputation; then buy this man who denounces me; if a love of art, a wilful nature, an unhappy home, an effort at independence, and the persecution of a scoundrel are no dishonour to a noble name; then, my lord, hold this man up in the light of day and let him be punished."

Clytie's languid eyes lighted up with an unwonted brilliancy. She looked wonderfully beautiful.

"It shall be so," said her husband, ringing the bell.

A servant handed to his lordship a letter and an evening paper.

"Send the children to me," said her ladyship.

A boy and girl came bounding into the room. Clytie caught them both in her arms and kissed them.

Lord St. Barnard uttered a cry of painful surprise and turned pale. His wife and children were by his side in a moment.

"It is nothing, it is nothing," said his lordship; but in his right hand he was crushing both letter and newspaper, as if such stings as they contained might be grasped and killed like nettles.

(*To be continued.*)

MACAULAY'S ESTIMATE OF DANTE.

"THE opinion of the great body of the reading public is very materially influenced even by the unsupported assertions of those who assume the right to criticise." Few will dispute the truth of these words, which occur in the course of Macaulay's scathing and unsparing criticism of Robert Montgomery's poetical works.

At the same time there is perhaps no set of opinions to which this remark applies with more fitness than to the unsupported assertions made by the critic himself respecting the character and writings of the greatest of Italian poets. As Macaulay says, the great majority of the young ladies and gentlemen who, when asked if they read Italian, answer in the affirmative, would as soon read a Babylonian brick as a canto of Dante. We shall go further, and say that if they read any part of the great epic given to the world by the immortal Florentine in the false light supplied by the critic they would obtain as little insight into the true intention of the author as if they sought for it in the inscriptions of an Oriental temple. Into the two not very lengthy essays in which Macaulay comments on the grandest monument of Italian literature—the essay on Milton and the essay on Dante—there have been crowded more inaccuracies, more misrepresentations, more unsupported statements than have ever appeared together within the same number of pages of a commentary written by one author about the writings of another. In recent years the name of Dante has been prominently before us. In the notices of "The Divine Comedy," and in other dissertations on the same subject, the observant reader could easily perceive that most persons who gave their opinions to the world had been "materially influenced by the unsupported assertions of one of those who assume the right to criticise." Though the exigencies of space will prevent us from entering into the examination of Macaulay's opinion at length, we undertake to show that not only is his estimate of Dante's genius and the structure of "The Divine Comedy" incorrect, but that its falsity can be proved from internal evidence supplied by the epic itself, as well as by external historical testimony. The contradictions in terms into which the critic has

been betrayed will be pointed out in the progress of this paper—contradictions some of which partake of a somewhat amusing character, in such close juxtaposition do they occur in relation to each other. It may be unhesitatingly asserted that there is not in the course of Macaulay's dissertation on our author a single proposition which may not be safely controverted, save a few which might be guaranteed by the most superficial reader of an indifferent translation. Indeed many of his reckless opinions would have been materially modified or entirely changed had he carefully perused that English version by the Rev. Henry Francis Cary on which he himself has bestowed such warm praise. Even when he assumes a position which can be sustained, its strength is destroyed by an almost direct negation in some other portion of his commentary.

English readers generally learn Macaulay's estimate of Dante from the comparison between the Florentine and the English poet delineated in the essay on Milton. That comparison, and the erroneous premises upon which it has been based, will be analysed hereafter. Meanwhile the reader's attention will be directed to the untenable and contradictory opinions expressed by the critic regarding "The Divine Comedy" in an essay on Dante which appeared in Knight's *Quarterly Magazine* for 1824, and which has been republished in his miscellaneous works. It may be urged by those who endeavour to defend the critic that at the date specified Macaulay was a very young man—his years corresponding with those of the century—but these opinions come to us with all the authority of his name.

Macaulay is right in the first portion of his essay, in which he says that Dante created a language distinguished by unrivalled melody, and peculiarly capable of furnishing to lofty and passionate thoughts the appropriate garb of severe and concise expression. But even in this proposition he has done but scant justice to the man who in the gloom of the dark ages rose like a glittering star to dispel the intellectual darkness of the time. The consideration might have been adduced that the mind which created the language which has been not extravagantly designated "*la musica parlata*" gave it a nerve and an energy which have grown weaker in the hands of every one who has since endeavoured to clothe his thoughts in its melodious tones. But when the first sentence of the review has been perused, almost every succeeding paragraph affords ready ground for controversy. Even when indulging in fervent praise of Dante's genius, Macaulay suggests positions which cannot for a moment be sustained. "The florid and luxurious charms of his style," he says, "enticed the poets and the public from the contemplation of nobler and sterner

models." Between this sentence and the opinion already quoted lies the first of the series of obvious contradictions which occur in the progress of Macaulay's estimate of Dante. In one passage the poet is represented as having furnished to lofty and passionate thoughts their appropriate garb of severe and concise expression; almost in the next page the style is described as florid and luxurious—neither of which qualitative words can be justly predicated of it, however strained the interpretation may be. Lest we may be accused of replying to criticism by assertion, we would urge that writings in a florid style can be amplified or curtailed without detrimental effect. One adjective may be employed instead of two; one of two verbs placed conjunctively may be made to do the work of the dual combination; or additions may be made at will to the rhetorical embellishments by which such writings are adorned without injury to the sense or detriment to the structure. But no one dares to interfere with the text of Dante. The alteration of a word, the substitution of another term for that used by the author, will prove how exquisitely designed is the whole structure. In what sense are we to understand the word "sterner"? Is it as regards style or subject? If the reference be to style, the critic may be contradicted out of his own mouth. "The style of Dante," he says, "if not his highest, is perhaps his most peculiar excellence. I know nothing with which it can be compared. The noblest models of Greek composition must yield to it. His words are the fewest and the best which it is possible to use. The first expression in which he clothes his thoughts is always so energetic and comprehensive that amplification would only injure the effect. I have heard the most eloquent statesmen of the age remark that, next to Demosthenes, Dante is the writer who ought to be most attentively studied by every man who desires to attain oratorical eminence." Indeed, so closely woven is the texture of the poem, which—regarding it in the light of the present—we do not hesitate to describe as the greatest epic of ancient or modern times, that the removal or alteration of one thread will spoil the symmetrical beauty of the fabric. Again, how could Dante's style entice the poets and the public from the contemplation of nobler and sterner models? Where could the young mind aspiring to the contemplation of higher things find a nobler exemplar than in the utterances of the man who had explored the depths of Hell and analysed the sufferings of its tortured denizens; who had passed through the cleansing regions of the second state, and then ascended to the contemplation of that heavenly glory with which he had associated the embodied object of his unrequited passion?

If the contents of the paragraph quoted be true—and they are strictly true—where, may we ask, are sterner models of style to be discovered? Certainly not in the classics of Greece or Rome. If proof were required to support these propositions, it might be found in ample shape in the fact that, whereas the most stern models of ancient literature have been reproduced in English versions with such fidelity to the originals that an English reader can appreciate their genius and spirit—not wholly, of course, but in a great degree—the stern severity of Dante's style has defeated all the efforts of all who have endeavoured to construe his poems into English verse and prose; so much so that the highest praise that can be possibly given to the best translation of "The Divine Comedy"—by Cary—is, that it is better than others, which are deplorably indifferent. The sternness of Dante's style is still more clearly demonstrated when we consider its metre—the *terza rima*—in using which writers would be naturally betrayed into laxity and diffusion. But every line of Dante contains the expression of a significant idea, or, at least, part of a sentence leading to the immediate production of a vivid picture or the instant evolution of a solemn thought. Style is here spoken of as the mere dress of thought, in another place it will be considered according to a more correct definition. Does the critic mean to affirm that there is in any of the ancient classics a sterner model as regards subject than "The Divine Comedy" of Dante? Does he contend that there is nothing in the Italian epic comparable in stern intensity to the dramatic action of the "Prometheus Vinctus," which De Quincey has described as a gigantic drama—the one great model of the ethico-physical sublime in Greek poetry, not resting on moral energies, but on a synthesis between man and nature? There is more stern horror in the few lines in which Dante describes Count Ugolino devouring the ever-growing skull of Archbishop Ruggieri, by whom he and his children had been famished in prison, than in a multitude of such stories as the legend in which an eagle is represented as perpetually feeding on the liver of a mortal. Furthermore, Dante's picture possesses that attribute of truthfulness which raises him far beyond the highest genius whose works are recorded in the literature of the ancients. Does he contend that the "Œdipus" of Sophocles is a sterner model? We oppose the argument that there is more stern justice in condemning to the tortures of the damned those who had loved as Paolo and Francesca, than in inflicting the privation of sight on the king who had been guilty of incest with his own mother. Does he find one in the story of Medea? Then we urge that there is far more stern and fearful justice measured out

in the Malebolgian gulfs. Furthermore, and above all, while in the dramas of the ancients nothing is presented but the sensual philosophy of a coarse mythology, in Dante's poem we are led to the contemplation of bliss or woe throughout the endless ages.

Dante was a man of turbid and melancholy spirit. In early life he entertained a strong and unfortunate passion, which long after the death of her he loved continued to haunt him. Dissipation, ambition, misfortune had not effaced it. Beatrice, the unforgotten object of his early tenderness, was invested by his imagination with glorious and mysterious attributes. She is enthroned among the highest of the celestial hierarchy.

We may say, without any apprehension of a charge of hypercriticism, that the word "turbid" in a critical description of character is, to say the least of it, indefinite; but if it be taken in its conventional sense, its collocation with the word "melancholy" suggests an obvious contradiction. "Turbid" denotes constant agitation or perturbation. "Melancholy" indicates an aspect of sorrowful repose. But it is unnecessary to make this paragraph the subject of an etymological discussion. If Dante's character be evolved from his works, it will be found that Macaulay's estimate of it is unjust as well as incorrect. If, instead of being a lover and a soldier, he became turbid and melancholy, we can find ample cause for the change in his unrequited love, his defeated ambition, and his bitter exile. True it is that he hurled the arrows of lacerating satire against those whom he reckoned among the enemies of his country and his kind; but, on the other hand, who can be more affectionately pathetic when he has to speak of those who, whether in ancient or —to him—recent times, had by their genius or their patriotism added glory to that country's history or shed lustre on her letters? Furthermore, we have Dante's own assurance of his conviction that man should enjoy his being, and that not to do so is to be ungrateful to the Author of it:—

E però nel secondo
Giron convien che senza pro si penta
Qualunque priva se del vostro mondo
Biscazza e fonde la sua facultade
E piange là, dove esser dee giocondo.

A passage which has been imitated by Spenser in the fourth book of "The Faërie Queene":—

For he whose daies in wilful woe are worne
The grace of his Creator doth despise
That will not use his gifts for thankless nigardise.

With what lively affection and tender pathos does he speak when occasion arises of the kindness of those who befriended him when

he was suffering the bitterness of exile, "climbing the stairs and eating the bread of another!"

We now proceed to examine a very important portion of Macaulay's criticism—namely, that in which he indicates the relative value, in a rhetorical and æsthetic sense, of the three divisions of "The Divine Comedy." The following extract contains some of his opinions on this subject:—

> The description of Heaven is far inferior to the Hell or Purgatory. With the passions and miseries of the suffering spirits he felt a strong sympathy. But among the beatified he appears as one who has nothing in common with them—as one who is incapable of comprehending not only the degree but the nature of the enjoyment. We think that we see him standing among those smiling and radiant spirits with that scowl of unutterable misery on his brow, and that curl of bitter disdain on his lip, which all his portraits have preserved and which might furnish Chantrey with hints for the head of his projected Satan.

In this sentence, as well as in others to be adduced in this article, there is ample proof that Macaulay had confined his study of "The Divine Comedy" almost exclusively to the Hell, and that, like Sir Walter Scott, he was deterred from attempting to analyse the metaphysical mind of the poet as developed in the Purgatory and the Paradise. The superficial reader of Dante will certainly find more vivid interest in the Hell than in any other part of the great epic, inasmuch as in its descending circles he will become associated with human beings with bodies and souls and feelings like his own, suffering under almost every shape of physical and mental torture. The residents of these Malebolgian gulfs, the Epicurean tenants of fiery tombs, the occupants of the regions of thick-ribbed ice, are oppressed by the sorrows of living men, though in a more intense degree than can ever be experienced on the terrestrial sphere. To adopt Macaulay's own illustration, no man is ever affected by "Hamlet" or "Lear" as a girl is affected by the story of "Little Red Riding Hood." It is only by those who devote their days and nights to the other portions of this work that the superiority of the Hell will be disputed. Without, however, binding ourselves to an expressed opinion of the relative value of the divisions of "The Divine Comedy," we do not hesitate for an instant to deny that Dante had *nothing* in common with the beatified spirits. At issuing from the infernal circles into the pure air that surrounds the Isle of Purgatory, "o'er better waves the light bark of his genius lifts its sail." Scarcely has he entered into this purifying region than he begins to comprehend the nature of the enjoyment of even those who have not commenced their course of purificatior [illegible] canto of the Purgatory affords evidence not on[illegible]

of Dante's incapacity to appreciate the happiness of the elect, but also against the argument that the mind of the poet was not affected by external nature. He sees the sweet hue of Eastern sapphire spread over the serene aspect of the pure air, which inspired him with unwonted joy as soon as he had escaped from the atmosphere of deadly gloom. The Orient laughed under the radiant Venus; and in the horizon also appeared four stars never seen since they had shone in the Paradise of our first parents.

On what passages Macaulay based his idea that Dante appeared standing among the radiant spirits in Paradise with a scowl of unutterable misery on his brow we are entirely at a loss to know. Instead of presenting an aspect of misery, he shows himself absorbed in rapturous delight, which clothes every object around with unearthly beauty; instead of disdain, he may be depicted as an ideal of humility, following Beatrice through the planets with the docility of a child. When at last he is about to be admitted to a glimpse of the Trinity and the union of God with man, he unites with St. Bernard in supplication to the Virgin Mary that he may have grace to contemplate the brightness of the Divine Majesty.

Hallam, in exercising that penetrating criticism which has made his opinion on all subjects worthy of the respect so universally accorded to his sober and judicial decision, has indirectly demonstrated the falsity of Macaulay's opinion. Repeating the opinion that light, music, and motion are the three subjects treated of throughout the Paradise, he states that Dante spiritualises everything he touches—an excellence in which Milton yields to him. Macaulay again confutes his own statement respecting this part of his subject, inasmuch as he urges that Dante's style is, if not his highest, his most peculiar excellence; in another place he tells us that that style had reached its perfection in the Paradise. Style, we contend, is not the mere outward dress in which thought is conveyed, but the body of thought itself, and works are potent to exercise an active influence on the minds of men only as their words are effective agencies for conveying and impressing the ideas they are intended to represent. Dante's style, for instance, is so identical with the ideas it has been written to perpetuate, by which his great epic is constituted, that the alteration of the words is synonymous with the disintegration of its structure as a body of thought.

It is in the sterner and darker passions he delights to dwell. All love, except the half mystic passion which he still felt for his buried Beatrice, had palled on the fierce and restless exile. The sad story of Rimini is almost an exception. I *know not* whether it has been remarked that in one point misanthropy seems to

have affected his mind as it did Swift's. Nauseous and revolting images seem to have had a fascination for his mind, and he repeatedly places before his readers, with all the energy of his incomparable style, the most loathsome objects of the sewer and the dissecting room.

This adds another to the list of Macaulay's misrepresentations. All love had not palled upon him except his passion for his dead Beatrice, and to describe that love as half-mystic is to totally misrepresent its character. He met Beatrice when he was only nine years of age. His boyish friendship for her grew into a love as unquenchable as his love for his native land—a feeling which no vicissitudes of circumstances could efface. "The Divine Comedy" was written in fulfilment of a promise made to her hallowed memory. In his first work, the "Vita Nuova," he says:—"Therefore did I determine to write no more of this dear saint until I should be able to write of her more worthily and of a secret. She knows that I study to attain to this with all my powers; and if it shall please Him by whom all things live to spare my life for some years longer I hope to say of her that which never hath been before said of any lady." To say that the story of "Rimini" is the sole exception argues a forgetfulness on the part of the critic which would be ridiculous in the consideration of the works of a less eminent man. Through all his weary wanderings, even while he was eating the bread and climbing the stairs of another, he cherished the affection of a child for his native city. There are few more pathetic passages in any literature than those which the exile employed in his appeal to be allowed to return to "that fairest and most renowned daughter of Rome, Florence, which had cast him forth out of her sweet bosom, in which he had his birth and nourishment, even to the ripeness of age, and in which with her good will he desired with all his heart to rest his wearied spirit and to terminate the time allotted to him on earth."

Love for any other woman than the daughter of Folco Portinari he never knew; but his affectionate remembrances of those who by their kind treatment assuaged the sorrows of his exile are denoted in every part of his poem in which he can recall the generous deeds of his generous patrons. Even if the story of "Rimini" were the sole exception to the rule which Macaulay has laid down, the critic should have remembered that it is by that story that thousands of English readers know anything of "The Divine Comedy." We trust, in the interest of faithful criticism, that no one else has remarked that misanthropy affected Dante's mind as it did Swift's, for the more in common between the rhetorical images of

than there is between the Scripture records of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah and the indecencies of Wycherley's comedies. Swift introduces into his recitals the most loathsome movements of the human body, not to illustrate the narrative, but because they had a fascination for his mind. Dante, on the other hand, never places such images before the minds of his readers. Swift's images are filthy: Dante's are awful. They are as dissimilar as the weird apostrophes of the witches in "Macbeth" are unlike the revolting litanies of "Rabelais." Dante does not waste the energy of his incomparable style on the most loathsome objects of the sewer and the dissecting room. The only instance we can recall in which any description in "The Divine Comedy" could justify the first part of the charge is the beginning of the sixth canto of the Hell, in which we are told that—

> Grandine grossa, e acqua tinta e neve
> Per l' aer tenebroso si riversa;
> Pute la terra che questo riceve.

Nothing in "The Divine Comedy" suggests the association of a dissecting room, unless it be that terrible story of Ugolino, universally considered as Dante's tragic masterpiece. If this depict the horrors of the dissecting room the most severe of Latin authors is open to the same accusation. It is doubtful whether the works of Tacitus were discovered in the time of Dante—the five books of the annals having been found in Germany in the reign of Leo X., and the first five books of the histories at Venice in 1468; but it is certain that a similar case to that presented by Dante is related by Tacitus in the forty-second chapter of the fourth book:—

> Occurrit truci oratione Curtius Montanus, eo usque progressus ut, post cædem Galbæ, datam interfectori Pisonis pecuniam a Regulo, appetitumque morsu Pisonis caput objectaret. Hoc certe, inquit, Nero non coëgit nec dignitatem nec salutem illa sævitia redemisti.

The instance of Tydeus and Menalippus, cited by himself, may also be adduced in favour of Dante's truthfulness in depicting dramatic scenes, appealing through the refining agencies of pity or terror, or both.

The character of Milton was peculiarly distinguished by loftiness of spirit; that of Dante by intensity of feeling. In every line of "The Divine Comedy" we discern the asperity which is produced by pride struggling with misery. There is perhaps no work in the world so deeply and sorrowfully mournful. The melancholy of Dante has no fantastic caprice. It was not, so far as at this distance of time it can be judged, the effect of external circumstances. It was from within. Neither love nor glory, neither the conflicts of earth nor the hopes of Heaven, could dispel it. It turned every consolation and every pleasure into its

own nature. It resembled the noxious Sardinian soil, of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey. His mind was, in the noble language of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness itself, and where the light was as darkness." The gloom of his character discolours all the passions of men and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise and the glories of the Eternal Throne. All the portraits of him are singularly characteristic. No person can look on his features, noble even to ruggedness, the dark furrows of the cheek, the haggard and woful stare of the eye, the sullen and contemptuous curve of the lip, and doubt that they belonged to a man too proud and too sensitive to be happy.

Enough has been already said to show that Macaulay's estimate of Dante's character is founded on misconception, or—to be more accurate—on the imperfect study of one part of a poem, the inspiration of every part of which is different from the spirit that induced the author to complete the other two. We pause here merely to direct attention to the loose rhetoric in which the critic assumes to specify the distinctive features of the characters of the two epic poets of Italy and England. There is no opposition between loftiness of spirit and intensity of feeling; in the lives of the authors of which he speaks there is ample proof that they both possessed both attributes in a prominent degree. Milton's intensity of feeling breathes through every one of his works, whether poetry or prose; loftiness of spirit is as clearly perceptible in every prominent action and utterance of the exile whose bones now lie on the banks of the Adriatic. Macaulay's criticism on this part of his subject is little more than a series of antitheses without point, and epithets without distinction. Indeed, throughout the whole essay he follows the lines of Coleridge's criticism on the Italian poet, amplifying his propositions when they are wrong, and distorting them when they are right. Want of originality distinguishes every observation made by the critic, both in the essay on Dante and in the essay on Milton; and when he appears to give us a penetrating view of the genius and construction of "The Divine Comedy" he merely imitates Coleridge, who was himself egregiously mistaken in his estimate of the epic, especially in his assertion of its non-allegorical meaning, the fallacy of which will be plainly demonstrated hereafter.

However strange, however grotesque, may be the appearance which Dante undertakes to describe, he never shrinks from describing it. He gives us the shape, the colour, the sound, the smell, the taste; he counts the numbers, he measures the size. His similes are the illustrations of a traveller. Unlike those of any other poet, and especially of Milton, they are introduced in a plain business-like manner, not for the sake of any beauty in the objects in which they are drawn, nor for the sake of any ornament which they may im to the poem, but simply in order to make the meaning of the writer p

the reader as to himself. The ruins of the precipice which led from the sixth to the seventh circle of Hell were like the rock which fell into the Adige on the south of Trent. The cataract of Phlegethon was like that of the Aqua Cheta at the monastery of St. Benedict. The place where the heretics are confined in burning tombs resembled the vast cemetery at Arles.

Again—

His similes are more of the traveller than the poet. He employs them not to display his ingenuity by fanciful analogies, not to delight the reader by affording him a distant and passing glimpse of beautiful images, remote from the path in which he is proceeding, but to give an exact idea of the objects which he is describing by comparing them with others generally known.

In these sentences the critic has supplied ample proof, if such were needed, that Dante's mind was deeply impressed by the objects of external nature, for the similes of a traveller as such are derived from external nature. Macaulay has overlooked another consideration in thus evolving the genius of Dante from his works—it is that the Florentine had acquired some excellence in the art of designing, so that his similes would be not only those of the traveller but also of the painter. Again may we quote the critic, to give his own words an emphatic and specific contradiction. Dante's similes, we are told, are introduced in a business-like manner, not for the sake of any ornament they impart to the poem. Let the following passages be read in juxtaposition with this opinion:—"I cannot dismiss this part of my subject without advising every person who can muster sufficient Italian to read the simile of the sheep in the third canto of the Purgatory. I think it the most perfect passage of the kind in the world, the most imaginative, and the most sweetly expressed." But it is not necessary to bind the critic to his own specimens of heedless rhetoric; internal testimony afforded by "The Divine Comedy," as well as historical evidence, will supply the refutation. To say that Dante's similes are unlike those of Milton is to ignore the authority of that translation which Macaulay himself has justly praised. Not only does Mr. Cary give us a translation of "The Divine Comedy;" he also gives us those passages in which our own poet has moulded into English form the thoughts of his great Italian predecessor. While it would be impossible within the limits of a short article to indicate all the passages which have been copied and amplified by Milton, a reference to this translation will effectively show their similitude. But it is not only in similes that any reader can observe the influence of Dante on Milton's mind. The author of the "Paradise Lost" told Dryden that he had taken Spenser for his model; but no one can deny that the English epic is Dantesque to a great degree in subject and also in spirit. Even if Milton owed much

to Spenser, the author of "The Faërie Queene" owed much to Dante. Indeed, there is not a great poet from Chaucer to Shakespeare who has not been influenced by "The Divine Comedy." Chaucer copies the similes and sentences so closely as to afford a strong proof that Dante studied at Oxford; that he inspired much of what supplied the fount whence sprung the well of English undefiled there can be no question. But what most astonishes one who reads is Macaulay's opinion that Dante's similes are unlike those of any other poet. He must have forgotten how much they have in common with the similes of Homer and his model, Virgil. As instances of this, the picture of the cranes in the fifth canto of the Hell reminds one irresistibly of the passage in the third book of Homer, read by every schoolboy, and another in the tenth book of Virgil. True it is that Dante's objects of comparison are described within a much smaller space than that allowed by our severe and more diffuse writers; but even if this were a fault it is caused by the structure of his poem. Whereas Homer presents one or two points of resemblance in a lengthy passage, every point in Dante's simile suggests a corresponding idea in the objects he is describing. Anything superfluous is as little to be expected in his work as an excrescence on the cheek of a sculptor's Venus. Macaulay gives the poet the highest praise when he says that Dante introduces his similes to make his verses as intelligible to the reader as to himself. But one single canto—the 22nd of the Hell—will plainly show that he *does* give distant and passing glimpses of beautiful images remote from the path in which he is proceeding. Reference has been already made to the simile of the sheep in the fifth canto of the Purgatory, and scores of other similar instances may be easily adduced. It is not to be expected that in describing the circles of Hell the poet would supply many comparisons calculated to impart beauty to the poem; but when he reaches the purifying world, and ascends to the regions of the beatified, he finds an infinite supply of objects, by the suggestion of which to make clearer to his readers the intention of his work; and he gives frequently recurring glimpses of beautiful objects to illustrate and embellish his noble theme. Not fifty lines of the Paradise can be read before proof of this position is forthcoming.

> As from the first a second beam is wont
> To issue, and reflected upwards rise,
> Even as a pilgrim bent on his return;
> So of her act, that through the eye-sight passed
> Into my fancy, mine was formed.

On entering the moon the poet exclaims :—

> Meseemed as if a cloud had covered us,

> Translucent, solid, firm, and polished bright
> Like adamant which the sun's beam had smit.
> Within itself the ever-during pearl
> Received us; as the wave a ray of light
> Receives and rests unbroken.

Again, in the third canto :—

> As though translucent and smooth glass, or wave
> Clear and unmoved, and flowing not so deep
> As that its bed is dark, the shape returns
> So faint of our impictured lineaments
> That, on white forehead set, a pearl as strong
> Comes to the eye; such saw I many a face
> All stretched to speak.

But it is unnecessary to pursue an argument which may be strengthened by every successive canto of the Paradise. These three paragraphs have been quoted in order to show that Macaulay's opinion would have been changed by reading the very first sections of that part which he has unduly underrated. It must also be borne in mind that the picturesque beauty and glowing fervour of Dante's similes are entirely lost in Mr. Cary's translation, which, though the best English version, but very imperfectly reproduces in its crude interpretation Dante's unequalled diction and fervid feeling.

> Poetry which relates to the beings of another world ought to be at once mysterious and picturesque. That of Milton is so: that of Dante is picturesque, indeed, beyond any that ever was written. Its effect approaches to that produced by the pencil or the chisel. But it is picturesque to the exclusion of all mystery. This is a fault on the right side, a faul inseparable from the plan of Dante's poem, which, as we have already observed, rendered the utmost accuracy of description necessary. Still it is a fault. The supernatural agents excite an interest, but it is not the interest which is proper to supernatural agents. We feel that we could talk to the ghosts and demons without any emotion of unearthly awe. We could, like Don Juan, ask them to supper and eat heartily in their company. His dead men are merely living men in strange situations. The scene which passes between the poet and Farinata is justly celebrated. Still, Farinata in the burning tomb is exactly what Farinata would have been at an *auto da fé*. Nothing can be more touching than the first interview of Dante and Beatrice. Yet what is it but a lovely woman chiding with sweet austere composure the lover for whose affection she is grateful, but whose vices she reprobates? The feeling which gives the passage its charm would suit the streets of Florence as well as the summit of the Mount of Purgatory.

Here the critic is again betrayed into error by his wrong diagnosis of "The Divine Comedy." By "mystery" in this connection Macaulay obviously intends to say what he had already stated in other words—that the words of the Italian were to be interpreted in their literal sense and in no other. That Macaulay's theory is not tenable has

been proved from the commentary of the Florentine on his own immortal work. But if Milton's epic be mysterious, to what does it owe this excellence—if indeed such it be? Simply to the inspiration of his Italian predecessor. If "mysterious" can be predicated of the personages introduced into the episode of the "Paradise Lost," it is because new functions are attributed to them and are sometimes transmuted to abstractions. From no other than from Dante was this plan derived. He it was who, as Macaulay himself has shown, so successfully interwove ancient mythology with modern poetry. Even so acute a critic as De Quincey has failed to discover the model which the English poet followed in the construction of this part of the machinery of his poem. To Michael Angelo De Quincey attributes the introduction of the pagan deities in connection with the hierarchy of the "Christian Heavens." De Quincey's remarks respecting this part of the subject are so crude as to suggest the notion that he never read "The Divine Comedy" either in the original or in an English dress. "One man might err from inadvertence, but that two, and both men trained to habits of constant meditation, should fall into the same error makes the marvel tenfold greater." Little marvel, however, is to be felt when it is plain that both worked on the same model. Dante introduced mythological personages in connection with the Christian hierarchy because at his time belief in the pagan theocracy had not completely died out, and heathen deities were regarded as objects of actual existence, and probably as the least fabulous portion of his wonderful creations. The structure of Milton's epic on a similar basis shows that he copied the Italian with wonderful clearness, inasmuch as at his own time—nearly three centuries and a half after Dante lived—the conception of such a design would be almost impossible. When Macaulay says that we might treat Dante's supernatural agents as Don Juan did—ask them home to supper—he must certainly have forgotten the tenants of the Malebolgian gulfs. "His dead men are merely living men in strange situations," &c. As a curiosity of literature it may be mentioned that in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1825—Macaulay's essay on Milton appeared in the same volume—we find a very different opinion respecting the character of the personages who appear in the episodes of "The Divine Comedy." "The images of Dante," says this contributor to "the Buff and Blue," "pass by like phantasms on a wall, clear indeed and picturesque, but although true in a great measure to fact they are wanting in reality. They have complexion and shape, but not flesh and blood. Milton's earthly creatures have a flush of living beauty upon them and show the changes of human infirmity."

The poetry of Milton differs from that of Dante as the hieroglyphics of Egypt differed from the picture writing of Mexico. The images which Dante employs speak for themselves; they stand simply for what they are. Those of Milton have a significance which is often discernible only to the initiated. Their value depends less on what they directly represent than on what they remotely suggest.

There is not in the whole range of critical literature a statement more calculated to mislead the student of Dante than that made by Macaulay when he says that the images which Dante employs stand simply for what they are. Not only is this not the case, but there is ample evidence that such was by no means the intention of the poet. From this, as from many other parts of Macaulay's commentary, we can easily understand that he studied the great work of the Florentine very superficially, and that he had not read any of the prose works of the author, in which the intention of the author is explained, and the structure of his immortal "Comedy" delineated. If he had referred to the treatise entitled "Il Convito," he would have found that, instead of Dante's images standing simply for what they are, the genius which called them into being meant that they should be presented to the mind of the reader in no less than four different aspects. Dante's writings are to be interpreted, firstly, in the literal sense which is obvious; secondly, in the allegorical sense which, though somewhat hidden, can be easily made intelligible by the context. The third—the moral sense—is not conveyed in words, but is inferred from the words. As an instance of this, the author gives the reader the Gospel narrative of Christ's transfiguration when He retires to a high mountain with only three of His disciples. The moral inference, according to Dante, is that in secret things we should have but few companions. (Purg. xxxii., 116.) By the anagogical sense we are enabled from the narrative of things perceived by the senses to learn things beyond the reach of human perception. The Israelites passed out of Egypt (Paradise xi., 45); that is written in Psalm 114. Dante intends that another lesson should be taught with equal distinctness—namely, that the human soul released from sin passes from captivity to liberty.

In the first canto of the Purgatory Dante meets the shade of Cato of Utica. Virgil, having explained to Cato the object of their visit, says :—

> Non son gli editti eterni per noi guasti;
> Che questi vive, e Minos me non lega:
> Ma son del cerchio ove son gli occhi casti
> Di Marzia tua, che'n vista ancor ti prega
> O santo petto, che per tua la tegni:
> Per lo suo amore adunque a noi ti piega
> Lasciane andar per li tuo' setti regni.

Marcia was the wife of Cato, by whom she had issue. She then lived with Sempronius, to whom also she bore children. After Sempronius's death Marcia again returned to Cato. Now not only does this story, which we take merely as an example, not stand simply for what it is, but Dante minutely describes, in "Il Convito," his whole intention in referring to it:—"Marcia was a virgin: in that state she signified childhood. Then she came to Cato, and in that state she represents youth. She then bore children, by whom are represented the virtues which are said to belong to age. Marcia at last returns to her first love, which signifies that the noble soul has returned to God." If, then, Milton's images have a significance often discernible only to the initiated, the same may be predicated with even more certainty and emphasis regarding the poetic utterances of the Florentine. It is this marvellous power of inculcating high moral lessons in the shape of historical narrative which rivets the attention of the ardent student of "The Divine Comedy" while passing in spirit with his guide, through the same regions of ineffable pain and supreme bliss through which he had passed himself in the company of his model, Virgil. How much more ennobling is the story of Marcia and Cato read in the refining light of Dante's commentary than as a rude record of sensual passion!

In the works of Dante the political is co-ordinate with the moral object. The theory that Dante did not intend that his writings should bear an allegorical or any second intention is supported by the assertions that he has suppressed the existence of a political allegory, and that the *onus probandi* rests with those who are disposed to place it among the prominent interpretations which it is supposed to have been his design figuratively to convey. It will presently be shown that the very ground plan of "The Divine Comedy" is founded on a political allegory. In this place it is only necessary to say that the political allegory is manifest in the very first canto, where the leopard denotes Florence, the lion the King of France, and the wolf the Court of Rome. It is a matter of no small surprise that a critic possessing Coleridge's analytical power should agree in the theory that the moral, political, and theological truths of "The Divine Comedy" are not allegorical, but quasi-allegorical, or conceived in analogy with pure allegory. This statement, which cannot bear close examination even as regards its rhetorical structure, is indirectly contradicted by Coleridge's own statement that in the age in which Dante lived, and the literary character of which he represented, allegory had succeeded to polytheism. Ample evidence has been

already given to show not only that "The Divine Comedy" is a complete allegory, but that it is unmistakably allegorical.

No person can have attended to "The Divine Comedy" without observing how little impression the forms of the external world appear to have made on Dante. His temper and his situation had led him to fix his observations almost exclusively on human nature.

This is the most glaring and transparent of all the mis-statements made in the course of Macaulay's commentary. As well might it be asserted that the tragedy of "Othello" does not depict the excess of jealous love, or that the tragic fate of Romeo and Juliet was not attributable to the obstructed course of youthful affection. To prove that Macaulay's position cannot be sustained is like breaking a fly upon a wheel: the accumulation of testimony against it is so weighty as to crush beneath it any one who ventures to support the theory of the historian. The very first lines of "The Divine Comedy" constitute an argument unanswerable in its cogency that Dante was impressed by external nature, for he makes the scene of the first incident of his vision a gloomy wood. It would be useless to reiterate all the passages by which evidence is afforded of the egregious errors of the critic. We shall more effectively sustain our own position by showing that the whole ground plan of "The Divine Comedy" was based on external nature. As shown by Keightley, the historian, the geographical features of Italy formed the ground plan of the poem :—

The abode of the Dantean God, the Emperor, was in Germany, beyond the Alps, which must be passed to reach him. Now we find Dante in the opening of the poem attempting to climb a mountain where he is impeded by three beasts representing the Guelfic powers. He has then to turn back and pass, under the guidance of Virgil, a native of the sub-Alpine Mantua, through the Guelfic hell, till it reaches its central point. He first comes to a gateway which Rosetti, without any knowledge of the theory, has shown to be Brescia, whence he comes to a river, the Po. Beyond this is the Limbo, the inhabitants of which Rosetti has regarded as leading Ghibellines, and which I take to be Bologna, a chief seat of Ghibellinism. After this he reaches La Cillà di Dite, in which nothing but the deepest prejudice can prevent any one from recognising Florence. There seems to be a hint of Viterbo, and finally the poet arrives at the centre, the Guidecca (from Judas), the abode of the arch traitor Lucifer—*i.e.*, the Pope, the rebel against the enemy of God, the Emperor. The ground-plan of the Purgatory—a conical mountain ascending by ledges or terraces—was also given by one of the natural features of Italy. I have never been at Lucca, so I cannot say whether the practice continues or not; but Montaigne, in his *Journal d'un Voyage en Italie* (ii., 256), gives the following passage :—

"Non si può assai lodare, e per la bellezza e per l'utile, questo modo di coltivare le montagne fin alla cima, facendosi in forma di scaloni delli cerchi intorno d'essi, e l'alto di questi scaloni, adesso appoggiandolo di pietre, adesso con altri ripari, *se la terra di se* non sta soda, il piano del scalone, come si riscontra più largo e

più stretto, empiendolo di grano, e l'estremo del piano verso la valle, cioè ilgiro è l'orlo, aggirandolo di vigne; e dove (come verso le cime) non si più ritrovar nè far piano, mettendoci tutto vigne."

Macaulay says that he will not take upon himself the task of settling the precedency between two such writers. There can, however, be no great difficulty about the decision. Dante not only created a language, but he gave it energy and nerve which it has never since possessed when used by other hands. Milton approached the composition of the "Paradise Lost" with the advantage of being able to draw his vocabulary from the well of English undefiled, and from the English authors who lived between the fourteenth and the seventeenth centuries. Dante, strictly speaking, had no model to follow; Milton's poem is to a great extent Dantesque. The influence of Milton on our literature and our political development has been slightly felt, and his works cannot be said to be popularly read. The writings of Dante have sunk deep into the national soul of Italy. His spirit has inspired every epic, didactic, and lyric poem worth remembering in the literature of the peninsula, and to him must be attributed in no small degree the fulfilment of the desires dearest to his heart, though it has been achieved five hundred years after his death in exile—the expulsion of the foreigner and the emancipation of his native land. After a lapse of five centuries his writings come to us with undiminished splendour; and if we may modify the well-known prophecy enunciated by his critic, we would say that they will appeal as fervently and earnestly to the Italian heart when some New Zealander, having taken his stand on a broken arch of the bridge of St. Angelo, will sketch the ruins of St. Peter's.

ACROSS THE ALPS;

OR, GLIMPSES OF NORTH ITALY.

Yet waft me from the harbour mouth,
Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South.

Tennyson.

THE great engineering feat of the Mont Cenis Tunnel has rendered crossing the Alps an every day occurrence, has lessened all the hardships of mountain travel to a railway ride in a tunnel for some forty minutes, and has to a great extent reduced the imaginative part of the journey to nothing.

Report speaks of another railway over the St. Gothard, so that the route to fair Italy by carriage or on foot will be left to but a few of those noble passes, guarded by the lofty Alps. A somewhat less untravelled route is by the Great St. Bernard, which, as offering no regular public conveyance, and not presenting the sterner scenery of the Simplon, Gothard, or Splügen, is often omitted in the category of travel.

The approach to this pass on the Swiss side is from Martigny, a village so well known to all Chamouni tourists, that any description of its features would be useless. Soon after leaving Martigny, the St. Bernard road diverges, and, like all the great mountain passes, follows the course of a river here called the Dranse. The length of the road from end to end—that is, from Martigny in Switzerland to Aosta in Piedmont—is some forty-five miles. For ten or twelve miles no perceptible ascent is felt, and then it is very gradual. On the way, several large villages, as Orsières and Liddes, are passed. Travellers, two or three in number, cross one's path, and the usual cattle drivers, with their cows and goats, are the chief accompaniments of the journey. Occasionally a post cart or rudely built carriage will rattle by, but there are no regular diligences, no strings of travellers with much luggage, that one always encounters over the Alpine roads.

So far, there is a primitive aspect and feeling in crossing the St. Bernard. On leaving St. Pierre, a romantic village about three hours from the top of the pass, the mountains begin to close in, and

vegetation to an extent ceases. The carriage road also ends, and the path leads along a way rugged with stones, and marked at intervals with high poles, which in winter serve to guide the traveller in the falling snow to the welcome Hospice and shelter. The last two miles is a steep ascent, when on a sudden the Hospice comes into view—a plain stone building, situate in a deep solitude, with no other habitation near. Here, some twenty brethren live and assist poor travellers and others in winter. There is a small chapel attached to the Hospice, and among the paintings on the walls is one of St. Bernard, the founder of the order. He is represented with a huge St. Bernard dog at his side, and the snowy Alps in the distance. The traveller is lodged and entertained here, free of expense, but if not indigent, it is usual to leave some contribution for the support of the monastery or chapel. The brethren do not remain here more than a year or two, but are replaced by others from a neighbouring establishment, for the keenness of the air does not permit a long residence.

Immediately on leaving the Hospice the descent of the pass begins, several fine valleys open up, while in the far distance many a snow-capped summit peers forth. The farther one proceeds, the more Italian does the scene grow: churches on whose western fronts are rudely painted the Crucifixion, Ascension, or other scriptural subjects —vines not trained in the regular upright manner of France and Switzerland, but climbing over trellised wood-work or growing confusedly with other plants. The first Italian town of any note was Aosta, which, as we approached in the dusky twilight, looked picturesque indeed, as lit by primitive lamps suspended along the narrow, winding streets. Nor did the morning view disappoint, for, placed as the town is, under the shadow of the Mont Blanc range on one side and the maritime Alps on the other, there is little wanting to complete great natural beauty. Some of the streets were arcaded, and a curious sight to English eyes was the hanging out of many wares for sale; this appeared to be usual in several Italian towns, giving the aspect of a permanent fair or bazaar. The road from Aosta to Ivrea was travelled over by diligence, of a construction which permitted a good outside view, thus enabling one to enjoy the fine scenery to perfection. In the valley near were the long stretching fields of maize, mingled with orchards of chesnut, fig, and vine. At distances of eight or ten miles were large villages, picturesquely placed, surrounded by some castellated crag or rock-piled ruin to increase the strange wonder and beauty of the scene. The Val d'Aosta has afforded many a subject for the pencil of the late celebrated artist Harding. The road, by its sudden bends, now hemmed in by lofty

mountains, now opening out on some fine pastoral valley, admitted of very diverse scenery. The wayside chapels or shrines, and village houses, painted with a scripture scene or sacred legend, told of an loving propensities, exhibited even in this a somewhat inferior manner. By degrees the landscape, fairy-like as it was, began to soften down, mountains lessened into hills, soon to be lost altogether in the plains of Lombardy, and it was evident we had now really exchanged the lofty heights and still loftier Alps, those "barriers of another world," for the level tracts of Italy.

The railway, too, confirmed this idea, for at Ivrea was the train that conveyed us to Turin.

This place has many fine buildings, piazzas, and curiously arcaded streets. Turin has played a conspicuous part in history, from the period when Hannibal descended the Alps to its impoverishment at the time of the conquest of Piedmont in 1536, and its final re-establishment as a populous and brilliant city. The principal edifices are in the centre of the place, and the Piazza Castello. The cathedral is remarkable for a roof painted with scenes from the Old Testament, and the novice in Italian travel will be no less struck by the handsomely decorated ceiling of the railway station at the Porta Nuova. On this are represented, in coloured panels, the arms of the chief cities in Italy, and there is a general boldness and massiveness of design, captivating to a foreign eye.

From Turin to Milan is a long railway ride, but as all continental trains (except expresses) travel very slowly, one gets accustomed to tedious progress, and regards it as a thing to be endured and which cannot be helped. Milan, the city of art and opulence, containing a cathedral alone worth a journey to see, is a central point for North Italy. Its churches and buildings have been described in all handbooks, and so my readers must be satisfied to search them out there, and be contented with more general impressions of people and things. For to observe the social characteristics of a nation is as much a point of travel as to acquire confused ideas of churches, pictures, and other tourist experiences. The Cathedral, or Duomo of Milan, cannot be passed unnoticed, if only for the remarkable affirmation that it was designed by a German, although the Italian mind supplemented and finished the work. Viewed apart from any differences as to architectural merit, it is a marvellous creation, rising in all the magnificence of its white marble walls. If the exterior is striking, the interior is doubly so, for the grandeur of proportions amazes at first, but delights all the more on intimate acquaintance. Any description of the noble and majestic internal effect fails when

committed to paper, and the reality alone will satisfy the mind. There is a general prejudice against mounting towers of cathedrals and churches as an ordinary sight-seeing accomplishment, but the ascent of Milan Cathedral will repay the traveller. He will find himself face to face with the countless statues (3,400 in all) of saints, martyrs, and apostles that crown each pinnacle, of which little conception can be formed below. An excellent notion of the intricate windings of the Milanese streets can also be formed from the height of the tower, and in fortunate weather the surrounding level country is backed by the distant Alps, "so shadowy, so sublime."

The stranger will find some difficulty in selecting from the many churches which to visit: those of St. Ambrogio, St. Eustachio, and St. Maria delle Grazie commend themselves to the educated traveller. In the refectory adjoining the last named church is to be seen all that remains of Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece, the "Last Supper." How greatly injury, damp, and retouching have altered the original is well known, but, despite all these drawbacks, it will ever attract its devotees of sight-seers from all countries. There is a fine marble statue by Magni of this many-minded painter lately erected near the La Scala Theatre, and you will often observe the poor passer-by stop and gaze at the great man with that intent admiration for art in all its forms that seems to characterise both the high and low classes in Italy. The famous picture gallery is in the palace of the Brera, and the collection includes most continental schools. The well-known Spolalizio of Raphael is the acknowledged gem, but there are other paintings of renown and excellence. During the summer of 1872 an exhibition of the works of living painters and sculptors formed a striking and interesting contrast to those of the old masters in the Brera, and showed that the spirit of modern art, though here displayed in a different fashion, was as keenly alive as ever in this its natural and congenial home. Many of the approaches to Milan are by gates, and the Arco della Pace, erected by Napoleon I., is a very imposing structure, bearing some resemblance to the Triumphal Arch in Paris.

One of the literary glories of Milan is the famed Ambrosian Library, near the centre of the city. The somewhat dark and sombre approaches to the rooms of this building are compensated by the interesting contents; in one room is a series of illuminated MSS., many of which are of the Italian school of Art; the great attraction, however, is a large volume of original drawings, sketches of architecture and engineering, &c., with MS. notes and other memoranda of the great Da Vinci, acquired from a noble Italian family for this library.

There is also a celebrated MS. volume said to be by the architect Bramante, containing drawings of antique tombs, trophies, and triumphal arches. Attached to the library is a good gallery of paintings, and among one of the most remarkable is Raphael's School of Athens. There are also many engravings and etchings of the Flemish and Dutch schools in the various rooms. The interest of scanning the works of such great masters is enhanced by being in the land of their birth, for many a simple occurrence of present daily life in Italy is as fresh, as original, as when it formed an incident on the canvas of the mediæval painter. A glimpse only of the art life of Italy is to be seen in a visit to Milan, for you must proceed to Florence, Venice, and cities farther south to pursue all the inquiries that have, as it were, only been stimulated by a sight of what this city alone contains. Thus was Milan left, not to seek further art treasures, but because time warned that the homeward route must be by the three fair lakes of Como, Lugano, and Maggiore.

To the travelled these lakes present many novelties, that neither the romantic shores of Lucerne, the rugged steeps of Loch Katrine, nor the undulating banks of Windermere possess. For Italy's lakes are surrounded by hills, wooded at times from the very summit to the water's edge—on the lake side are handsome villas of Italian nobles, with many a clustering village, encircling a church whose campanile, standing apart, and often sweetly ringing out a deep-toned service bell, is sufficient to characterise the scene as novel at least.

Occasionally a distant snow peak rises above the wooded heights, but is soon lost to sight in some sudden turn of the landscape. On the still water gondola-shaped boats with gay awnings glide from shore to shore, laden with market folk or passing travellers.

Nowhere are so many small boats to be seen, the Italian lakes thus contrasting remarkably in this respect with the Swiss lakes, where their appearance, owing to the danger of navigation and sudden winds, is very seldom.

The town of Como is not behind in picturesque beauty, inasmuch as there are arched gateways, arcaded shops, and the Broletto, or town hall, and cathedral. The last two buildings, adjoining the lake side and market, are very noticeable, and would form a fit subject for the artist's pencil.

From the lake side the steamer winds its way between the wooded heights that fringe the water's edge, and after passing some small villages stops at the important town of Bellaggio. This place, situate midway up the lake, is considered one of the finest situations, for the water here widens into a bay-like expanse, leaving on one side of this town

the opening to the small but romantic Lake of Lecco. The head of the Lake of Como narrows considerably, and the mountains are proportionately steeper as they unite with the rugged chain of the Alps towards the St. Gothard or Splügen passes. To see the three chief Italian lakes, the route from Bellaggio on Como to Porlezza on Lugano is generally taken. The distance between these towns is about nine English miles, through very wooded heights and occasional villages, with orchards of figs, vines, and maize. The Lake of Lugano is the smallest of the three, being only about fourteen miles in length and eleven miles and a quarter in breadth; and the town so called from the lake is backed by verdant hills and is very romantic in situation. Opposite to the town is a conical shaped hill, called Monte Salvatore, which so resembles the shape of Vesuvius as to receive the name of the modern Vesuvius.

In the church of St. Maria degli Angeli is the masterpiece and famous fresco of Bernardino di Luino, the Crucifixion. A great many figures are introduced, and the varying scenes in this sacred drama are treated with much vigour and meaning. To reach the third lake, Maggiore, an undulating ride of some twelve miles from Lugano brings the traveller to Luino, an important town on the upper end of Maggiore. This lake, some fifty miles long and three miles broad, may be called the grandest, uniting tranquil beauty with the sterner aspects of distant snow peaks. The hills, or more properly mountains, on the Alpine side present a bold, unbroken series, while behind them tower the higher summits of Monte Rosa and the great snow range of the Helvetic Alps. Some three parts down the lake, where the towns of Pallanza and Baveno are situated, the water forms into an extensive bay, upon which rise, in fairy-like form, the four Borromean islands. The steamer, touching at Pallanza, Baveno, and Stresa, threads its way among these isles, the most famous of which is the Isola Bella; the other three are called Isola Madre, Isola di Pescatori, and Isola di St. Giovanni. On the Isola Bella is a noble palace, partly in ruins, partly modernised. The gardens, laid out at the expense of one of the Borromean family, are arranged in a succession of terraces, where the orange, myrtle, olive, and grape are entwined with the delicate flowers of the sunny south. Stresa or Baveno is the favourite resting place for tourists; and, indeed, at either Nature has lavished all her possible charms, for the distant mountains form a noble amphitheatre encircling the town of Pallanza, and in an opposite direction just terminate abruptly, only to disclose a wider vision of the distant Alps, while in the foreground are the Borromean islands, so placed that—

> Each retiring claims to be
> *An islet in an inland sea.*

In this favoured clime, delicate flowers, shrubs, and fruits flourish at will, while from any of the towns on this part of the lake the tourist can extend his travels in many directions.

The nearest route home for those who *must* return "across the Alps" is by the Simplon Pass, over which an excellent carriage road is made, so that, unless desired, walking is superfluous. The first town on the Simplon road, after leaving Maggiore, is Domo d'Ossola, where all who wish to see the glories of the pass by day stay the night, the diligence passing early the next morning. This enables the traveller—as he should, especially for the first time—to make his acquaintance with the scenery by daylight. After Domo, the Italian frontier is soon passed, and the real glories and wonders of the Simplon begin; the road at one time cut between mountains whose summits seem well nigh to overhang and darken the narrow defiles; at another forming such a sudden bend that it appears marvellous how any exit could be made from this mountain prison.

The Simplon road is uniformly good, though its commencement was thought to be an almost impossible feat, eliciting a famous remark of Napoleon I., who conceived the idea of making it a great military road, after the battle of Marengo. On it being represented to Napoleon that certain orders were impossible, he exclaimed, "Comment? ce mot n'est pas Français." The Simplon road was begun in 1801 and finished in 1805, at the joint expense of France and Italy; it follows a river torrent for many miles, and in various stages is cut through tunnels or galleries in the solid rock. At those parts most liable to danger from snow or avalanches houses of shelter, or "maisons de refuge," are built, and some six of them at intervals line the route. The village of Simplon is nearly at the top of the pass, and a halt of half an hour is usually made here, the road onwards ascending, and the mountains somewhat widening from the narrow gorges in the earlier part of the pass. At the highest point, 6,580 feet, the bleak-looking Hospice is reached, and immediately afterwards the gradual but lasting descent begins. The route is here so wonderfully constructed that one ledge of road seems actually to rest in layers over another, so that in the zig-zag descent you can easily trace and contemplate the heights so recently quitted. In the close of evening you will first espy the Rhone valley, and the range of the Bernese Alps; and, almost before you are aware, the diligence will rattle into the quaint old town of Brieg, in the Valais. Here, again on Swiss ground, Italy is far behind, and the descending journey is accomplished so quickly that you are loth to believe you have been "across the Alps."

The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

S. W. KERSHAW, M.A.

CYFARTHFA CASTLE.

(FROM MRS. ROSE MARY CRAWSHAY'S ALBUM.)

THINE were the towers, Cyfarthfa, thine the heights,
Or battlemented summits such as thine,
Whereto in other summers, gentle knights
Came glittering; haply home from rescued shrine
Or deed of valour wrought in beauty's name,
And in their coming gazed on one—as now
I gaze—of gracious presence, wide of brow,
Clear-eyed and fair of face—whose smile was fame.

The knights are gone, with all their knightly deeds,
Into the past; but we of other mould,
The workers in a day of other needs,
Turn to Cyfarthfa still, like those of old
Finding alike incentive to emprise
And meed of prowess in approving eyes.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

TWO ARAB MARKETS.

BY EDWARD HENRY VIZETELLY.

I.

ALTHOUGH considerable progress has been made in the colonisation of Algeria during the last fifteen years, yet it must be apparent to any one who has visited the country and looked into its history, that far less has been achieved than might have been the case if it had possessed more competent and scrupulous rulers, and if the character and disposition of the inhabitants had been better understood by those concerned in its administration. If anything may be gleaned from the general outcry among colonists, it would appear that this lentor in the march of progress is in a greater measure owing to military rule, which, notwithstanding what its champions may advance in its defence, is beyond a doubt obnoxious both to the immigrants and the Arabs, and ruinous to the colony itself. And yet progress, small as it is, is marked in every acre of ground, in spite of what may be asserted to the contrary in the different Radical journals, and of what unsuccessful petitioners for Government grants may thunder out at election meetings or between a second and third glass of absinthe at colonial cafés.

During the period I have mentioned the crops have increased, villages have been erected, farms have been laid out, wells have been sunk, water in many parts of the country has been brought down from lofty hills and dispersed over the plains, bridges have been built, broad highways have been traced out and constructed in every direction, and often under the most adverse circumstances. Diligences, too, now run in something under twelve hours from Algiers to the plain of the Sebaou, in the heart of Kabylia, and on many of the high roads these antiquated vehicles, with their six lean, knee-bent Arab steeds, have given place to the locomotive. Thus, the journey from Algiers to Oran, which had formerly to be made by diligence, unless the traveller preferred the sea route—which was certainly the quickest and most convenient, but, on the other hand, the least picturesque and most painful, if he should happen to suffer from sea sickness—is now performed by railway. The line, which is

a single one, except at the stations, where there are sidings to enable the trains to pass one another, was laid out by English contractors. As it was constructed principally for military purposes, with the money and in a certain manner to suit the convenience of the large farmers established on the road to Oran, it is not surprising that little attention should be paid either to the convenience of ordinary travellers or to the punctuality of trains. One is constantly hearing of the engine, followed by one or two carriages, running off the line and sticking in the sand at Hussein-Dey, because the pointsman happens to be engaged at a game of piquet in the neighbouring wine-shop when the train arrives; and it is no uncommon thing to see the engine driver and the stoker coolly drinking absinthe while the guard is whistling for the train to go on. I remember on one occasion the carriage in which I was seated stopping exactly opposite the buffet at Beni-Méred. Wondering why the stoppage was so long, I put my head out of the window just as the guard was blowing his whistle for the third or fourth time. At the door of the buffet was the stoker. "Il faut partir," he exclaimed, turning to his companion as he perceived the guard looking about and heard the repeated shrill sound of his whistle. "Des bêtises," answered the other. "Qu'il siffle," he added, after a pause, shrugging his shoulders. Then they both had a good laugh, and leisurely finished their absinthe before sauntering in the direction of the locomotive.

The day that I started for Blidah, a distance of some thirty miles from Algiers into the country, I had another instance of the mismanagement of Algerian railways. We had made up a party, and on the previous evening had told the waiter to call us at five a.m., for we intended taking the six o'clock train in order to get our journey over before the heat of the day set in. Perhaps the waiter had called us late; perhaps we had felt more tired than usual, and had been reluctant to quit our beds until the last moment; maybe the clock was wrong, or the coffee not ready, or our boots not cleaned, or one or more of a hundred things may have delayed us. I do not exactly remember what it was now, but in any case we suddenly discovered that we were behind time, and that we had only ten minutes to get to the railway station, while from where we were staying it took a good twenty. "We'll take a cab," said one. "No, we can't, for there are none at this hour in the morning," answered another. "We'll wait for the next train." "No, we'll go by this." "We'll chance it." "Yes!" "No!" "Yes!" "It's absurd!" "Ridiculous!" Such were the different opinions and advice which each felt bound to give in a somewhat excited tone of voice. Eventually we swallowed the remainder

of our almost scalding hot coffee, burnt our throats, and seizing our hats, rushed down the staircase into the street. We hurried along as if our very lives depended upon the rapidity of our movements, without glancing either to the right or left to observe the somewhat curious aspect of the streets in the early morning. We reached the Place du Gouvernement out of breath, and there learnt that the omnibus which meets the train had started. Off we went again along the Boulevard de la République, endeavouring to console ourselves with the idea that our watches and all the clocks in Algiers were fast. We scrambled down the stone steps opposite the post-office at the risk of breaking our necks, and at length, bathed in perspiration, reached the station, when the clock above the entrance pointed to ten minutes past six. "Don't hurry yourselves," said a gaping railway official, as we rushed by him, "they have not begun to put the luggage in yet." We were, of course, delighted at the *dénouement*, but the people who were at the station some time before six were evidently not so well pleased. We took our tickets from a man looking lazily at us from a pigeon hole, and then secured our seats in the train, which eventually crawled slowly out of the station twenty minutes after the advertised time.

In Algeria there are but few people who ever think of travelling first class; firstly, because there is but little difference between the two classes insomuch as ordinary comfort is concerned: and secondly, because there are certain annoyances connected with the "quality carriage" which rarely occur in that which is generally patronised in Europe by the *bourgeoisie*. It is customary to join so few third class carriages to the train that when it has proceeded about twenty miles on its journey they are usually full, and the consequence is that if at one of the stations ten or fifteen Arabs, in filthy dirty burnouses and greasy *chachias*, happen to be waiting to take the train, they are bundled pell-mell into the first class vehicles in spite of the remonstrances of the few unfortunates who purchased the highest priced tickets with a view of being in select society. Second class passengers generally escape this annoyance, as their carriages are always tolerably full.

To perform the thirty miles between Algiers and Blidah, the train, stopping as it does at every station, takes over two hours, providing of course that no accident occurs. Along the line we pass by Hussein-Dey, Maison-Carrée, Le Gué de Constantine, Birtouta, Boufarik, and Beni-Méred, all flourishing villages inhabited by Europeans, but of which Boufarik is by far the prettiest and most important. This prosperous little town lies almost

of that beautiful plain of the Mitidja which, together with Sicily, once formed the granary of the Roman Empire. It is built on a spot which forty years ago was nothing more than a small island in the centre of an immense swamp covered with reeds, where two cupola-crowned wells and a white *koubba*, dedicated to the memory of Sidi-Abd-el-Kader-el-Djilani, a Mussulman saint, rose amidst a cluster of poplar trees; while beside it stood a large walnut with pieces of esparto grass rope, and sometimes the corpses of criminals whom the Agha, or prefect of the Arabs, had condemned to death, dangling from its branches.* On this site a comely village has risen up in the midst of a pretty wood, planted for sanitary reasons by the colonists, who have learnt by experience that plantations of trees are the best fever preventives in an unhealthy neighbourhood. It is well, indeed, that some such safeguard should have been discovered, for we find that the number of victims to this deadly malady amounted, in the space of the first few years which followed the foundation of the village, to no less than three times its entire population, which has therefore been thrice renewed by immigration from Europe. The swamp having in the course of time been thoroughly drained has produced ground which fetches as high a price as any in Algeria, and the village itself is considered at the present day to be one of the healthiest of the plain.

Previous to the French conquest, in the days when the warlike inhabitants of the Mitidja paid tribute to the Pacha of Algiers, the dry ground, where a portion of the town now stands, could only be reached by a number of narrow cattle tracks, constructed of stones and branches, which traversed the marsh in various directions; and on this oasis the neighbouring Arab tribes assembled every Monday to barter away their live stock and produce with the Jews and Moors from Algiers and Blidah. But they were very careful to be off before the sun had sunk behind the hills of the Beni-Menacer, for woe to

* Executions were only performed on the market-place when it was considered necessary to make a public example, such, for instance, as to prove to the Arabs beyond a doubt that a popular rebel or an enemy to the Pacha's government was really dead. The Agha of the Arabs, who was a sort of Prefect, commanded the Turkish soldiers, and came immediately after the Pacha Dey in rank. Supported by the caids, he administered justice in criminal matters among the Arabs in the neighbourhood of Algiers. He sometimes made excursions into the country, and upon these occasions criminals who had incurred the penalty of death were peremptorily executed. The mode of execution varied. Arabs and Kabyles were hanged, while Turks or Kouloglis were either strangled or beheaded. In the towns shoemakers of the Hebrew persuasion habitually officiated as executioners.

the man who crossed the swamp after dark with a bag of *douros* beneath his burnous. Years have elapsed since then, and the Turk and the Arab no longer rule in that part of Northern Africa. The French have invaded the Mitidja, and the sword and the brand have cut paths for civilisation and progress through countless heaps of mangled slain. The soil—which had been left untilled during the struggle against the invaders—has again been brought under cultivation, the warlike tribes of the plain have either been exterminated or subdued, or driven to another part of the country, and the whole system of government and administration has been changed. Yet, notwithstanding this wonderful transformation, notwithstanding the fearful calamities of fifteen years' continued warfare, sufficient in themselves to have caused all the old traditions to be forgotten, the Arab market is still held on the same spot, and although it may have lost much of its local colouring since the days when the proud Arab chieftains attended it, accompanied by their followers, when the law of the strongest was the law of the land, it is nevertheless a curious sight to the European wanderer.

Following, from the town, a beautiful lane bordered by orange and lemon trees, one reaches a large enclosure bounded on the north and south-western sides by stone walls, beyond which are the river El Khanis and the Blidah road, and limited on the others by plantations skirted by thick hedges. In the interior the crumbling cupola of an old well rises, amidst the branches, in the centre of an avenue of wide-spreading, green foliaged plane-trees, which on market days cast their shade over the assembled crowds, while a caravansary, built by Marshal Bugeaud in 1847, stands close to the principal entrance. It is vast and even grandiose in appearance, but it is dirty and badly managed. The walls are in ruins, the rooms dilapidated and bare, and dirt, rubbish, and lumber are heaped up in every corner. The wooden beams are covered with cobwebs, the window panes are all either broken or cracked, or replaced by plaster, most of the doors hang upon a single hinge, and the windows and shutters are devoid of fastenings; the stables are a foot deep in dung, the slaughter-houses are full of mud and filth, and the fountains send forth undrinkable water. The building is barely twenty-six years old, and it is already a ruin.

Monday is the market day, but from an early hour on the previous evening the roads in the neighbourhood of Boufarik become crowded with almost every description of antiquated vehicle, from the colonist's heavy and roughly constructed waggon drawn by four small o[illegible] the dirty broken-springed gig of the man who speculates

every Arab market from Kabylia to the plain of Mitidja. There are small three-horse omnibuses from Algiers loaded with all sorts of drapery, hosiery, and woollen goods—which, having failed to find buyers in Europe, have been sent across the Mediterranean, where they are hawked about the markets of Algeria, and purchased by the artless colonists as the last Parisian novelties—open flys, hired for the day, crammed full of European boots and shoes, blue and white blouses, smock frocks, and various kinds of soft felt hats; others, containing a tobacconist's stock-in-trade; and carts loaded with ironmongery. There are Arabs with aged knee-bent horses, often either blind or lame, lean looking mules and small donkeys with the hair worn off in many places, and generally with a round piece of skin about the size of a shilling purposely cut off the shoulder or the rump, and used as a mark for the Arab's pointed stick, which is thus felt more acutely. Their load consists of a pack saddle, with two large baskets containing a tent, mats, manufactured articles, and all the implements and tools used in their masters' trade; or, if their owners happen to be engaged in agriculture, the baskets will be crammed with fruit and vegetables, while three or four couples of fowls suspended by the legs will be hanging from either side, together with little pails, made of small pieces of wood bound together with esparto grass cord and filled with eggs. In either case the masters themselves are sure to be enthroned on the top of the pile, with their legs dangling on either side of the animals' necks. "Ar-r-r-r-wa! Ar-r-r-r-wa!" they cry, to encourage their tottering steeds, and then they poke them on the tender sores until the beasts increase their pace.

The herds of cattle and the flocks of sheep come from the east and west, the former foaming at the mouths, and advancing at that slow pace which is peculiar to them; the latter, amidst a cloud of dust, bleating and stopping suddenly from time to time; then rushing off with their heads between their legs, or turning occasionally down a by-lane. Behind them are a few half naked Arab drovers, who direct the movements of the erring animals by flinging large stones within a few inches of the leaders' heads, by smacking their tongues against the roof of their mouths, by uttering shrill cries, or by unsparingly thrashing them about the legs with long sticks. The market men are admitted within the enclosure on Sunday, but the flocks and herds being only allowed to enter on the following morning, pass the night outside on plots of waste ground, or in the bed of the half dried-up river. The *kahouadji*, or coffee man, pitches his tent, unloads his mule, spreads out his mats upon the ground, unpacks his various *utensils*, and proceeds to search for the three stones which composed

-place last market day. The Arabs who have come a long
e on foot usually retire to rest as soon as they arrive. Pass
the market-place any time after dark and there you will find
urled up together on the ground, enveloped from head to foot
r dirty burnouses, which at a short distance give them the
ance of a heap of rubbish. One or two who have some idea
lisation will perhaps have betrayed their love of comfort by
a pillow of a stray stone. You may trample under foot these
nounds, and there will be hardly a smothered grunt or growl
n you that you are walking upon fellow creatures. "It was
lly written," will think the man beneath your heel, and rolling
closer in his burnous he will return to his dreams of houris
aradise. Those who are better off, the men in easy circum-
, repair to the tent of the *kahouadji*, where, upon drinking a
two of coffee, which costs them a sou a cup, they will be
l to seat themselves on the mat before the fire. The merchants
alers unsaddle their mules and donkeys, and make their beds
the pack saddles, which are placed on the ground in rows;
en from about eleven o'clock, when the fires are extinguished,
vill be a deadly silence, only interrupted at intervals by the
of a traveller. An hour before daybreak the Arabs commence
ng most immoderately, showing plainly enough that whether
European or Arab, the damp soil is not the most healthy of

n early morning on Monday the roads again assume an ani-
appearance; there are men on foot, on horseback, on mules
nkeys, and in carts and carriages; buyers, sellers, *flaneurs*, and
who have come out of curiosity all moving towards the same
ith a rapidity which is in proportion to the interest they may
to take in the proceedings. There is the tenant farmer,
d upon one of his plough horses and wearing a blue smock
hile a large broad-brimmed, high-crowned, grey felt hat protects
d and face from the scorching sun; he smokes a briar-root
d carries a heavy cart-whip in his hand. Behind him is the
who cultivates his own land, seated with his wife and family
ht cart or in an ugly old-fashioned phaeton, and attired in
vn half-country style. Then there are Kabyles trudging along
t, loaded like beasts of burden with the produce of their
mountains, native butchers, blacksmiths, and merchants, and
raders from Blidah of almost every calling, from that of tobacco
nt to him who sells a halfpenny-worth of oranges or Barbary

By one o'clock in the morning, if it should happen to be in summer, or seven in the winter, the market people have chosen their places, unpacked their goods, and displayed them in a manner best calculated to attract attention. The crowds are at last concentrated, and business commences. Every road, every lane, every pathway has poured its flood of life upon the same spot. The hubbub of human voices has begun, mingled with the cries of the animals and the ringing sound of the blacksmiths' hammers. The market people endeavour to tempt the passers-by, who examine the different articles, pull them about, dig their fingers into the sheep, feel the fleshy parts of the oxen, pass their hands along the back-bones of the horses, examine their mouths, and buy nothing. Then there are quarrels and disputes in which the *langue verte* is often too freely used. The housewives go from dealer to dealer and from store to store, as bees fly from flower to flower, gathering wherewith to make their honey. Everything is too dear. The buyer holds out until the seller yields, which invariably happens after long discussions over halfpence, carried on half in French and half in Sabir, a native dialect. Running about to customers dispersed over the market-place, carrying them either a cup of coffee or a piece of lighted charcoal for their pipes, are the waiters of the *kahouadji*, whose tents stand scattered about the enclosure. Their utensils and articles of furniture are few and simple; one or two tin pots, filled with a black liquid bubbling over a charcoal fire, burning in the centre of a few stones; two or three boxes of moist sugar, a dozen cracked or handle-less cups, no two of which match, some tin measures for the coffee, a small pair of primitive looking tongs, a few tin trays, and a couple of mats, made of plaited dwarf palm leaves, which are reserved for the rich and influential dealers. The master, who is generally an old *Koulouglis** from Blidah, wears the Turkish costume, with a faded turban and Arab shoes. The *thefel*, or waiter, generally a youth between twelve and fifteen years of age, runs about with bare legs and feet. He is also attired *à la turque*, with a blue apron tied round his waist and a turban made of a fringed scarf rolled round a white skull cap.

If there is one trade more numerously represented at the market of Boufarik than another it is that of the cobbler, which is exercised both by Jews and Mussulmans. There sits the Jew on a wooden stool placed in the shade of one of the trees; his body is curved over an old shoe, which he presses between his knees, covered with a leather apron cut to ribbons; his wrists are protected by bands of leather,

* Koulouglis: the offspring of a marriage between a Turk and a Moorish woman.

and his thin naked arms working backwards and forwards form very acute angles as he pulls the waxed cord. He wears a bluish cotton jacket, a greasy rag wound round a *chachia*—red when new, but which years of sun and rain, combined with dust and grease, have turned various colours—blue stockings without garters, and shoes that are almost falling from his feet for want of repair. Beside him are a heap of trimmings and the remnants of shoes, mixed up with an untanned cowhide and the shiny leather of civilisation, while upon a small wooden stand are awls, wax, notched knives, a brass hammer, and several lasts, the latter being so used and knocked about that they no longer bear any resemblance to the human foot. He of the Mussulman persuasion only differs from the Jew in his dress; both work in the open air and confine themselves to repairing.

The butchers, who are generally Moors, Mzabites, and Zouaoua residing at Blidah or Cerfâa, take up their quarters in front of the northern *façade* of the caravansary, close to the slaughter-house. Here you see numbers of solid poles with forked ends, fixed perpendicularly in the ground, while others rest horizontally upon them; hanging from these the carcases are stripped of their skins and cut up. There are also buckets of dirty water, blocks somewhat hacked and cut about, with the crevices filled up with trimmings, and rickety tables covered with pieces of meat, spits of kidneys, hearts, and long, pointed knives, and often with one or more of the legs bound on with esparto rope. From the horizontal poles hang small headless sheep, bearing the Government stamp, with the fore feet crossed above the necks, as if to show that they are really mutton. Heads are scattered over the ground beneath, and skins lie about in piles like heaps of dirty linen. Such is the appearance of the open air stalls of the Arab market butchers. The butchers either wear the Moorish costume or are attired like the Mzabites, with a *gandoura* and an *abaia*, which resembles the dalmatic of a Roman Catholic deacon, and a *haïk* bound over their *chachia* by a camels' hair cord. The receipts of the day are placed in embroidered red leather pouches, made by the Moors, and which are carried slung across the shoulder.

Close to the shoemakers are the native blacksmiths and farriers, differing from Europeans in their costume, their primitively fashioned tools, the shape and thinness of the shoes they make, and their habit of never shoeing with hot iron. Here and there are the tents of the *aththar*, whose calling comprises the trades of grocer, druggist, and perfumer; then there are Moorish saddlers from Algiers, with Arab saddles and harness, beautifully embroidered with coloured silks and gold and silver thread; rope-makers from Dekakna and Haouch Khedam; basket makers from Maêlwa; vendors of poult

from the Beni-Khelil; salt merchants from the south; dealers in soft green soap and in Arab handmills from the Beni-Aaïcha; burnous-makers from Blidah; negresses from the same town selling negro bread, and grinning immoderately at the passers-by; and Kabyle oil merchants, with goat skins filled with olive oil. The Kabyles who have emigrated from their native hills to assist in gathering in the harvest cluster round the oil merchants, and from time to time one of them advances within the circle to have a measure of oil poured into a cake of Arab bread, from which he has previously removed the crumb, and which he eats with considerable relish when well saturated with the greasy juice of the olive. Beside the oil merchants are the dealers in honey, who have journeyed on foot from the lesser Atlas mountains, followed by the bees they have robbed, which buzz about their ears as if demanding restitution of their property. Then there are Spanish and Maltese market gardeners from the neighbourhood of Blidah, and Arabs from the Beni-Khelil, with fruit. Near these are the vehicles of the Jew linendrapers, haberdashers, hosiers, jewellers, and ironmongers, whose articles are all at *prix fixe*, but in purchasing which the buyer will take care to knock off two-thirds of the sum demanded. Running about the enclosure are Arab and Jewish urchins selling lucifer matches and needles; they have walked sixteen miles to get to the market with goods that may be valued at a shilling, they make five sous profit, and return home contented. The *tolba* or public scribes are seated under the wall of the caravansary engaged in reading documents in Arabic to their more ignorant brethren, and in preparing any papers that the latter happen to require in their business. They carry their wooden inkstands in their belts, and with their paper placed in the palm of their left hand or upon their knees, write as easily as we should on a table. The *tolba*, who wears the head-gear of the learned, that is to say, the *haïk*, without the camels' hair cord which usually binds it to the *chachia*, are serious and silent men, generally *marabouts*,* and are treated with the greatest respect by their co-religionists.

Pushing through the crowd are blind beggars bound to their guides with esparto grass rope, dervishes in rags who have made vows of poverty, *guezzana*,† with children tied behind their backs, and who for two sous will tell you *la fortouna*, with salt or grains of corn, by either of which methods you are sure to hear, in a composition of Sabir, Spanish, and French, which is very difficult to understand,

* *Marabouts:* the descendants of saints.

† *Guezzana:* fortune-tellers of the tribe of the Beni Ados.

that you will have a numerous posterity, and that fortune will smile on you sooner or later. On entering the caravansary we find on the left the corn measurers, and on the right the *Mehamka* or tribunal of the Cadi, where, squatted cross-legged on a ragged mat, supported on either side by his two assessors, fanning himself with a plaited dwarf palm leaf fan, made in the shape of a small flag, and surrounded by a crowd of angry Arabs, the Cadi, after making the witnesses severally swear upon the book of Sidi-El-Bokhari, and after hearing what each has to say, as well as the stories of the two principals, delivers his judgments in a sleepy sort of manner, and the adversaries retire apparently quite contented.

Towards eleven o'clock the noises cease, and each, more or less satisfied with his day's work, returns to his habitation. Transactions between Europeans are terminated at the cafés amidst sundry glasses of absinthe and bitters, and are generally followed by noisy discussions upon questions of colonisation, agriculture, and politics which last far into the afternoon.

II.

Between Boufarik and Blidah, the next station but one, we pass nothing of any interest to the tourist. Blidah, which is situated about a mile from the railway station, lies at the foot of the lesser Atlas mountains, and is enclosed by a low wall. It is the headquarters of the 1st regiment of African Chasseurs, as well as of a regiment of Turcos, and possesses a European population of 4,000 souls. The houses are generally built of plaster or stone, and in some instances of brick, but they are rarely more than one storey high on account of the frequency of earthquakes, one of which visited the town in 1825, killing 8,000 of its inhabitants, and a second in 1867 which, while destroying a considerable amount of household property, was accompanied by less fatal results to humanity.* The only good hotel is the Hotel d'Orient, standing at the corner of the Place d'Armes, a handsome square, bordered on three sides by large stone houses, with colonnades. Being a garrison town any number of furnished apartments may be found at very moderate prices. For instance, two or three rooms with a kitchen may be had at the rate of £2 a month, and living *en pension* at the hotel, or having one's meals sent regularly

* A great many villages in the neighbourhood of Blidah were destroyed by this latter earthquake. Tents were erected by the inhabitants among the ruins. Priests officiated in the open air, and it was no uncommon thing to see for days after the last shock advertisements in the local paper similar to this :—"Madame X. begs to inform her patrons that she carries on her school until further notice at tent No. 4, on the Grande Place."

to the house, costs £3 for the same period. There is a plentiful supply of green vegetables and fruit, both of which are cultivated upon a large scale in the environs of the town by Maltese and Spanish immigrants; and the European market exhibits every morning, at comparatively low prices, a good show of Mediterranean fish caught during the night off Koleah. Add to these advantages the most lovely scenery and a healthy climate—for Blidah, lying as it does on high ground at the foot of the hills, is placed beyond the reach of the deadly epidemic of the Mitidja—and it will be found to be one of the cheapest and most agreeable places of residence imaginable.

"They have called you a little town," said Mohammed-ben-Yussuf, the wandering marabout, "but I call you a little rose;" and Blidah has ever since borne the surname of "The Rose of the Plain." Yet curiously enough Blidah, the rose, has also been known by a much more opprobrious appellation, concerning the origin of which history is silent.* At Blidah water is always fresh, even in the height of summer, when the intensity of the heat renders it imprudent to stir out of doors during the middle of the day; and there in the autumn oranges may be purchased at the rate of a few pence per hundred, for the town is surrounded by an immense belt of orange and lemon groves, sending forth a perfume in the summer which can be inhaled, it is said, at a distance of ten miles. Then there are the antique, narrow, and irregularly-built Moorish streets, the most curious of which is the Rue Koulouglis, with its small Arab shops well stocked with all sorts of native and Tunisian produce, in the centre of which the master is seated, wrapped in his burnous and philosophically smoking his long cherry-stemmed pipe. Occasionally he will disturb himself as a European passes before his store, and if the latter should happen to be a stranger, will call after him: "Hey! Hey! Mossou! Mossou! vous achetez que'q'chose?" Here you may purchase a long knife, curiously inlaid with copper, sliding into a roughly carved wooden sheath (an ugly customer to meet on a dark night, at the corner of a lonely street, in the hands of an Arab whom you may have offended during the day); or a few measures of *couscoussou* and the small wooden spoon wherewith to eat it, which the Arabs often wear in their belts; or a yard of Tunisian tissue, or a richly embroidered harness and saddle, a long pipe, a pair of native lady's slippers, a measure of dried figs, a burnous, a complete Arab costume, coloured tallow candles of different dimensions to burn at the tomb of a marabout, pouches to keep your money in and pouches for your tobacco, and

* *Blidah* was also called the *Courtisane*.

plaited grass fans to drive away the flies. Squatted in the dust at either corner of the street and attired in garments which are nothing but a mass of shreds, held together by a few stitches, are generally a couple of blind beggars covered with sores. As you pass between them they mumble in Arabic a few words, evidently intended for a prayer, in which the name of Mahomet is often repeated, and, although no one appears to give them anything, they seem by no means discouraged. Advancing up the street you suddenly find yourself in the midst of a crowd of Arabs, Moors, Algerian Jews, French soldiers, Turcos, and negroes and negresses, who move lazily about without any pushing, so that, although the narrow thoroughfare is packed as full as can be, yet there is room for every one. There is the richly attired Moor, with his white woollen burnous thrown negligently across his shoulder; here is the cunning, dingy-looking, back-bent Algerian Jew, who apes the former in almost every detail of his costume, save that his turban is black and his shoes of European make; here the big-boned Kabyle—the man of the mountain, the merchant of olive oil—whose garments, consisting merely of a long shirt and ragged burnous, are saturated with grease and as brown as their owner's skin; here the inhabitant of the *gourbi*, who only comes to the town to sell his produce in the market place and make his purchases, alternately pushing through the crowd and poking with a pointed stick a little donkey, whose large plaited grass baskets hanging across his back are crammed with all manner of necessaries for the tent; and here, tripping through the throng, closely followed by an old negress in a blue check cotton garment, who never loses sight of her precious charge, is a Moorish woman on her way home from the baths, enveloped from head to foot in the finest and whitest of linen. As she passes by you, quick as a flash of lightning, she fascinates you by her gaze—by the gaze of those piercing black orbs bordered with long lashes. Instinctively your eyes wander from her head to her feet—for it is there that you read a Moorish woman's age. You have just time to catch a glimpse of a small soft-skinned foot, encased in a coquettish little slipper, and she is gone—vanished up a side street, or through one of the narrow doorways, or lost to view in the stream of human life which goes gliding on.

Near to the Rue Koulouglis is the Arab market, which is held every morning on a square in the north-eastern corner of the town. Seven o'clock is the best time to visit it. If at that hour you take any one of the six streets that give ingress to the square, it will lead you to one of the most picturesque and interesting social sights it is possible to see on the northern side [illegible] Mediterranean.

But supposing that, coming from the gate of El-Rabah, or "The Gate of the Savages," as it is called, you cross the piece of waste ground planted with trees on your right, and take the street in front of you, on either side of the way you find a row of small habitations built of brick, covered with plaster, and consisting merely of a ground floor. They are devoid of windows, but each has a doorway in the centre which admits light and air. These dwellings—hardly ever more than seven feet square—are just large enough to contain a hand-loom, behind which an Arab or a Moor squeezes himself and works away with his shuttle, making haïks and cloth for burnouses from early morning until sunset, excepting during the hours set aside in summer for the *siesta* or mid-day nap. In some instances an enterprising Mussulman has taken two of these workshops, and in one of them half a dozen children may be seen squatted cross-legged like tailors on the ground, winding the wool while in the other two men are working at the hand-loom. Following this street we reach the Arab market, held in the centre of a large square, bordered on three sides by European houses, and on the fourth by low wooden huts. If the market is well stocked and the weather fine, the crowd of burnouses gathered together, arguing, gesticulating, and squabbling over halfpennies is often so dense as to render it extremely difficult for any one to move among them. Should it be summer, Arabs will be found there attired in the lightest of garments, standing or squatted on the ground in every direction—some with baskets of green figs before them; others with grapes, peaches, pears, apricots, capsicums, pomegranates, tomatoes, and Arab and negro bread; others will have a sack or two of corn, a cow's hide, and two or three goat skins, a basket of aninas nuts or a small pailful of eggs; then there are the men who hawk fowls about, carrying a pair in either hand with their heads downwards, and two or three men or boys with young jackals—or one of them perhaps with a live eagle—for sale. Besides these there is the vendor of Barbary figs—the fruit of the cactus—seated in the dust with a sack beside him and four or five pyramids, each containing five figs, piled up on the ground before him. "Karmous n'sara, kamessa pour soldi! Ich'rie! Ich'rie! Ich'rie!" ("Barbary figs, five a halfpenny! Buy! buy! buy!") he shouts out in Sabir, to attract the attention of the loiterers within hearing. The Barbary fig, although an agreeable fruit to eat, is extremely difficult to peel, the skin being covered with innumerable and almost invisible thorns, like those on the stinging-nettle, which when touched run into the skin, and cause considerable pain, so the Arab not only sells you five figs for a halfpenny, but, like our London potato-man, who includes the pepper

and salt in the price of the vegetable, dexterously whips off the skins with his knife without making any extra charge. Turcos, I have noticed, are very partial to this delicate fruit. A group of them may often be seen stooping down before the figman, and munching away as hard as they can, while the latter is only just able to keep time with them in removing the skins with his knife. Striding through the crowd, shouting louder than every one else, flourishing his arms about, displaying his goods at arm's length, and eloquently discoursing in Arabic on their durable qualities to the bystanders is the dealer in second-hand burnouses and Mussulman apparel generally—in fact, the Algerian old clo' man. For an old burnous he will give you a new one—that is to say, if you are prepared to add a certain number of francs to the dilapidated garment—and he is open to buy any quantity of under-clothing that a Turco or Zouave can manage to steal from his barracks or the hospital. Nor must I forget to mention another second-hand dealer who generally takes up his position in front of the wooden huts on the eastern side of the square. Stooping beneath the trees he spreads out his stock on the ground before him: there are old keys, bits of iron, hinges, and coffee-cups, perhaps a pair of large pointed Arab spurs, a square piece of red cloth, a few old shoes, a pair of Turco's blue knickerbockers, some greasy *chachias*, a rusty Kabyle knife, one of those terrible long-bladed *flissas* in a leather case, and various other things. Beneath the foliage on the opposite side of the square are the Arab and Jewish cobblers seated on stools, and working hard with their bradawls and thread and large, peculiarly-shaped scissors, with which they trim the leather. The manner with which shoe-leather is prepared in this part of the world is curious. When a skin has been removed from a cow, for instance, the Arab proceeds first of all to cut off the head, together with the horns and the hoofs, and then, hanging it up, he scrapes off all the fat that may have been left clinging to the inside. When this is done it is well rubbed with salt, and placed out in the sun in the middle of the road with the inside exposed. Passers by trample it under foot all day; then, when it is perfectly dry, it is taken up and cut into rectangular pieces about a foot long by five inches broad, which are sewn on to the shoes—as soles—with the hair outside. Arab shoes when new cost from two to four shillings a pair, for which price the very best may be obtained, and the charge for resoling them generally varies from a shilling to fifteenpence. A considerable trade is done in second-hand shoes among Arabs in needy circumstances. Wherever, for example, a Bedouin buys a new pair he is sure to be allowed a certain sum for the old ones

eventually sells to some less fortunate countryman, who, having none at all, and perhaps very little money to purchase any with, is glad to procure a pair cheap. Thus the market cobblers have always a stock of second-hand shoes with them, which they generally manage to get rid of during the course of the morning, besides sewing on ten or a dozen pairs of soles.

If a visit is paid to the market in winter, a considerable change will be observed in its appearance. The attendance will be scantier, and the well-to-do Arabs will be wrapped in long thick black burnouses with hoods. The only articles then exhibited for sale are wood and charcoal, native bread, poultry, a few winter vegetables, and oranges and lemons, which may be purchased at this season of the year at the rate of ten and fifteen for a halfpenny, for, being windfalls, they are of no use for packing, although quite as good for eating as the fruit which goes to Europe. Yet the cobblers, the dealers in odds and ends, and the second-hand burnous man are still to be seen, the latter elbowing his way through the crowd, and making as much noise as ever. In the basements of the houses surrounding the square are Moorish cafés and native barbers' shops, general shops similar to those in the Rue Koulouglis, dealers in native crockery-ware, shoemakers, corn chandlers, manufacturers of embroidered Moorish purses and pouches, blacksmiths, and coffee pounders, but the most picturesque of all are the blacksmiths' forges. If you pass them about eight o'clock in the evening you will see in the ruddy light of the fire three or four muscular native workmen, armed with heavy hammers and naked to the waist, each beating the red hot ploughshare in his turn. The sight is all the more striking when one calls to mind the Arab's natural indolence, his love of lying down at the corner of a street and sleeping all the afternoon, while his wives slave at home; and one then perceives the immense difference that there is between the man of the plain and the Kabyle who comes from the mountain, for you may be certain that men who work like these were never born in a tent. A short distance beyond the blacksmiths' forges is the coffee and chicory pounder. There may be seen a man whose back has grown positively deformed by having been for years continually engaged in lifting up a huge iron pestle, and letting it fall into a large stone trough, in which the coffee and chicory are prepared previous to being used at the Moorish café.

Hours may be passed, nay, days and weeks may be spent wandering through the narrow streets, and across the spacious squares of Blidah, observing here and there a curious piece of architecture, admiring the picturesque, and studying the habits and customs of this peculiar people.

My First Woodcock.

WHATEVER may be the sacred number (and herein doctors differ), a peculiar charm lies in "the first!" Leaving out of consideration "the first" of September, all tender and even romantic memories cluster round the phrase. Who can ever forget "the first" trout that he caught with a fly, or "the first" brace of grouse that sprang up before him from the heather, and which, needless to say, he ignominiously missed? Then again, how many delightful associations crystallise round "the first rose," or "first love," or what Byron raves about, "the first kiss of love!" But here we are straying on Helicon instead of our own wooded hill-sides. One of my most cherished memories is the death of my first woodcock, which happened in the following manner. There is nothing exciting in the narrative, no spice of danger such as meets us in the terrific tales of man-killers and grizzly bears, which we all peruse with such satisfaction in the columns of the *Field*, by the quiet fireside, but an English sportsman attaches at least as much interest to all that tells of our well-loved recreations. Homely reminiscences possess an unfailing charm.

> Sweet the hum
> Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
> The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

I must premise my story, such as it is, by saying that few boys ever possessed such a thirst for sport of all kinds, with so few opportunities of gratifying it, as was my unlucky case. Did I believe in the doctrine of metempsychosis (and most boys do after reading "The Transmigrations of Indur"), I should suppose that in a previous state of being I had existed as a hunting leopard or cheetah. Long before I was eight years old I remember with what difficulty my nurse dragged me past those fascinating gun and fishing-tackle shops in George Street, Perth. Perambulators were not in those days, else I should probably have been quickly wheeled past, and have lost the chance of "nourishing my youth sublime" on Eley's patent cartridges, and the Never-failing Kill-Devil. Then the delights of running away to the "bothie" on the North Inch, and seeing the boat put out, as the fisherman, watching on the bridge that spans the Tay, shouted that salmon were passing up stream, together with

the excitement of hauling in the net with perhaps a pair of silvery captives in it! Alas! the dark clouds soon closed in upon those pleasures. I was dismissed to a grammar school in a dull midland town, and "well-grounded" (as the doctor said) in Latin and Greek, till I detested Edward VI. of pious memory, and would happily have joined Jack Cade in hanging the founder of such a school, for "most traitorously corrupting the youth of the realm, and talking of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear." The vacations brought little chance of sport, spent as they were for the most part in that gloomy town, save that sundry visits to an old hall in Derbyshire with a fish-pond, which I still dream of, initiated me into the craft of an angler. Had the *Field* been in existence in those days I should certainly have sent it full particulars of my capture of an enormous eel. Memory even now paints it as something between a kraken and the largest snake seen during the fair week in a surreptitious visit to Wombwell's Menagerie. It can easily be conjectured, therefore, with what delight I received an intimation from my worthy preceptor that the Christmas holidays were to be spent at (literally) a distant cousin's of mine in South Wales. Like the famous lovers in Dante,—

Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante,

and not that day only, but every day, till "we were released from our studies" (as the euphemism ran), was spent in anticipations of sport. I knew that my cousin's property was famed for grouse, and especially for woodcock, and many of them borne by on the wings of fancy did I bring down both in day and night dreams before we "broke up." Even Wordsworth, though he was no sportsman, says that "Hope to joy is little less than hope enjoyed."

Perhaps it was more so in my case; but, begging the readers' pardon for so many false starts, let him fancy me at length on a star-lit frosty evening making my way from a distant station, up Welsh roads of marvellous steepness, in a dog-cart. My dreams were at last beginning to be realised. I could hear in imagination pointers and setters growling under the seat, and see numerous woodcocks flit over-head between me and the moon. The mountains crested with snow, which skirted the road, seemed little less than sublime to my dull midland eyesight. The driver "had no Sassenach," and I "had no Cymraeg," and though (after the traditional story of the country) he did not mutter that I was a "diaoul Sassenach" (English devil), he probably thought so. In default of conversation, imagination represented me as another Hannibal scaling the Alps. I speedily

ued the story in dreamland, and was stooping forward to pour the vinegar with which, as every one knows, that great general olved the rocks in his way, when the trap gave a lurch, and I sub-d on to my new hat-box in the bottom of the vehicle, the effect which was to transform my Lincoln and Bennett, as well as myself, a wide-awake.

Next morning was a thorough Welsh morning, grey and misty, with ud-wreaths winding round the heads of the long brown fells which ut in Plas-Newydd, as the old rambling country house in which I and myself domiciled was misnamed. My cousin had an engage-ent at Quarter Sessions, so I was left to my own devices. Speedily ming myself with a double barrel, and eagerly followed by a super-nuated yellow setter, who usually dozed next his iron kith and kin, he huge dogs on the kitchen hearth, I betook myself literally to the eld. Having no idea of the haunts of the woodcock, I sneaked ently up its rambling hedge-side, full of bushes and young trees, many of which, being oak, still preserved their leaves. Of course I ad crammed both barrels with shot, and carried my piece at full ock, dragging it after me in that approved way through the hedge-ows, and occasionally using it as a club to beat the bushes with as much *sang-froid* as if I were honorary member of the Gun Club, and with all that delightful indifference to accidents which distinguishes oys sent out for the first time with a double barrel, and no one to each them how to use it. At length, in a thick bit of underwood nd gorse, Ponto behaved in an uncommon manner, glared out of is blind eyes, set up his tail, and performed divers actions which I onjectured must be what Hawker termed "pointing;" (I had read im up from the school library). My heart was beating in a way hich must seriously have injured its mitral functions. I gather this om the fact that, though now a parson, I have not yet arrived at e dignity of a bishop. Like one treading on eggs, I advanced two eps. Ponto looked round, as much as to say in the language of the es, "Now is your chance! don't mull it!" There was a sudden -flap, and I was aware of a brown bird not unlike an owl flying and down like a boy's kite between the leaf-hung russet branches the young oaks. In a moment I blazed away. I am not certain ether both barrels did not go off at once, and whether I was not ocked down; at any rate I was deafened and stunned, and knew t whether I stood on my head or my heels. Do not laugh, gentle ader! or, still worse, say, "Incredulus odi!" It was the first time I had er fired a double barrel. When the smoke cleared away I saw Ponto nking off, looking very much disgusted, to his chimney corner.

Notwithstanding this palpable hint of what my aim had been, I still retained sufficient effrontery to climb over the hedge and look for the dead woodcock. Needless to say, I did not find him, but I salved over my disappointment by reflecting that it might be the bird's habit, when hard hit, to run under the long grass and fern. If that brutal dog had not slunk off home he might have retrieved him for me.

On the following day my cousin was at liberty, and we determined on a grand *chasse*. After breakfast he entered the flagged courtyard at the back of the house, which was, as above mentioned, bosomed in high rolling mountains. On the sides of these, at different altitudes, were perched farm-houses, their whitewashed walls gleaming in the bright December sunshine. Ponto, my ally of the previous day, and a couple of Clumber spaniels, bustled eagerly around us, divining the fun that was to ensue. My cousin blew a *tirra lirra* or two on a horn, and immediately from each of the farms on the hill-sides might be seen a spaniel jumping the outer wall and hurrying down the moorland to the court-yard. In five minutes we had a goodly pack of liver and white spaniels round us, all wild to start for the brakes.

"Now then," said my cousin, "we will first try the *wein goch*, or 'red meadow,' for a snipe."

Thither, accordingly, we bent our steps, and after a mile or two of rough walking, during which I let fly at a hare, and was told, to comfort me for my miss, that she "had had a hair-breadth escape of her life," we jumped over a turf bank, and found ourselves literally in the *wein goch*, for we were over our ankles in ruddy slime, exuding from a peat bog covered with tufts of coarse rushes. It was a vast level expanse, dotted here and there with a sheet of water of a red hue, from the dead autumnal vegetation and the peat liquor that oozed up wherever we trod. Rows of the pretty cotton grasses ever and anon waved their white banners in the breeze, like a charge of pigmy lancers following some white-plumed Navarre. Walking was difficult, and often consisted of a series of hops, skips, and jumps from one firm tussock to another. Even to my untutored eyes the place looked a very paradise for snipe. Alas! our "tail" thought so too. Being under no discipline, the spaniels rushed off howling in great glee over the meadow. Round and round did they race, putting up every snipe on it well out of shot, and, spite of any amount of whistling, calling, and objurgation, continuing their fiendish gambols. Even Ponto forgot himself so far as to join their fun, and a pretty plight were we left in standing on tussocks near the bank: my cousin raving, shouting, and swearing, I in a fit of laughter at the absurd

ene. Now the canine rout rushed by us again, having completed e third round, and so exasperated my companion that he fired at ie rascal nearest him, but he was cunningly running just out of shot, id firing only egged the wretched animals on to scamper over every entral spot which they had previously missed. We saw the snipe se one by one and wing their way out of sight into the grey clouds. 'inally, my cousin ascended the turf bank, and there, much like Mr. 'ickwick (for he was stout and wore knee-breeches), he solemnly :ursed the brutes, all and sundry, the whole pack and each one separately, their fathers, grandsires, even to their remotest relatives. I shall never forget the scene, or how I laughed at his rage. The solemn curse by bell, book, and candle of "The Ingoldsby Legends" was the only parallel to it. When the dogs did come back, dire was the thrashing they got, and much did they howl, till that watery flat in South Wales bore a great resemblance to Barking Creek.

But what has all this to do with woodcock? I crave pardon; a snipe is closely connected with a woodcock, and now we arrive at our game. After some hours of miscellaneous shooting on the low lands, where rabbits, hares, partridges, and a snipe whenever the dogs passed it by, fell to my cousin's gun, we reached one of those valleys, so common in South Wales, which wind between high hill-sides of dog oak and other thickets. More delightful cover for woodcocks could not be found. Crossing the brawling stream, which in summer dries up here and there, and leaves pools to glitter like pearls which have slipped off their string, but which at Christmas generally rushes downwards in full volume, we turned in the spaniels and diverged, so that one should be below and the other obtain a shot at birds which tried to leave the valley above. Ever and anon the yelp of the dogs reached my ears, followed by the discharge of a couple of barrels, and a cheery "Mark! mark cock!" from my companion. Then I would obtain a glimpse of a bird threading the oak stems apidly yet silently, and in my turn awoke the echoes of the granite luffs overhead with my gun, and shouted "Mark! mark!" as if it ere part of the performance. However, after some fruitless expenditure f powder and shot in this manner, I bethought myself of Gilbert 'hite's criticism on "the new method of shooting flying," and deter- ined, at whatever cost to my character as a sportsman, to cure a bird, even if I should have to stoop to shoot him sitting. he opportunity soon came. I was in a very thick plantation, nding low to escape the branches, and crawling along the hill-side the same time, when I reached a sort of path on the track which 1 down to the rivulet at right angles with the line I was pursuing.

Halting a moment to wipe my forehead, I happened to look upwards, where the straight track turned some fifteen yards above me into a clump of rushes. Up that dark aisle, shadowed over by oak boughs, and skirted on each side by high dead veronica plants, fern, and tall rank grass, my eye pierced, till near the aforementioned rushes it rested on a veritable woodcock. There was no mistake. I beheld his long bill, even his beady sparkling eyes. Down on one knee I dropped like a rifleman, aimed at him—pulled—dashed through the smoke to pick him up—already gloated over my triumph. But how was this? There was nothing there; no trace of the feathers which I must have blown off him! Only two alternatives were possible. One that, like Macbeth's dagger, my vision was :—

> A *woodcock* of the mind; a false creation
> Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain;

and my common sense assured me of the falsity of this opinion. The other alternative, which I was sadly compelled to pronounce true, was that I had not yet killed my first woodcock.

However, it came at last. A few days afterwards we started to shoot a boggy piece of ground, interspersed with hazels, and here and there covered with a small larch plantation. We had the parson of the parish with us on this occasion, a noted woodcock shooter, and as keen at the sport as his dog Rover, which is saying a good deal. You could not be five minutes with him before he spoke of "cocks," told you the number he had shot or missed this season, and the prospects of sport in every cover of the neighbourhood. His eyes were as clear and sparkling as the eyes of his favourite game; he would even, to render the resemblance more complete, occasionally cock one of them to emphasise his opinions, and altogether I mentally compared him to my own gun, always at full cock. Many a plunge did I take into the boggy ground that morning, and many a mile did we chase cock after cock; the "parhedig" (as the parson was termed in the vernacular) being always well in front, shooting down most of the birds that rose, and pursuing the rest with cheery shouts to Rover and ourselves from bush to bush, till I began to entertain interested views about luncheon. At length we reached a larch plantation, and Rover gave tongue; my cousin was entangled in its centre amidst a wilderness of briars, the "parhedig" ran cunningly to the low side, and I, thinking the bird might be foolish enough to try the open, jumped into the grass field on the other side of the wood. The commotion became more intense, out flew the cock over my head, Rover barked, my cousin yelled to me, the "parhedig" woke the welkin with his loud "Look out! cock!" It

was a tremendous moment. I felt something of Napoleon's heroic sense of three thousand years looking down on him from the Pyramids, as I aimed before my companions. Horrible thought as I pulled—what if the trigger be only on half cock? No, it went off; two clouds cut off my vision, one of smoke, one of feathers. Then with a thud a magnificent specimen (of course!) of *scolopax rusticola* fell before me. My readers will doubtless remember their own sensations in a like case. Amid the cheers of my cousin and the "parhedig," and the delighted bustle of Rover, the curtain falls. I had killed my first woodcock!

Candour compels an ingenuous confession ere I conclude. Soon after, I had to leave South Wales for the pages of Virgil and Æschylus; then followed a reading man's life at College, and vacations spent away from shooting; then the active business of life succeeded, and the changed ideas and pursuits of a parson, marriage, children, &c. That was my first woodcock and—it was my last!

PELAGIUS.

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.



N the 26th of May, in the year 1828, a citizen of the ancient town of Nuremberg, standing at his own door drinking in the pure evening air through a long tobacco pipe, beheld advancing towards him a youth of singular aspect. The object of the citizen's regard was attired in pantaloons of grey cloth, a waistcoat of a spotted red material much the worse for wear, and a jacket which had plainly seen service as the upper portion of a frock coat. Round the youth's neck was a black silk neckcloth, his head was roofed by a coarse felt hat, and the toes of his stockingless feet peeped forth from a pair of heavy boots, which, like each of the other articles of his motley attire, had never been designed for the use of the present wearer. More singular than his medley of clothing were his motions, which, though not those of a drunken man, resembled them, insomuch that though the youth's spirit was evidently willing to gain the other end of the street, his flesh truly was weak, and as to the legs altogether ungovernable. The citizen noticed with amazement that they gave way alternately as the weight of the youth's body rested upon them in turns in his painful endeavour to progress, and that they showed a disposition to disperse in any direction save that in which the owner desired to proceed. The youth's progress being under these circumstances necessarily slow, the citizen advanced, and giving him greeting, inquired if he might in any way aid him. The youth answered in ill-pronounced German, "I would be a rider as my father was," and held out a letter which he carried in his hand, and which was addressed "To his Honour the Captain of the 4th Esgatarm of the Shwolishaz Regiment, Nuremberg." The good citizen offered to guide him to the captain's quarters, and would have beguiled the way with conversation. But to all his observations the strange youth answered only, "I would be a rider as my father was;" and his interlocutor, presently arriving at the conclusion that the youth with the weak legs must be a foreigner, desisted from further attempts at conversation. Arrived at the captain's house, the youth presented the letter to the servant, and piteously pointing to his swollen feet moaned his moan, "I would be a rider as my father was." The servant failing, as the citizen had failed, to get any further speech from him, admitted him to the kitchen pending his

master's return, and being touched by his sorrowful condition placed meat and beer before him. The youth eagerly seized a piece of the meat and thrust it into his mouth; but scarcely had it touched his lips than he shook from head to foot, the muscles of his face became horribly convulsed, and he spat out the morsel with every token of disgust. Similar symptoms following upon his tasting the beer, the captain's servant, not feeling altogether at home in the company of so singular a youth, cautiously conducted him to the stable, where he lay down upon the straw and instantly fell asleep.

On the captain's return the letter was handed to him, with an account of the bearer's conduct, which lost nothing of its singularity in the reporting. The missive, on being opened, was found to be dated with some indefiniteness, "From a place near the Bavarian frontier which shall be nameless, 1828." The letter proceeded to set forth that the bearer was left in the house of the writer on the 7th of October, 1812, and that he had never been able to discover who the waif's mother was. The writer added that he himself was a poor day labourer, having ten children and very little wherewith to maintain them; that he had never permitted the lad to take a step out of his house, and that he was thus in total ignorance of its locality, and so "good Mr. Captain need not try to find it out." The letter concluded by commending the bearer to the captain's care, but adding that if he did not desire to keep the boy he might "kill him or hang him up in the chimney." This mysterious epistle was written in German characters, but enclosed was a note written in Latin, enjoining the captain to send the boy when he was seventeen years of age to Nuremberg to the 6th Regiment of Light Horse, "for there his father also was." Here was a delicate and a dangerous position for a captain of Light Horse, and a married man withal, to be placed in! But the captain of the 4th Esgatarm was a man of action, and straightway proceeded to the stable, determined to get at the bottom of what was most probably the weak invention of some female enemy. In this intention he was, however, hopelessly baffled. Whenever he paused for a reply to his volley of questions his guest answered only, "I would be a rider as my father was," words of whose meaning he seemed to have no more intelligent conception than had Poe's raven of the "Evermore" it was wont to croak from its position on the pallid bust of Pallas just above the poet's chamber door. Unwilling to be saddled with the charge of so uncanny a guest, and not caring to adopt either of the mild methods of disposing of him suggested by the letter of introduction, the captain handed the stranger over to the police, two of whom

informing him on the road that it was of no use his trying to "come the old soldier" over them, and that the sooner he told who he was and whence he came the better it would be for him. On his arrival at the police station the officials gravely proceeded to put to him the several questions enjoined by law, to each of which he wearily wailed "I would be a rider as my father was."

Like the citizen, the captain's servant, and the captain himself, the guardians of the peace of Nuremberg were utterly at a loss to make anything of the singular apparition which had dropped down or sprung up upon their streets, and they were not in any wise assisted by the magistrates who were summoned to the council. The youth showed just such signs of intelligence as might be expected from a baby recently relieved of the incumbrance of long clothes and not quite comfortable in its mind by reason of the change. He stared with lack-lustre eyes at the furniture of the room, visibly brightening up when he beheld the gold lace on the uniforms of the officers present, and showing a strong desire to handle it. After spending several hours in attempts to elicit something from him, the burgomaster in a happy moment placed pen, ink, and paper before him, and bade him write a detailed account of himself. With a childish laugh, as if he recognised an old plaything, the stranger seized the pen, and in a legible hand wrote the words "Kasper Hauser," and with a repetition of this name he gleefully covered the sheet. But it speedily became apparent that as his power of speech was limited to the phrase touching his father the rider, so was his ability to write exhausted in the production of the name "Kasper Hauser." This was, however, a point gained, and Kasper was remanded on suspicion of being a rogue and a vagabond, and accommodated with a cell accordingly. Being offered by his gaoler the prison ration of bread and water he devoured it greedily, and then, lying back on his straw, fell into a peaceful sleep.

On the following morning he was again brought up for examination, but with no fresh result; and as the days went by the conviction of his genuineness forced itself on the minds of those who had him in charge, and instead of being regarded as an object of suspicion, who ought at least to be made to "move on," this strange being, whose cheeks were covered with the down of approaching manhood while his mental powers were, without natural defect, as undeveloped as those of a two-year-old baby, became an object of the deepest interest and the most affectionate regard. Little by little the broad outline of the story of his life leaked out, and the whole German nation read with growing excitement that somewhere

in their midst, and for reasons which could only be conjectured, this lad, now in his sixteenth year, had since his birth been immured in a room less than six feet square; that till a few days before he entered Nuremberg he had never beheld the light of Heaven, the face of Nature, or the likeness of man; that he had never stood upon his feet, never heard the human voice, never eaten anything but bread, and never drunk anything but water. Here was a feast for a philosophical and imaginative nation—a people who could evolve camels from their inner consciousness, and who were ever on the look out for some fresh glimpse of that Wonderland with whose dark glades and sunlit hills they had been familiar ever since the hour of strangely mingled pain and pleasure when they had smoked their first pipe. The citizens of Nuremberg flocked in crowds to visit Kasper, and as his story spread travellers from a distance, among whom were distinguished scholars, nobles, and even princes of the blood, made journeys to his little court until his *levées* became so crowded that they grew out of all proportion to the accommodation that Nuremberg could provide, and the order went forth for their discontinuance. The burgomaster issued a formal notice in which the world was given to understand that Kasper Hauser had been adopted by the city of Nuremberg, and in its name committed to the charge of an instructor, and thenceforward poor Kasper, with his ludicrously disobedient limbs, his wondering, wandering eyes, his baby prattle, and his adolescent form ceased to be on public view.

Of the learned men in whose minds this new and startling phenomenon created a deep interest was Anselm von Feuerbach, a distinguished judge in Bavaria, who devoted much time to the study of Kasper's bodily and mental condition, and embodied the result of his observations in a book, one of many which were published having "the child of Nuremberg" as a theme. Here we find a full description of Kasper and minute details of his daily life, which, as forming an altogether new chapter in the study of man, possess an interest apart from the mere vulgar one attached to the mystery of the lad's origin. Kasper was, when the learned judge first visited him, sixteen or seventeen years of age and four feet nine inches in height. He was strongly and symmetrically made, but so ignorant was he of the use of his limbs that his hands were rather in his way than otherwise, and he had acquired a nervous habit of stretching out three fingers on either hand by way of feelers, his forefinger and thumb being meanwhile joined at the tips in the form of a circle. His method of walking was precisely that of an infant, and he

tottered across the room from chair to chair with both arms held out to balance himself. Woe to him if a bit of stick or a book lay in his path. It was sure to bring him flat on his face, where he would lie content to sprawl till some one lifted him up and gave him another start. To all descriptions of food and drink save bread and water he showed the same signs of decided aversion which had terrified the captain's servant. The presence of any article of food except the two mentioned he could instantly detect by the smell, and a drop of wine, coffee, beer, or milk mixed with his water, or a morsel of meat, butter, or cheese placed in his mouth, caused him to become violently ill. His perfect innocence cast out fear from his mind, and he would stand looking on with childish delight while a naked sabre was flashed within a foot of his nose, and once when a pistol was fired at him he objected to the experiment only on the score of the noise it created. His sense of smelling was peculiarly keen, but for some time his senses of sight and hearing appeared to be in a state of torpor—not that he was either blind or deaf, for his eyes were so strong that he could see as well in the dark as in the light, and his hearing lacked nothing in the power of distinguishing sounds to which his attention was specially directed. But it was a natural consequence of the undeveloped condition of his being that he should behold things without seeing them and hear without noticing, and hence he stared vacantly at the objects of daily life and heard its sounds without receiving any impression therefrom. One exception must be made in favour of glittering objects, which from the first he eagerly seized and played with, and the ringing of bells, which threw him into a state of ecstacy. His ideas of things animate and inanimate, natural and artistic, were extremely broad. He could distinguish a man or a woman from the lower order of animals, but the sole difference which his mind could discover between the sexes was that one dressed in more flowing and brighter coloured robes, and was therefore the more lovable. Animals he also arbitrarily divided into two classes, white and black. A white pigeon or a white horse were the same to him—things pleasant to behold and desirable; but anything that was black he abhorred, and a black hen which he once chanced upon nearly killed him with fright. Of a Creator, or death, or a life to come, it is needless to say he had no conception or any capability of understanding. Shortly after his domestication in Nuremberg divers devout and well-meaning clergymen sat down before him, and at sundry times strove to accomplish the salvation of his soul. But though he would listen for a time with the most *encouraging* attention, he would presently make a dart at the good

man's eye-glass, or curiously fondle his whiskers, or stoop down to feel the polish on his boots, or by other and similar exhibitions of babyness satisfactorily demonstrate that he had not the slightest idea of what the sermon was about. Indeed, all through his life Kasper entertained a strong aversion to parsons, their presence operating upon him in somewhat the same way that meat did. His impression of the ceremony of public worship he once summed up in the following pithy manner:—"First the people bellow, and when they have done the parson begins to bellow."

The struggle of this peculiarly situated human mind to grapple with the ideas that had suddenly burst upon it were deeply interesting to the psychological world, and Kasper's education was directed with as anxious a care as if the poor foundling had been the Prince Imperial or the prospective Czar of all the Russias. Possessing a memory which, counting its age by years, was in its prime, and upon which no ideas had yet been written, and with a disposition singularly docile and earnest, Kasper made wonderful progress in his studies. In a manner which shall presently be noted he had made a start in the art of writing, and in this he soon perfected himself, while he daily added to his vocabulary of speech. His notions of things were, however, essentially childish, and when he passed beyond the stage of impassive indifference to all around him he constantly indulged in fancies the most grotesque. He endowed images and trees with life, and if a sheet of paper were blown off the table he regarded the act as of its own volition, and would "wonder why it went." It was a matter of deep surprise to him that the horses and unicorns which he saw carved in stone upon the buildings of the city did not run away, and he was for ever guessing what the trees were saying when the wind rustled through them and moved their big arms and fingers. Himself scrupulously clean, he beheld with indignation a dirt-encrusted statue which stood in his tutor's garden, often asking "why the man did not wash himself." He also propounded a similar inquiry for the consideration of an old grey cat, which he viewed as wilfully neglecting the ordinary means at its command of becoming white.

At this time his eyes, recovering from the state of inflammation into which they had been thrown by the sudden translation from darkness to light, were keen beyond comparison, and, as I have mentioned, were equally serviceable by night or day. His sense of hearing, too, was peculiarly acute, and he could distinguish at a great distance the sound of a man walking barefoot. His touch equally sensitive, and he was affected in a powerful p

metallic and magnetic influences. Of all the senses smelling was with him so highly developed as to be a source of daily torture. Things which to ordinary mortals are entirely destitute of odour, he could scent from afar, and flowers or other substances which possess a distinguishable perfume affected him so powerfully that it was necessary to exercise constant care to keep him without their range.

To this state of morbid sensibility there succeeded one in which his exceptional powers of memory, and, in a less degree, those of sight, hearing, smelling, taste, and touch, faded, and his ability to learn the lessons prepared for him steadily decreased. This was doubtless a natural result of the forcing system which was adopted by his tutors; but it was also coexistent with the change which had been gradually effected in his diet. Education in this direction had been a work of great difficulty, but by degrees Kasper became accustomed to eat meat and drink milk, and he throve so well under his new diet that he was soon able to walk the streets of Nuremberg without exciting doubts of his sobriety. Of horses and of riding he was passionately fond. He was from his first mount as safe in the saddle as a child in its cradle, and thenceforward daily rode out on horseback, undertaking without fatigue journeys which would have worn out a foxhunter.

In 1829, the year after Kasper's birth into the world—and it is necessary to bear in mind that it is of his first year I have hitherto discoursed—the public demanded that something more than had yet been accomplished should be done towards clearing up the mystery of his life. Accordingly a court of inquiry was appointed by the Government, and several days were consumed in hearing depositions of facts connected with the foundling. Of the scanty evidence adduced the most interesting is a brief memoir written by himself in February, 1829, less than twelve months after his appearance in Nuremberg, a production which displays the wonderful educational progress made by him in so short a time. His reminiscences are wholly confined to his existence in what he calls "a hole," which, from his comparisons with other localities, appears to have been a chamber about six or seven feet long and five feet high. His dress, he tells us, consisted of a shirt and trousers, with a rug to cover his legs, and he sat upon straw with his back against the wall, never lying full length even when he slept. When he awoke from sleep he sometimes found that he had a clean shirt on, and there was always a pitcher of water and a piece of bread on the floor beside him. How they came there he never questioned, accepting them as a matter of course, and only occasionally wishing that the supply of

water were more liberal. When he was very thirsty, and had drunk all the water in the pitcher, he was wont to take up the vessel and hold it to his mouth, expecting that water would presently flow; "But it never did," and then he would put down the pitcher and go to sleep again, and when he awoke there was water. He had for playthings two wooden horses, a dog, and some pieces of red and blue ribbon, and his sole occupation throughout the years he had spent in "the hole" was to deck the dog and the horses with the ribbon. He had no notion that there was anything anywhere beyond the walls that enclosed him, and for a long time did not know that there was any being in creation save himself. But once a man appeared, and placing a low stool before Kasper laid a piece of paper thereon, and taking the prisoner's hand within his own guided it in forming with a pencil the words "Kasper Hauser." This he repeated at intervals, till Kasper could write them himself, a practice in which he took great pleasure, for it varied the monotony of his ordinary recreation.

One day the man came to him, lifted him up, and placing him upon his feet endeavoured to teach him to stand upright and use his legs. Kasper had never yet stood on his feet, and the experiment gave him great pain. But the man persevered, and by degrees the position grew less distressing. After the lesson had been repeated many times the man one day took him up on his back and carried him out into a bright light, in which Kasper fainted, and "all became night." They went a long way, he being sometimes dragged along, falling over his helpless feet, sometimes carried on the man's back. But the man spoke no word except to say, "I would be a rider as my father was," a shibboleth which thus became imprinted on Kasper's memory. When they got near Nuremberg the man dressed him in the clothes described at the commencement of this article, and upon entering the gates of the city placed a letter in his hand and vanished.

Nothing could be made of this extraordinary story, and the court of inquiry, solemnly convened, was as solemnly dissolved, having effected no other result than that of widening and deepening public interest in the history of the foundling. This interest received a fresh stimulus from an occurrence which took place on the 17th October, 1829. On that day Kasper was found insensible and covered with blood, lying in the corner of a cellar in the house of the learned professor with whom he lived. When restored to consciousness, he related how that a man with a black silk handkerchief tied round his face had suddenly appeared before him as he sat alone in his room: how the man had struck him a heavy blow on the forehe

him to the ground; and how upon partially coming to himself he staggered down stairs and into the cellar, where he had fainted. After this event Kasper was more carefully tended than ever, and the process of intellectual cramming proceeded with such vigour that in a couple of years all his peculiar brightness had faded. Writing of him in the year 1832, Herr von Feuerbach says, "The extraordinary, almost preternatural, elevation of his senses has been diminished, and has almost sunk to the common level. He is indeed still able to see in the dark, so that for him there exists no real night. But he is no longer able to read in the dark, nor to recognise the most minute objects at a great distance. Of the gigantic powers of his memory, and of other astonishing qualities, not a trace remains. He no longer retains anything that is remarkable, except his extraordinary fate, his indescribable goodness, and the exceeding amiableness of his disposition." It is astonishing how Kasper wound himself about the hearts of those with whom he came in contact. There are people still living in Nuremberg who remember him and regard him over a space of nearly forty years with a marvellous tenderness and an infinite pity. One such gave me as a precious gift a copy of his portrait. It shows a lad of some eighteen years, full-faced, with short curly hair lying over a broad high forehead, large eyes, well-shaped nose, a sweet mouth, a dimpled chin, and a general expression of the presence of a great and constant sorrow uncomplainingly borne.

In the year 1832 the Earl of Stanhope prevailed upon the magistracy of Nuremberg to deliver up to his care the adopted child of their city, and his lordship temporarily placed him at Anspach, purposing shortly to remove him to England. At Anspach the life for which poor Kasper had so little cause for thankfulness was closed by the assassin's dagger. On the 17th December, 1833, he went by appointment to the castle park, to meet a person who had darkly promised to give him a clue to his parentage, and who upon his arrival at the trysting place treacherously stabbed him to the heart. The deed was done in broad daylight, but the murderer escaped, and with him vanished all hope of elucidating the mystery of Kasper Hauser's birth and life. There were fresh inquiries and new conjectures, but from that day to this nothing capable of proof has been discovered. "God," wrote the pious Binder, chief burgomaster of Nuremberg, in a manifesto issued upon the death of Kasper, "God in his justice will compensate him with an eternal spring of the joys of infancy denied him here, for the vigour of youth of which he was deprived, and for the life destroyed five years after he was born into the world. Peace to his ashes." This was Kasper Hauser's epitaph.

HENRY W. LUCY.

THE TOWN PALACE OF THE PERCIES.

THE princely Castle of Alnwick in Northumberland is undoubtedly that one of their many residences which has the best claim to be called "The Historic Home of the Percies," having been in their possession for more than five centuries, even in an age when the Border warfare was at its highest, since which time it has shared the fortune and vicissitudes of that powerful family. Sion House, too, at Isleworth, the ancient home of the sisters of the Cistercian order, has belonged to them ever since the day when Henry VIII. so ruthlessly destroyed the greater monasteries, and so has a fair right to share in that appellation—that is if three centuries and a half constitute history. But the mansion which is known to us all as Northumberland House in the Strand, or, to speak more accurately, at Charing Cross, has belonged to them for only the comparatively brief space of two centuries and a half. Still, even that is a long time for a town residence to remain in one line,—if we are to count the present Smithson-Percies as one line with the genuine Percies of antiquity. And to say the least, Northumberland House is the last survivor of those old historic mansions of our nobility which once lined the north bank of the "silvery Thames" between Westminster and Blackfriars, without the intervention of any "embankment," either mean or magnificent.

In speaking of the Percies—a family whose nobility dates as remotely as the sovereignty of Normandy, and whose renown, coeval with its nobility, has flourished in every age and coexisted with every generation since—a writer in a periodical work of great ability and influence says :—

> Not more famous in arms than distinguished for its alliances, the house of Percy stands pre-eminent for the number and rank of the families which are represented by the present Duke of Northumberland, whose banner, consequently, exhibits an assemblage of nearly nine hundred armorial ensigns, among which are those of King Henry VIII., of several younger branches of the Blood Royal, of the Sovereign Houses of France, Castile, Leon, and Scotland, and of the Ducal Houses of Normandy and Brittany, forming a galaxy of heraldic honours altogether unparalleled.

Northumberland House itself, as we have recently learned, is to be pulled down almost immediately. The sentence has gone forth; the

deed of purchase was signed at the end of February last between the Duke of Northumberland and the Metropolitan Board of Works: and in its place in another year or so we shall have a wide and open street leading from Pall Mall and Cockspur Street down to that noble embankment which will long remain the grandest monument of Lord Palmerston's premiership.

Our readers, therefore, will be glad just now to learn a little of its history. Its walls have not witnessed the birth of an English Sovereign, like those of Norfolk House* in St. James's Square; but for all that it has its own historical associations. A little over two centuries ago Monk, Duke of Albemarle, was a visitor within its gates, busily engaged in concerting measures for the restoration of monarchy in the person of Charles II.; and, to come to more recent days, Pepys, and John Evelyn, and Horace Walpole were guests at the grand old house which, no doubt with the full consent of its noble owners, they have immortalised in their "Diaries" and "Correspondence." We cannot take up a volume of Horace Walpole's amusing and gossiping letters to Sir Horace Mann, to Mr. Mason, or to Lady Ossory, without coming across some notice or other of the house and its inhabitants, whether of Northampton, Suffolk, Somerset, or Northumberland descent—for all of those noble families have owned it in their turn; and as for Horace Walpole, he abounds in anecdotes concerning the balls, routs, and other entertainments for which the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland in his day "sent out their cards" and "opened their splendid *salons*."

We leave it for professed antiquaries to give a complete history of the house in the times before the Reformation, when its site was occupied by a "Hospital dedicated to the Blessed Virgin," which was a cell to a religious house in the kingdom of Navarre. Suffice it to say that at the Reformation and the dissolution of monasteries the land on which it stood, some eight or ten acres in extent, was granted to one Carwardine, probably a courtier, who sold the estate to the Earl of Northampton, a younger son of the chivalrous, noble, and accomplished Earl of Surrey. A house was built on the site, and it came to be called after its owners—Northampton House. The edifice was erected during the last few years of Elizabeth's reign, being finished in 1605 by Bernard Jansen and Gerard Christmas, the latter of whom was in great estimation on account of some ornamental work which he had designed and executed at Aldersgate. Like most of the houses to the east and west, it consisted of three sides, the wings facing the garden and river.

* *King* George III. was born there, the house in 1739 being occupied by *Frederick* Prince of Wales.

Lord Northampton, in his will, dated June 14, 1614, makes this honourable mention of his eldest nephew:—"To my most dear and entirely beloved nephew, Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, I give my jewel of the three stones, one of them being that ruby which His Excellent Majesty sent me out of Scotland as his first token, which jewel I cannot better repose with any than with him that is so faithful and trusty to His Majesty. And I give him also a cross of diamonds given me by my lady, my mother. And I heartily entreat my said nephew to give his countenance and furtherance to my executors in the execution of my will." It may be added that his lordship also bequeathed his mansion at Charing Cross to the Earl of Suffolk, upon whose widow it was afterwards settled as part of her jointure. Upon the Earl coming into possession, the name of Northampton House became changed for that of Suffolk House. Dr. Nott, in his "Life of the Earl of Surrey," states that Lord Northampton presented this house to Theophilus, Lord Walden, as a new-year's gift; but this story, says Lord Braybrooke, "is of course without foundation; nor did it," adds his lordship, "as has been often asserted, form part of the marriage portion of Lady Elizabeth Howard, wife of Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, who purchased the mansion of the Suffolk family after the death of Earl Theophilus for £15,000, and called it by his own name."* The above statement is confirmed by the MS. book of accounts of James, Earl of Suffolk, preserved in the Public Library at Cambridge, wherein occurs the following entry:—

September, 1642.—Received for Suffolk House, sold to the Earl of Northumberland, £15,000. The Countess's portion, paid at the same time, £5,000.

Thus, it appears, this stately mansion came into the possession of the tenth Earl of Northumberland of the old line, at which time it came to be called by its present name. The first thing which the new owner did was to employ the aid or advice of Inigo Jones, who added the river front, thus forming the house into a quadrangle. Up to this time the chief rooms had looked out upon the Strand, which came to be too noisy as the intercourse between the twin cities of London and Westminster grew and increased; but thenceforth the Percies retreated from the north side to the "new front," as the southern side came to be called.

As this Earl was the person who played so conspicuous a part in the politics of the reign of Charles I., and to whom the care of the King's children was entrusted by the Parliament, there can be little doubt that in many of its rooms Charles II. and his younger brothers and sisters played in childhood, unconscious of their father's

* Lord Braybrooke's "History of Au[illegible]

and the national "troubles." It was while this Earl was owner of the house that General Monk, as we have stated, was entertained within its walls; and it was the daughter of his son and successor, Josceline, eleventh Earl, the last of the old Percies of the North, who carried the house in marriage to the "Proud Duke of Somerset," of whom we read so much in the anecdote histories of the first Hanoverian kings and their Court. This son, another Duke of Somerset, followed him in the ownership; but both father and son found it impossible to exchange the name of "Northumberland" for "Somerset" House;* and it must have been with a feeling of satisfaction that, when death forced him to leave it to somebody, he had married his daughter and heiress, Lady Elizabeth Seymour, to Sir Hugh Smithson, of Stanwick or Stanwix, in Yorkshire, who had obtained the King's permission to assume the name and quarter the arms of the Percies, with the reversion of the (revived) Earldom of Northumberland. In the long run this Sir Hugh Smithson became not only Sir Hugh Percy, but Earl and eventually Duke of Northumberland, the higher title being revived in his favour by George III. in 1776. This nobleman it was who faced the inner quadrangle with stone, and restored the front towards the Strand. In 1780 a good portion of this northern front, including the apartments occupied by Dr. Percy, the learned author of "Relics of Ancient Poetry," was destroyed by a fire. From that day to this the mansion has remained almost wholly in the same state, both externally and internally. The front facing the Strand is familiar enough to all "country cousins," to whom almost the first thing that is shown on reaching London is the Percy lion which crowns the central gateway, as forming the crest of the family. It is also well known to the curious by Canaletti's picture, which has been engraved, showing the row of small shops and humble tenements which stood opposite to it reaching westwards to "the King's Mews," almost the spot now occupied by the Nelson column.

The interior of Northumberland House is furnished in a style of magnificence and grandeur which savours wholly of the taste of the last century, and can be described only by the word "oppressive." It is all on a grand scale, as if it had been put together for giants, and not for ordinary mortals. The chairs, tables, and sofas, at all events, are so large that it is all but impossible to move them, and the grotesque faces of animals, &c., which occur in the sculpture and other ornaments are of a corresponding size and dimension.

Taking into account its wings and other adjuncts, it is said to

* Probably for the very sufficient reason that there was already one Somerset House in the Strand.

prise between 140 and 150 rooms and chambers, of which the finest most imposing is the State Gallery, or ball room, upwards of feet in length. In this State Gallery was given the great enter-ment to Royalty a hundred years ago which Horace Walpole cribes with such minuteness; and much more recently the same ndid apartment was the scene of a dinner and ball given to the nce and Princess of Wales soon after their marriage.

The late Duke of Northumberland, and also his immediate pre-essors, it is well known, were very averse to the idea of allowing ir town mansion to be removed, and declined all idea of parting h it, even for a handsome "consideration;" but the present duke, ıctant though he is, and of necessity must be, to abandon a great toric house, "commenced by a Howard, continued by a Percy, l completed by a Seymour," and which for two centuries and a f has been the residence of his ancestors, has at length consented waive his personal feelings, and to sell it, in order to make way for ublic improvements." It does not, however, appear to be at all eed as to whether its removal will be a public improvement a matter of necessity at all. It is argued that, unless we are to ve all our streets constructed at right angles, like those of old nchilsea, or Hull, and as straight as one of the military roads in ance, the road which shall continue the line of Cockspur Street the Thames Embankment might pass along the western side of rthumberland House and its garden, and so spare for future es a relic of the past of which a topographical writer just a ndred years ago declared that it was "almost the only house maining in London where the ancient magnificence of the English bility is upheld."

It is true that its site is somewhat spoiled by being confined within gh walls, and surrounded by poor and unsightly houses on the south d east; but these might easily be removed, not only without loss, t with great and immediate advantage: and we think that the lf million of money which is to come out of the pockets of the itish householder and taxpayer might be far more usefully and fitably employed in *erecting* wholesome and convenient homes for working classes in the more densely crowded neighbourhoods of s great metropolis—Seven Dials, Clerkenwell, and Whitechapel to —than in pulling down and demolishing a mansion which is an ament to the West End and one of the most valuable, because v rare, examples of a style of domestic architecture that has passed ay.

E. Walford, M.A.

BEREHAVEN.

LAST September I visited Castletown, a village at the western extremity of Bantry Bay, and distinguished from other Castletowns by the addition of Berehaven. Berehaven is the name of the surrounding district.

The tourist who reaches Killarney by train from the Mallow junction generally returns through Cork, having visited on his way besides Killarney, Kenmare, Glengariff, and Inchigela. To these I would wish him to add Berehaven, which can be easily reached, and well repays the trouble of getting there. It lies about fifteen miles to the west of Glengariff, the way lying through some splendid mountain scenery, and always within sight of the sea. A post-car runs from Glengariff to Berehaven daily.

At Berehaven there is a good hotel close to the sea, being only separated from it by a pretty lawn. At the end of the lawn there is a boat slip.

The little bay in front of the hotel is very picturesque, especially as you approach Castletown from the east. It is a bay within a bay, affording shelter for yachts and coasting-boats. The anchorage for great ships lies between this little bay and an island two miles to the south. This island rises like a mountain out of the sea, and is fully four miles long. The Channel Fleet often puts in here. The moorage is considered the finest in the world, being at the same time both capacious and safe. Cork harbour is completely exposed on one side. Berehaven harbour is protected from every wind that blows. The aspect of the country is that of a huge amphitheatre, whose arena is the sea, whose sides are lofty and magnificent mountains. South and south-west winds are repelled by Bere island. On the west Desart Hill, curving round southwards so as almost to meet the western extremity of Bere, excludes danger from that quarter. Thence, as the eye travels round towards the north and east, lofty mountains succeed each other without a break in their sublime chain—the long high ridge of Knockoura terminating in the steep black hill of Miskish, the brown sloping sides of Mauline, the broad and massive Hungary king of them all. Due east there rises no near mountain barrier for the moorage, but the wind from that quarter blows from the shore and its violence is broken by the distant hills that run eastward from Glengariff. It was in this moorage that the

French fleet cast anchor at the close of the last century. Their anchors are still at the bottom, according to local tradition. They could not draw them up, and so were obliged to cut the cables.

We generally spent the mornings either in sailing or in climbing the hills. In the evenings we fished. The whole aspect of this country has left an impression upon me such as I shall not readily forget: the grandeur of the mountains; the boldness and irregularity of the coast; the size and gloomy magnificence of the caves. At the western extremity of Bere island is a succession of caves or great arches of rock, called Bonaparte's Bridge. I have rowed about here by myself in a small boat, overcome by the charm of the place, watching the sea-gulls as they wheeled and shrieked round me overhead, and listening to the lazy plash of the water up the rocks, or its deep thundering far away in the recesses of the caverns.

In fishing we were very successful. It happened to be the season for catching pollock fry. For a good many evenings they gave us some first-rate sport. We used to tie our own flies; a bit of goose-feather fastened to a hook was sufficient. We sometimes ornamented the flies with red woollen thread tied round the upper part, which rendered them more conspicuous. The bait is an imitation of a little fish called brit, and is about an inch and a half long. Very rude gear is, however, often sufficient. I recollect improvising a fly with a strip torn from my pocket handkerchief.

There are three stages in the growth of pollock, during each of which he enjoys, at least in Bantry Bay, a different name: killocks, crohogues, and pollock. Pollock spawn in the early summer, and their fry may be taken through August and September. During these months they are called killocks. They are then about the size of the average brown trout—that is, about seven or eight inches long. Apparently they are devoured by their more mature brethren, for wherever these are caught killocks seldom make their appearance. Some evenings they are ravenous; at other times you will catch few or none. In the former event, however, they make very good sport. We fished with rods, the flies being trailed along the surface of the water as the boat was rowed slowly along. Sometimes in a good spot we used to stop the boat, and cast right and left, as if fishing for trout. When we passed through "a school" the splashing and leaping of the killocks was like a heavy shower of hail. At these times we used to take in three or four at a time. In the evenings they will take, but not during the day. The hour before sunset is the best time. I hear they will take at sunrise, too, sharing in the common hunger of fish at that season.

I do not know a more delicious fish for breakfast than these killocks. They must be sprinkled with a little salt at night, and fried brown in flour next morning. Otherwise they are insipid; but done in this way they are better than trout.

Out of what we caught we used to keep enough for breakfast, and give the rest to the boys who rowed us. In October killocks cease to take altogether, and after that are not caught till the ensuing summer, when they reappear, very little larger than they were in October. They are now called crohogues, and are about the size of the white trout. They still go in "schools," but are much more adventurous than when they were only killocks. They now leave the "goleens" and shallow inlets and creeks of the sea, and haunt deep and rocky places. Bonaparte's Bridge, which I have described already, we found a very good spot for our flies. The fish were still taken with the imitation of brit. At this place we had some glorious evenings, as we rowed slowly between the vast dark cliffs, where every sound had its echo. The splashing and leaping of the crohogues was sometimes tremendous, the water behind the boat being churned into foam, and the noise of their leaping being beyond description.

At the commencement we used to make casting lines of gut for our flies, but finding that these generally gave way before the weight of the crohogues, and also finding that these fish are not very fastidious about the implements of their destruction, we tied the dropper of each fly to the line itself, and found it sufficient. I was once bringing in two crohogues when the gut snapped as they were quite close to the gunwale. I watched the poor fellows going down together, each pulling different ways, till they were out of sight. Crohogues are not so good for eating as killocks.

In the next year this fish reaches his last stage. He is now the familiar pollock, and gets no new name after that. The fact that this is an English name, while crohogue and killock are Milesian, shows that for the latter there was little demand in the fish-market. The English name would naturally be applied universally to an article which is required in the great towns. Killocks are only caught with rod and line. The schools are not large enough to repay the labour and expense of a "sein," or any kind of net fishing. Besides, unless cooked exactly in the way that I have described, they are very tasteless. Should any of my readers be tempted to Bantry Bay, or any other place where these are caught, and enjoy a dish of fried killocks for breakfast, I think he will be anxious to pay another visit to the same spot.

Pollock are not often caught with the fly. An eel is the correct morsel. The eel is killed first, and fastened neatly on the hook—the barb of the hook protruding. I have never seen artificial eels. They could be easily made, and would save pollock fishers a good deal of trouble and disagreeable work, for every fisherman likes to arrange his own tackle. We had "a gossoon" in pay whom we used to send forth armed with a fork to stab eels for us. He used to find them in the stream and on the strand at low water. They lie in little pools under stones when the tide goes out.

The pollock is not quite so averse to brit or so skilled in the arts of his enemies as to entirely overlook the charms of goose feather. When he rises to the fly he springs altogether out of the water, and then plunges down to the bottom. Pollock are not often in a taking mood. They seldom go in "schools." However, when we had the luck to catch one, he gave very good sport, but not so much as one would expect from his size. A small white trout gives better play than even a large pollock. For pollock we had to row faster than for their brethren, and sometimes to put lead on our lines in order to keep the eel deep. Some evenings they would rise to the surface, on other occasions they would not.

In the daytime we used to fish for gurnet and mackerel. The advantage of this was that we could sail and fish at the same time. These fish we used to catch in the open sea, no matter at what rate the boat was moving. Our "flies" were strips of their own white skins.

I do not think there is a more beautiful fish as he comes out of the water than the mackerel. His colours are then so vivid. I have often heard that he is the swiftest fish that swims, and I can well believe it, his flesh is so firm and his bounds as he comes into the boat so vigorous. At the same time his fins are comparatively small.

The Berehaveners are a handsome race, courageous and athletic. There was some communication between that country and Spain in the days when the O'Sullivans took up arms against Queen Elizabeth. Many Spaniards are said to have settled there at that time. One often sees faces that make the tradition probable.

Without meaning any disrespect to Killarney and sylvan scenery generally, I am much surprised that Berehaven is so little frequented by the tourist, notwithstanding its sublime mountains and the incomparable advantage of the sea. Even in the way of sylvan scenery, Berehaven is not without its charms. Water-fall river, which takes its rise on the sides of Mauline, tumbles and plashes for

hort career through nollies, hazels, and mountain
ones and rocks clad with moss. It is as picture
ver walked beside, and one as deserving of a

ne splendid residence in the neighbourhood—I
tly built by Mr. Puxley. Probably there is not
view than that commanded by this house.

fine weather was beginning to
uctance.

ARTHUR CL

MAKING THE WORST OF IT.

BY JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NUMBER NINETY-SEVEN.

WATER! Oh for water! Oh for a river of ice-cold water—to plunge into it, and to drink of it for ever and ever!

"Water, ice-cold water! Ah! joy, there is the essing for which I pray. Beautiful fountain! What a huge pillar water! It shoots up to the blue sky, and the noise of the falling ray is loud, is like the rumbling of thunder, but such sweet music! , how I burn, how I thirst! Let me go to the fountain. Let the ter fall upon me. Mercy! Oh for the water! Loose me! I l go! I burn! The water; for mercy's sake, loose me!

"The cruel gaolers loose their hold. Oh for that beautiful fountain! is so near me! At a bound I shall be in the midst of the ice-cold ing water. They have loosed me. They are not looking. Ah, ntain!

"Fountain! Where is it? Help, help, help! It is not water, it is t water! I am in a flaming furnace! Oh, save me! Save me! I rn! Drink! Oh cruel gaolers, give me drink! Mercy! O give e water!

"Mother, where have you been? Don't be angry; I will do my ssons. Only give me some water. Oh I am so thirsty. I am on e, mother. There it is, mother, dear. Not the glass, but the pitcher. old it to my mouth, and oh! do not take it away. Oh, mother, other, mother, it is not water, but fire!

"Frank! darling Frank. I knew you would not be long. Oh, rank, give me drink. Water, darling!

"They are burning him. Look! look! look! it is Lord Shamvock ho holds my Frank in the fire. Loose me; I must go to him! I ill go to him! You shall not hold me. Mercy! Mercy! Oh give e water!"

So passed the last minutes of delirium. The screams of Numbe

ninety-seven terrified the other patients. Exhausted, she ceased to struggle against the bands that bound her to the bed. At length she slept a long deep sleep. When the house surgeon passed through the ward he listened to her breathing, and noticed that the burning skin was no longer dry.

"Ninety-seven will do now, nurse. Give her stimulants when she wakes."

The fever was conquered. The attack was severe, but not lasting, and the recovery of Rose was rapid. When she could converse she asked how long she had been in the hospital. Only a week, but in that week no doubt Frank had written to her and, perhaps, was offended and alarmed at her silence. If he could see her lying there! Poor Frank! It was well he was spared that misery.

To inquiries about herself Rose turned a deaf ear.

"You were represented by your landlady as Mrs. Simpson. Have you a husband? Have you any friends to whom we can write and who will take care of you when you are able to leave us?"

"I cannot tell you anything about myself," said Rose. If she did Frank would never forgive her.

The lady visitor pleaded gently and earnestly with her.

"You have done wrong, my dear, but do not add sin to sin and cruelty to cruelty. Tell me about your friends. I am sure they will be more ready to receive you than you are to seek them."

Rose shook her head, and repeated that she could not tell anything about herself.

The lady visitor was pained, but would not abandon the girl without an effort to save her from, as she thought, a career of shame and misery. She took Rose by the hand as if she had been a loving sister or yearning mother.

"My dear, I will not ask you to tell me about yourself. But I ask you when you leave here to come to my home. I am sure that I shall nurse you well, and make you happy."

Rose was touched to the heart. "Shall I make her my friend?" she thought. "Yes," whispered her good angel. But Frank! He would never forgive her. With broken voice she thanked the lady, and rejected her loving offer.

Sometimes we entertain angels unawares. How often when the angels would comfort us and minister unto us do we unawares repulse them!

"I can only pray for you, and that I will do. I will pray that you may not return to the road that leads to destruction. I will pray that he who tempts you to sin may have no more influence over you. My

poor fallen sister, why will you not return to the path of virtue, peace, and happiness?"

Rose perceived the mistake as to her character and position.

"Do not think that of me. I am not a bad woman."

The chaplain was not more successful. Conscious of her integrity, Rose was angered at the misconception as to her motive for secresy. Before the first week of convalescence was past she had been able to sit in the grounds. Her anxiety to see Frank might have retarded her recovery if it had been less intense, but being so powerful and absorbing it gave her strength to control the disposition to fret and worry; and the body, aided by the mind, regained its normal vigour with a quickness not expected by the doctors.

"When can I go away?"

"In a week or ten days," replied the house surgeon.

"I am sure, sir, I am strong enough to go out to-day."

"If you had any friends who would take charge of you I should not object to your going out."

"I want to go to my friends."

"That won't do. We must know who are your friends, or you will have to remain here until you are well and able to look after yourself. We do not want to keep any one here longer than it is necessary, and for the sake of the charity you should let us communicate with your friends."

The house surgeon failed to elicit the desired information, as the lady visitor and the chaplain had failed.

Another week or ten days! Impossible. Rose went into the garden. She sat for a few minutes and then walked about. Wait for another week or ten days! Why, she could walk, and she would not keep her poor Frank in suspense. How could she escape?

In the afternoon she asked the nurse if she might look in her box, and received permission. She happened to be alone in the box room. She took out a dress, a shawl, a hat, and a brooch. These things she managed to conceal in her bedding. Her purse she could not find.

"We searched your box for your address, and your purse was taken away. It will be restored to you when you leave," said the nurse.

Next morning at the hour the visitors were admitted Rose went into the garden. She entered a summer house, and there put on the dress, the shawl, and the hat she had taken from her box. The dinner bell rang. Several visitors left, and she passed out with a group unobserved.

Fearing to be missed and followed, she walked on quickly, but the

exercise and the noise of the streets made her feel faint. She hailed a passing cab, and told the driver to take her to Holloway, the abode of Mrs. Gibbs.

The motion of the cab was trying, but Rose bore it bravely, and overcame the nervous weakness. Had Frank been seeking her? No; for then he would have gone to King's Cross and ascertained her fate. Had he written to her, and was he wondering why his letter was unanswered? Or had he arrived that morning? Whilst he was asking Mrs. Gibbs about her, would she arrive? Rose was revelling in this day dream when the cab stopped at the house.

"Shall I knock, mum?"

"Yes," said Rose, rather disappointed that her husband had not rushed out to embrace her.

The cabman knocked and rang and knocked again.

"This here is a hempty crib, and the party which is taking care of it is out."

A neighbour, Mrs. Gibbs's gossip, came to the door of the cab.

"If you want to see the house, the key is left next door, which is mine."

"I want Mrs. Gibbs."

"So does a goodish many, and if your head don't ache till you find her, it will be a jolly long while afore you get that ache."

"Has she left here?" asked Rose, faintly.

"A regular flit. Things moved anyhow, and key put under the scraper, where it was found by the milkman. There wasn't five shillings' worth in the place. They had a poor thing in as a lodger who lost ever so much money, and I said then, as I say now, that there Mrs. Gibbs took it."

"And no one knows where they have gone to?"

"No, mum, and, in my humble opinion, never will."

"Do you know if any one has been asking for Mrs. Simpson? Or has there been a letter?"

"Of course I see it now, but I should never have knowed you if you had not spoke; but, to be sure, I never saw you to speak to you. My dear soul, why didn't you have in the police and give them into custody? You'd have got your money, I warrant."

"I've been ill. Give me a glass of water."

"Step inside."

"No, thank you. I must make some inquiries. Tell me, have I been asked for?"

"No; and if you had I must have known of it, for everybody comes to me about the Gibbs lot, which is natural, seeing that I am

next door with the key. But, lor, why don't you take my parlours for a week or two? We shan't fall out about the rent, and if any letters or what not comes, you are on the spot."

The proposal was like a gleam of sunshine to poor Rose.

"You must not mind me being very poor till he, my husband, comes home. But I will pay you and thank you."

"Twelve-and-six a week is all I ask, and if you couldn't pay me, two or three twelve-and-sixpences would not break me. Come in, my dear."

"Not now. I will be back presently. If he should come, tell him I will not be more than an hour."

After drinking a glass of beer—for the lady of the key would not give water, which she declared was no good to anybody—Rose departed, telling the cabman to drive to King's Cross.

As soon as the corner was turned, Rose pulled the check string, which of course did not affect the driver. She let down one of the front windows and asked the cabman if he would be kind enough to stop at the pawnbroker's on the right hand side.

"My husband is away, and I am obliged to get a little money," stammered Rose.

"Bless your life, for one that aint pawned there's about a thousand that's done it more than once. And what's the harm of putting away what's your own when one is stumped? The worst of them blokes is that it aint a patch upon the value that they gives, and what gets into their maw don't always come out again."

When the cabman helped Rose out of the cab he advised her to ask for half the value unless it was gold or silver, and then to ask about two-thirds.

"If you ask less, it's less you get. If you asks more, it is throwed at you, and what you get is next to nothing."

The brooch was praised by the pawnbroker, but he said it was more workmanship than gold, and he would not lend more than two pounds. Rose was too weary to bargain, and took the two pounds. She looked so weak and worn that the cabman advised her to take some refreshment.

"Let me get you three of brandy cold. I don't go in for drink, though there is plenty of it in our line, but a drop of spirits is a better pick-you-up than physic when you are down."

Rose did not refuse, and then drove to her King's Cross lodging. The cabman knocked, and the landlady came to the cab.

"What! Bless my eyes, am I awake? Oh, my poor
are you about?"

"Has there been an inquiry for me?"

"Inquiry! I should think so. Why, he can hardly be out of the street."

Rose thought that the woman spoke of Frank. Her heart thumped and her pale face flushed.

"Will my husband call again? Where has he gone?"

"Your husband! Poor dear soul. That wicked deceiving brute will not look after you. It was the hospital man, my dear, for they are crazed at your going off. You must go back, my dear, and then you can leave when you are well."

Rose was choking with disappointment.

"I won't ask you in, my dear, for that would not be fair with a house ever so full of children and lodgers. But wait a minute. I will pop on my bonnet and shawl and take you back. They won't scold you if I ask them not."

When the landlady had gone in, Rose asked the cabman to drive her back to Holloway as fast as he could, and not to stop for anybody.

"Right you are, my dear. It shan't be the fault of my whip if they runs you down."

When Rose got to her new lodging she was ill and exhausted, but a few hours' rest revived her.

"I must not get ill again. I am sure it will not be many hours before my Frank is here. I hope he will not be angry about the money, and I could not help being taken to the hospital."

CHAPTER XIX.

ROSE IS TEMPTED.

Hours and days passed away, and Frank did not come. Rose wa alarmed. Could he leave her for so long without writing to her Impossible. Perhaps he was ill, even as she had been ill. It might b that he was stricken with fever, and only strangers to watch over hin Or perhaps he was——. But Rose shrank from the horrible though No, he was alive, but too sick to write to her or even to tell som one to do so.

The postman set aside the suggestion that Frank was ill. Whe first spoken to he could not recollect whether he had left any lette for Mrs. Simpson, but two days afterwards he asked to see Rose.

"I thought, mum, I had left letters for you at the next door, an now I am sure of it. One of them was registered, and the receipt f it was signed in the name of Simpson. That, you see, I do kno

letting alone my memory, and likewise I am sure that there was other letters, but of course of that there is no proof but memory, which does not go for much when you are delivering thousands. If so be there has been any robbery, you give notice to our people, and the party would be found if he buried himself in a coal mine."

This was perplexing news for Rose. There was comfort in the knowledge that Frank was well. It was a comfort to be thus assured of his loving care. No doubt the registered letter contained money, though he had left her with an ample provision. The other letters were to urge her to write to him. What could he think of her silence? He could not doubt that she had received his letters, because one of them was registered. What did he think? Why did he not write again? Why did he not seek her?

Could he suppose that she did not care for him, and had he in his anger left her for ever?

Two days more passed without news, and Rose could endure the waiting in vain no longer.

"I must do something or I shall be ill again. He does not know what I have suffered, and he thinks I am cruel and unkind. He will not seek me; I must seek him."

Rose still clung to the idea that Frank had left her to see his uncle, the rich relation, at whose death she was to be an acknowledged wife. All that she knew about the uncle was that he lived at Malvern, and she resolved to go to Malvern and find Frank.

It was easier to resolve than to execute the project. Malvern was a long journey, and Rose had neither money nor clothes. Well, she would appear before Frank in such garments as she had, because a few words would explain her suffering and necessity. But how could she procure the money for the journey? She feared to claim her money at the hospital lest she should be detained and punished for her escape. She had no property to pawn. She had no friend to whom she could apply for a loan. Her landlady was already suspicious and pressing.

"Where is her luggage?" asked that person of her husband. "Left for rent at some place where they would keep her no longer. Where is the party she calls her husband? He has given what he means to give and will not turn up. She can't pay, and she can't stop in my rooms." The landlady was not too delicate to let Rose know her mistrust, and therefore no aid was to be expected from her. So in the great city teeming with wealth Rose was worried, and wretched and despairing for the lack of a sovereign. "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink." To be in the midst of

plenty and yet want, to stand by rivers of drinkable water and not to be allowed to quench the raging, killing thirst, is torture to mind as well as body. Rose bitterly felt her poverty. It was so strange and so cruel that the little she wanted should be denied to her. She did not want alms, but a loan. But no one, thought Rose, would lend her a sovereign to save her life. Rose was wrong. If her need had been known ten thousand benevolent hands would have proffered her the help she needed.

Rose went to Paddington to inquire about the fare and the time for starting. Seek her husband she would, and in some way she would find the money. The cheapest fare was ten shillings, and the earliest train started at six in the morning.

"I will go to-morrow morning, however I get the money."

Nerved by this desperate resolution, Rose walked quickly until she came to the Edgware Road, and then she began to think and to saunter. The hours were passing. How could she get the money? Where should she go? What should she do?

She stopped before a jeweller's shop. She looked, not at the goods, but at the price tickets, and thought how happy the value of the least costly of the articles would make her. Suppose she could take that watch or that ring, she could return it in a day or two, and who would be the poorer? She blushed at the thought, and with her heart throbbing violently walked away into the park and sat down. The impossibility of getting the money for the journey was apparent, and for the first time in her life she was utterly hopeless, she was stricken with despair.

A lady plainly attired stepped before her and said, "You are Mrs. Simpson: you are ninety-seven. What are you doing here, my poor girl?"

Rose looked up: it was the lady visitor of the hospital.

"Do not betray me. I should have died from care and grief if I had not left the hospital."

"You not only risked your own health but the health of others. It was an offence for which you could be punished, but do not think that I shall harm you. My desire was and is to do you good."

The lady visitor took a seat beside Rose.

"You look ill and careworn. What have you been doing? How are you living?"

"I have been expecting my husband. I am going to seek him in the country."

"Have you any money?"

"No; that is my grief. If I had a sovereign I could go to him."

"Why not write to him?"

"I must not write to him."

"Where is he?"

"I cannot tell you anything about him."

"God's will be done," said the lady. "Some day your heart may be changed, and you will seek the way of peace and righteousness. If you were as true to yourself as you are to your betrayer you would be happy from this hour."

Rose stood up, and did not attempt to control her indignation.

"You have no right to call my husband a betrayer. That is false. We are true to each other. Good morning."

The lady laid her hand on Rose's arm.

"Foolish, unhappy girl. Would a husband forsake his wife? Would a wife refuse to tell the name of her husband? I long to help you. Come with me to my home. I will never speak to you of the past. I will give you the opportunity of a virtuous, peaceful life."

Stung by the unjust suspicion, Rose did not heed the kindness and the affection of the lady.

"I ask you for nothing, and yet you insult me. Please let me go."

"May He have mercy on you!" said the lady.

Rose turned out of the Park and hurried along Oxford Street until she came to Regent Circus. It was many hours since she had taken food, and she entered a confectioner's and ordered a cup of coffee and some bread, first ascertaining by the list of prices that her one shilling would more than pay for the meal.

There were several ladies in the room, and Rose took a place in the darkest corner. A lady and two little girls were at the same table, finishing a substantial lunch. The children complained that their papa was so long coming, and they knew he would be too late for the morning performance. The lady told them that papa might have been detained, but that he would not disappoint them. Rose contrasted her solitude and misery with their happiness, and she envied, almost hated them. The lady said she would pay, so that when papa came they could start immediately. A few minutes after paying the lady moved a little to arrange the dress of the children. Rose saw that the lady's purse was lying on the back part of the sofa seat. She was about to tell the lady of it when the impulse was checked by the thought that the contents of the purse would relieve her from her difficulty.

Rose bent over her coffee to conceal her face, and she trembled with a sense of guilt as if she had stolen the purse. There was a sharp struggle with conscience.

"She will be sure to miss it before she leaves. Why should I speak?"

The voice of conscience was silenced. Alas, in the hour of temptation how easy is self-deception! If her intent was honest why did she not tell the lady that her purse was on the sofa? If her intent was honest, why did she so eagerly watch every movement of the lady?

The papa came in, and the children clapped their hands.

"Come, my dears, we have not a moment to lose."

"We are ready, pa," said the lady, and they departed.

The purse was left on the sofa.

There was another and final struggle with conscience. She would not take the purse. But oh, not to see Frank! And if she took it, could she not restore it? Another party entered the room and looked towards the table. As Rose left she moved along the seat and slipped the purse into her pocket. She paid for her coffee and bread and went out.

The bright daylight stunned her. The noise of the street affrighted her. What could she do? Whither could she flee? In her guilty terror and bewilderment she hailed a cab and got into it.

"Where shall I drive, miss?"

It was a full minute before Rose answered, and she then told the man to drive to the station at Paddington.

"I cannot go to Holloway. I must be ready for the morning. If Frank knew what I have done could he forgive me? What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Before reaching Paddington she was smitten with another fear. What did the purse contain? Perhaps not enough to pay her fare, and her crime was in vain. She took the purse from her pocket and opened it, holding it on her lap, as if she were being watched. The purse contained two sovereigns and some silver. She put the money in her own purse, and the lady's purse into her pocket.

Rose went to a coffee-house just by the station, the proprietor promising to call her in time for the early train; not that there was the least risk of her sleeping too late. She remained for two or three hours in her room, and when it was dusk went out. She must get rid of the lady's purse. She could not rest until the evidence of her guilt was away from her.

She wrapped the purse roughly in a piece of newspaper. She stood on the canal bridge and dropped the purse into the water.

Before returning to the coffee-house she made small purchases in two shops. Not that the purchases were needed, but she did not

ike to have the stolen money in her pocket, and at each shop she changed one of the sovereigns.

"I will not, going on such a journey, pay for my ticket with money so come by, and he shall not embrace me with stolen money in my pocket."

What wretched, miserable self-deception!

Alas for the fallen! What are they to do? Unless the voice of conscience is silenced, they must confess their guilt, and braving the penalty and humiliation, return to the path of virtue, or else they will go mad. *Facilis descensus Averni.* But the ascent demands heroic, nay, superhuman power. It is easy to silence the voice of conscience by lying—egregious, monstrous lying; but whoever falls and is morally dead cannot rise again unless the moral life is renewed by the mercy of the Eternal.

It is impossible to defend Rose. Stone her if you will. Stone her without mercy. Yet it will be well to say, "As she is I should be if I yielded to temptation." And who dares to presume that he shall be tempted and not fall? He who boasts of his strength is a fool. The wise man watches and prays lest he enter into temptation.

But we may not plead for Rose. She has fallen, and, if you will, stone her without mercy.

CHAPTER XX.

DOWNHILL.

How often have you seen the rising of the sun in sweet summer-tide? It is good now and then to watch the dawn of day, but those who say that man should rise with the lark are shallow talkers. While the weary world is sleeping nature is preparing the fulness of the day for man. In London and other large cities very early rising is dreary and depressing.

Rose did not wait to be called, and was at the station a full hour before the train started. She was chilly and tired and anxious about the result of her journey. She had no doubt about finding Frank, but how would he receive her? Would he be too angry to listen to her explanation? Then Rose pretended to deride her fears, and said aloud "How foolish and how wicked to suppose he could be so unkind." Nevertheless, the fear was not conquered, and all the long journey she was thinking what she should say to Frank when she first met him.

Arrived at Malvern, the fears of Rose were redoubled. How

careful Frank had been to keep her from the knowledge of the rich relation. He had told her over and over again that the whole of his prospects depended upon the concealment of his marriage until after the death of his uncle. She would not betray the secret. Yet Frank might resent her coming to seek him at his uncle's abode. Still her husband could not wish her to continue in such misery, and no one should know who she was or her business.

She went into the refreshment room, and, having taken a little food, asked the barmaid if she knew the address of Mr. Boliver. After an inspection of Rose's clothing, the elaborately arrayed tapstress replied in the negative and curtly.

Rose applied to a porter who was strongly recommended by a good-natured face.

"If I aint clean off the line I know the party. It is a party as is often down here. Pretty tall and pale, and aint very upright in his walk."

"Yes," said Rose.

"Then come here, miss, and I'll show you where he lives, for my mate wheeled up some things for him."

The porter took her out of the station and pointed to the hills.

"You see that there house with a verandah, right up in the hill there. Well, it aint that, but it is just above it, and can't be seen from here. Any one will tell you when you get up there. Will you have a carriage to take you up?"

"No, thank you, I will walk," said Rose, putting a shilling into the man's hand.

"It's all a mile and a half by the time you get there, and all up hill."

Rose again thanked the good-natured porter and set forth on her walk. When she reached the town she almost repented not taking the advice of the porter. She was already tired, and the steep hill had to be ascended. Having climbed to St. Anne's Well, she drank some of the water and bathed her face and hands. The afternoon was sultry and there was scarcely any breeze from the hills. But her sense of fatigue was deadened by increasing anxiety as to the reception of Frank. The nearer the end of the journey, the more she doubted its prudence. With a heavy heart she continued the ascent, which was the more difficult and toilsome because she did not know the paths. Behind the verandah house were several small houses, but not one of them seemed grand enough for Frank's rich relation. She knocked at the door of a house with apartments to let, knowing that could not be the uncle's abode.

"For how many do you want apartments?"

"I beg your pardon. I am not looking for apartments. I am told Mr. Boliver lives near here, and I cannot find his house."

"It will be ten year come Christmas that I have been here, and I never heard of that name having a house here."

A daughter came in:

"Sarah, this lady has been sent up here to find a house kept by the name of Boliver, and I say there's no such name hereabouts."

"Lor no, mother, but I know where it is. It's an invalid old gentleman at Rook Villa, West Malvern."

"And please where is that?" asked Rose.

"You go down the hill till you come to the Promenade, which is where the shops are, and then you turn off to the left for ever so far, and you will know Rook Villa when you come to it, for it's a big place, and the name writ on the gates."

"Thank you, and I am sorry to have given you the trouble."

"You are the worst off with the walk for nothing, but it is like the station people, who are born stupids."

There was a zig-zag road that Rose should have taken, but she began to descend by a direct route over the turf. The hill was steep, and she could not keep her footing. She held on by the bough of a dwarfed rugged tree. She looked down and became tremulous and giddy. She sat down and covered her face with her hands.

"I cannot move, I shall never be able to move."

The long-expected storm began. A few drops of rain, and then a pause, while the darkness of the sky grew darker. The heavy rain fell. A pelting, pitiless, angry rain. It beat and splashed upon the hills. It fell on the ground like a bubbling, hissing flood. It tore down the hills and stones, and turf and pieces of loosened rock were borne on the rushing torrent.

Rose did not move until the darkness was for a moment made lurid, blinding light by a flash of forked lightning. Rose got up and held on by the tree. The thunder appeared to roll from hill to hill, and so terrible was the noise that it was pleasant to hear the splashing and the dashing and the rushing of the rain.

From the hill could be seen three storms. Every instant, here or there, the heavens were riven and opened by the lightning, and the crash and roar of the Malvern storm were incessant.

Rose, impelled by an indefinable terror, tried to descend the hill. She was still holding on by the tree when she found that the rain had made the turf slippery. So she sat down again shivering and quaking. She shut her eyes, and held her hands over her ears, yet she saw the lightning and *heard the thunder.*

"Goodness alive, why are you sitting here?"

Rose looked, and there stood by her the woman at whose house she had called.

"We were looking at the storm, and my girl said there was somebody standing by the sheep tree, and that it was you. Poor girl, it's enough to kill you. Come with me."

"How can I get down the hill?"

"I will show you, or my girl will, when the storm is over."

Rose leant heavily on the arm of the woman.

"How kind of you to come out in such a rain."

"We don't mind rain here, and if it rained frogs it wouldn't get through my cloak."

When they were in the cottage the woman told Rose to take off her things and have them dried. Rose said she wanted to get to West Malvern.

"Well, so you shall, but not till the storm is over, and your things will soon dry at my ironing fire. Here, Sarah, just look after her and see that every thread is dried fit for a human body to wear."

Sarah obeyed her mother's orders.

"I knew it was you," said Sarah, "yet I could not have gone to you for worlds. Do you know why? The sheep tree is haunted because a girl who was forsaken died there. And they do say that when there is a storm the imps come out and throw stones."

The storm was over. The sun shone brightly, and the only vestiges of the storm were to be seen on the ground. Rose, in her rough-dried garments, set out with Sarah. She thanked the woman for her kindness. The woman was not pleased with what she called the mystification, for Rose would say nothing about herself or her business at Malvern.

Under the guidance of Sarah the descent was easily made. In spite of Rose's protest, Sarah insisted upon accompanying her to Rook Villa. The daughter, like the mother, was curious.

"It's quite a grand house is Mr. Boliver's, and you do look queer after the wetting; but I suppose they are friends and won't care for how you look?"

"Perhaps I may not go in. I only want a note left."

"Let me leave it?"

"Thank you, but you will not say a word? Only leave the letter."

"I'll not say a word. And here we are."

Yes, there was Rook Villa, but very little of the house could be seen from the road.

Rose took a note from her pocket addressed to Frank Boliver, Esq

"Leave this for me, and there is no answer to wait for."

When Sarah had delivered the letter Rose wished her good-bye, and offered a few shillings to buy a present.

"No, my dear, I shan't take your money. But are you going to stop here for an answer? I will stop with you. Mother won't expect me."

Rose had to pray of her to leave.

"Some one may come to me, and I must be alone."

"I know it's a dreadful love affair. Isn't it, now?"

Rose pressed her hand.

"Oh, my dear, it was so unlucky for you to touch the haunted tree."

Sarah walked away, but only to the bend of the road.

Rose waited under the high garden wall for the answer to her note. The note ran thus :—

"DARLING FRANK,

"I have been very ill. I am here. No one knows me. Come to me.

"ROSE."

A few minutes appeared a weary while to Rose. Perhaps Frank was out. Perhaps he would not see her.

A servant appeared at the gate. She looked up and down the road, and then at Rose.

"Excuse me, miss, but is it you that wants to see Mr. Boliver?"

"Yes," said Rose. "Is he at home?"

"Then please to walk in."

"Ah," thought Rose, as she followed the servant, "he is ill, and that is why he has not written to me."

"Will you wait in that room for one minute, miss? What name shall I give?"

"Not any. He knows it."

"Certainly, miss," said the girl with a toss of the head that manifested resentment at the secrecy of Rose.

The world forgives deception, but not honest, defiant secrecy. If Rose had taken the "London Directory" and fixed upon any name she fancied, and had told the inquisitive that her name was Mrs. So-and-So, and that Mr. So-and-So had gone abroad to look after some property, Mrs. Gibbs and others would not have believed her, but they would not have been offended. The worst reasons would have been invented for the assumed deception, but it is a sting-

insult to the curious to say—"I shall not tell you my business." What a much happier, more moral, more loving, and more religious world it would be if it were the rule not to gossip about our neighbours' business! Gossiping, like drunkenness, is the prolific parent of vices and of crime.

A gentleman leaning heavily on a stick came into the room, sat upon the sofa, and stared at Rose, who was too alarmed to move or speak.

"Well, ma'am, my name is George Boliver. What is yours?"

How could Rose answer? Had Frank sent his uncle to her?

"I come, sir, to see Mr. Frank Boliver."

"I know you did. I have your note to darling Frank. What do you want to see him about? Does he owe you anything?"

"Oh no, sir!"

"Oh no, sir! Then why do you come here? How dare you intrude yourself into my house? Tell me what is your business with my nephew, or it will be worse for you."

"I am very sorry, sir, but I wanted to see Mr. Frank Boliver."

"Why do you think he is here?"

"I have not heard from him for several weeks, and I thought he might be here."

"Then your thoughts were wrong. He has not been here for months, and he is not wanted here again. When you see him tell him to give my address to no more of his baggage, that I am well again, and that when I do die he will be none the better for it. Now, be off, and don't let me find you prowling about my place, or I will teach you there is a law for rogues and vagabonds."

Rose went without a word of reply. She did not heed the abuse. If the choleric old gentleman had struck her with his stick she would not have felt the blows. Where was Frank? What mission took him from her? Would he return? Had he not forsaken her? For an instant she was troubled about the anger of the uncle, but only for an instant. Where was Frank? Why did he leave her? Why did he leave her secretly? Had he forsaken her? And Rose thought he had forsaken her.

"It is cruel, it must kill me."

When she came to the road that led to the hill she stopped. She remembered what Sarah had told her about the haunted tree. Should she go there, remain there, and die there?

And he would not know why she so died! Rose continued her way to the station. She entered into a compact with herself not to think about her future until she was in London. But she did not

keep the compact. Penniless, friendless, and a stranger. What could she do? There was one resource open to her. Let her declare her name, and she would immediately have offers of engagements and an ample income. Frank might be vexed, for he always hated her to be on the stage. What of that? Let him see that the woman he had forsaken was not despised by everybody. He would hear of her success, and he might believe that she cared only for money, and was faithless to him, her husband.

"No, I will not go on the stage. It is far better to die than he should think me untrue to him."

Rose slept at the coffee-house. She had seven shillings left after the day's expenses.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. STOT IS BOTHERED.

"My dear, you are not eating enough for a mincing girl."

Most of us eat too little or too much, and, unfortunately, there is no general rule to be observed. The aphorism that a proper diet means health is more than half truth. But what is a proper diet? The dietary that gives health and strength to one man is injurious to another. The dietary that agreed so well with you five years ago now prostrates you. Whatsoever the quacks may say, there is no universal medicine and no universal rule of health. When did you see two human faces exactly alike? The whole body differs more than the face, and every constitution requires special treatment.

There seemed, indeed, very slender reason for Mrs. Stot's observation. Mr. Stot had taken soup, fish, and did not quite finish his plate of roast meat. The soup and the fish were an ample assurance against inanition, and a slight falling off in the third course was not an alarming incident. But Mrs. Stot had great faith in heavy eating. So long as food is wholesome, and not a palate tickler, you cannot have too much. If you eat well you will be well, and if you don't you won't. These were favourite maxims with Mrs. Stot.

"The fact is, my dear, the perversity of human nature would take away the appetite of an ostrich."

"Anything wrong in the City?"

"No. The loan drags, but it will soon be set going. You remember Mr. Boliver, whose name Shamvock forged, and who went out to the States with Doloski?"

"Of course I do, Stot."

"Well, he has not come home with Doloski, who got him a

commission in the West that will be a three weeks' run and pay him well. The day before yesterday I got a letter from him telling me that he is married, that his wife was living at Holloway as an *alias*, a Mrs. Simpson, and that he had left without letting her know that he was going out of the country. Prudent that, wasn't it, my dear?"

"No, Stot, it was foolish. If a man gets a wife that he can't trust with his own movements he should leave her for good and all, for it is no good he will get out of her. But if a woman is true, a man is a brute and a fool not to trust her."

"Perhaps it was my fault, for not thinking of his being married I made him promise to keep his going a secret from everybody. In his letter he says he is getting anxious about his wife, begs of me to see her, to tell her when he will return, and to give her the cash for a draft that he encloses. This morning I went to Belitha Road, Holloway. Mrs. Simpson has gone no one knows where, and likely enough no one ever will know."

"Gone, my dear! What could make her act in such a way?"

"A day or two after Boliver left the poor thing was robbed of the money left her by her husband. This I have ascertained to be the truth, as the police are on the track of the parties for another job. She was turned out of her lodging. Gets no letters from Boliver. Comes back after a fortnight or so, finds the house shut up. She went to lodge next door, and they say she looked like a starved woman. She brought no luggage with her. What was not sold for food was left for rent, I suppose. Well, my dear, yesterday morning she went out early, and has not returned. I am sorry for the poor thing, and I am sorry for Boliver. But what vexes me is that if I had gone to Holloway the day I got the letter I should have seen her and saved her."

"Being sorry for the poor woman is right, but how can you be at fault because that Boliver leaves his wife in such a way? How could you know that it was a question of moments?"

"I do not say I am at fault, but it is not less aggravating, and rather more so, since no one is to blame."

"Think, too, of our poor dear innocent Alice. It's no use asking if there is any clue. Stot, I would not say it before her poor father, but I almost give her up for lost."

"I don't. This is how I put it. The girl left the school to be married. From fear, or from pride, or a mixture of the two, she keeps her past dark. But our advertisements will spot her. I am sure they will."

"Whilst you were in Paris, Stot, I made a fine goose of myself,

and it may as well come out now as later. That Lady Flippers, whose head is regularly upside down, would not let me rest till I had been to one of her spiritualist *séances*. It's about the most stupid and likewise the most wicked invention ever tried on this mortal earth. Fancy grown up people pretending to believe the spirits play the banjo, pinch legs, box ears, and such like tomfoolery. And worse, Stot, for people to think that those they loved and who are in their graves play the fool for the gain of an impudent juggler."

"Ah! my dear, it's always been my motto, 'No fools, no rogues,' and the fool is as bad if not worse than the rogue. If I go into Parliament I shall bring in a Bill to punish the father of crime, which is folly."

"Then, Stot, I should have been in for it. Next day I told Lady Flippers my opinion, and she said I should try first before I condemned, and she dared say her medium would bring any spirit to me I wanted. Well, in an artful round go round way she brought up poor Alice, asking me if ever I heard of that poor orphan. 'The medium,' she said, 'will let you know whether she is alive or not.' Well, I laughed, Stot, and said it was rubbish, but somehow that idea got such hold of me that I went to the medium's, and first he put my five-pound note into his pocket, and then he rapped, and oh, Stot, I thought I should have gone through the floor when he rapped out 'Alice Clayton.' But he wanted to do too much, and made the ghost rap out that her father wanted to talk with you through the medium. You see, Stot, they thought she was an orphan on both sides. When I got to the door I turned round and called the medium a thief. He only smiled; he is used to it."

Mr. Stot laughed heartily.

"My dear, I'm glad you were done, quite glad. If I tumble into a beefsteak pie you will not be able to do a reprimand, for if you did I should call you another and ask about the medium."

Mr. Stot said they would be cosy, and he lighted a cigar and stretched on the sofa, whilst his wife filled a capacious easy chair.

"Really, Stot, it's a downright treat to get an evening alone. People are always dropping in."

Enter servant.

"Mr. Hawes, sir, hopes you will be kind enough to see him for a minute on most particular business."

"What, old Mr. Hawes come to see you? I would not see him."

"Yes, my dear, we will. He comes to me, and it is my duty to see him."

Building up is a slow process, but demolition can be done with celerity. What years of labour, loving care, and prayer, it has taken to turn out that full fraught man. Let some fell disease fasten on him, or let his soul yield to the Tempter, and the man of yesterday is to-day a physical or moral wreck. Mr. Hawes was never a full fraught man, but he looked respectably healthy and pudgey. In a few weeks he has become ailing, tottering, and wizened. Mrs. Stot, who was prepared to be extremely haughty, stared at him compassionately.

"I know, Mr. Stot, we parted enemies, and that I said hard things about you, but I am in great trouble. I want your advice, and I ask you to forget the past."

"Just one or two words about that past. You have said that I used the marriage of your daughter to grind nigh £8,000 out of you. Why did I put that pressure on you? When I was not rich, through that scoundrel Mellish, you took over £8,000 of my money. You cleared me out, left me in debt and well nigh ruined. When you paid that Shamvock forgery you did not pay me the money lent on those forgeries, but the money you took from me years and years ago, and well nigh ruined me."

"I do not deny it, Mr. Stot; let the past be forgotten."

"One more word about that past," said Mr. Stot, not regarding the appealing look of his wife. "Even the wish of making you pay the money did not prevent me doing my duty to you and to your daughter. I warned you, I begged of you not to let your child marry that scoundrel Shamvock. There—I have done with the past. What has gone wrong now, Mr. Hawes?"

Mrs. Stot was leaving the room.

"Please don't go, madam," said Mr. Hawes. "You may be able to help Mrs. Hawes and Lady—I mean Selina"——

"Come, Hawes, drink what I have put before you. I can pretty well guess what we are coming to. Shamvock has been up to some of his tricks."

"Lady Sham—I mean Selina—started with over £1,500 in trinkets. Last week her jewel case was robbed. I put the police on, and they came to me and said 'We have traced the jewels. They were taken by Lord Shamvock.' There was a pair of diamond earrings that I bought dirt cheap for £700, and could have sold for £1,000 to break up. I looked at her earrings yesterday—for I had taken away the rest of the jewels for safety—and I thought they looked strange. I took them to my jeweller. Mr. Stot, that villain had changed my precious diamonds for paste."

"What a thief!" exclaimed Mrs. Stot. "But the diamonds are

nothing compared to the misery of your poor girl being tied to such a thief."

"It's £1,500 gone, Mrs. Stot, and she dared not say a word. He has hit her several times, and she could show you the bruises."

Mrs. Stot jumped off her chair.

"Hit her! Bruises! Why if she was my daughter I'd put my nails in his face and never leave it whilst there was a bit of flesh to tear at. Would I, Stot?"

"My dear, the law is awkward. Beating a woman is a small fine, but scratching a man's face is a crime. Where is Lady Shamvock?"

"At home, for I have not told you the worst."

"Well, I am thankful she is at home," said Mrs. Stot. "That Shamvock is not fit to be trusted with a dog."

"There is a woman who came forward and declared that she is Shamvock's wife, and if so my daughter is"——

Mr. Hawes was too agitated to finish the sentence.

"Why, Hawes, she is not the wife of the worst blackguard, thief, and criminal that crawls about the earth."

"All the money thrown away. Our miss is not a lady, and I'm not the father-in-law of a lord. The exposure will kill us. People will laugh at us."

"No they won't; and if they did, what matters? You want my advice, Hawes?"

"Can anything be done to save the exposure?"

"Not to save it, but to put it off, Hawes. Let Shamvock take every sixpence you have, and for a year, or perhaps a year and a half, the exposure may be put off. When you are beggared it will come. You have a choice between getting rid of Shamvock now or beggary."

"Get rid of him!" said Mrs. Stot. "No one will think the worse of your child for being deceived by a scoundrel."

"Besides, Hawes," remarked Mr. Stot, "you will keep your money, and the money that can buy a title this year can buy a title next year."

Mr. Stot had an instinctive knowledge of human nature. The suggestion was like a ray of hope, and it illumined the Egyptian darkness that oppressed Mr. Hawes. Yes, he would yet beat the world. Miss should be a lady. A minute before he hesitated about getting rid of Lord Shamvock. Now he wanted it done quickly.

"If the woman's story can be proved it will be easy to get the marriage declared null and void. If not, we must go in for a decree *nisi*, and prove our case. The first thing is to

supposed first marriage. Go to Doloski and Gouger, they will settle the point in a week."

Mr. Hawes turned red, played with his fingers, and stuttered.

"It is too much to ask, I know, but if you would give an hour to this business I am sure we should settle it."

"I am not ashamed of my detective fame, Hawes," said Mr. Stot, laughing; "but I am very busy. Still I will look after it for you. I don't yet feel quits with Shamvock. I will call on you in the morning, Hawes."

In a few minutes Mr. Hawes went away, looking far less hopeless than when he came.

"Well, my dear, I am getting in for plenty of work. There's our Alice, there's Boliver's affair, and there's this business of Hawes. It is fortunate there is not much to do in the City and that I am not in Parliament."

"Never mind the work, Stot, as it is all for good, and you never could pass an hour doing nothing. But whatever else is to be done our own poor Alice must be first and last with you."

"It has been a day of botheration, anyhow. Make my grog and let me see if I can have my nightcap in peace."

CHAPTER XXII.

SEEKING BREAD.

Once upon a time a poor fish was floundering on the dry earth. The poor fish bitterly bewailed its hard condition. "I shall die; I shall die. Will no one give me so much as a bucket of water?" Mr. Politecon heard the complaint and was wrath. "Confound you and all other fish out of water. Two-thirds of the surface of the globe is water, and yet you complain. Why, there is a stream within twenty yards of you. Get into it." The poor fish replied, "I can't put myself into the stream. Only put me into it, kind sir, and I will swim without help." Mr. Politecon was still more wrath. "There is the stream, and there is no barrier between you and it. Get into the water or perish. It would be a violation of principle to help you, and an encouragement to other fish to get out of water." Mr. Politecon acted in true accord with his principles, and the poor fish died.

Did you ever face the poverty of London? Did you ever visit the abodes of the poorest of the poor, of those emaciated, squalid fellow-creatures, whose lives are a ceaseless fight with famine, and who, happily for the safety of property, are too worn and too cowed in

body and in mind to seize upon the plenty within their reach? There is a certain sort of comfort in the reflection that most of these unfortunates, of these loathsome lepers, are what they are by their own folly or by the folly of their parents. But it is not comforting to discover that many of the wretched have perished because in this great world of philanthropy there was no one to give them the little costless help that the poor fish vainly craved.

"I must get some work," said Rose.

She took up a daily paper and read through the list of places vacant. She put it down with a sigh. References were required, and to whom could she refer? Perhaps she could get needlework to do. A needlewoman could hardly be expected to have grand references. She would be honest.

Would be honest? But she had not been honest. That stolen purse was a burden that grew heavier every hour. She almost ascribed the failure of her journey to Malvern to that wrongful act. She felt as if the brand of thief had been burnt into her face, so that all who would could know her fault. Should she go to the nearest police station and confess her offence? That would not restore the money to the owner. It might disgrace Frank, and he was not to blame for her pressing poverty.

Rose walked along the Edgware Road and Oxford Street, looking in the windows. There were some announcements of milliners and dressmakers being wanted, but Rose was neither a milliner nor a dressmaker. One placard notified that there were vacancies for young ladies in the show room. Rose walked in, and saw the shopwalker, a sprucely attired middle-aged man, pompous to the assistants and obsequious to the customers. He stared at Rose's shabby dress, but asked her politely enough what she wanted, for the money of shabby people is, as far as it goes, as good as the money of well-dressed people. Rose explained her errand. The flabby cheeks of the shopwalker were puffed out with indignation.

"Can you read, young woman?"

"Yes," replied Rose, meekly.

"Then you see we want young ladies. Parties of your stamp might do in the New Cut. Off with you. I can guess what you come for, but we have too many pairs of optics looking after the property to suit your game."

Rose was seeking an honest living. She clenched her teeth. She was ready with a passionate, indignant rebuke. But, oh! for the undying worm and the unquenchable fire. She thought of the [illegible] and she slunk out of the shop.

Whither now! Rose no longer hoped for employment. She turned towards Paddington, and slowly walked back to the coffee-house. Would that she had died in the fever! Would that she could die then! Her fate was cruel. Why was she so friendless and deserted? In the days of her prosperity she had never refused to aid the needy. For her there was no aid, not even a kindly word. She remembered how she had that morning knelt by her bedside, and prayed for forgiveness of her sins and for success in her undertaking. Ah, she thought, it is of no use for me to pray.

Poor Rose. In her sorrow and despair she was as foolish and profane as others who have less excuse for their folly and profanity. Prayer is not an order that God is bound to execute, but a supplication to be granted, or not, according to the wisdom of God.

Having returned to the coffee-house, she asked the landlady to speak with her.

"I am going away. What do I owe you? I think I have enough to pay you."

Mrs. Thompson is neither young nor beautiful. A coarse, heavy-looking woman that you would be ashamed to be seen speaking to. A loud-voiced, rough-mannered woman.

Mrs. Thompson shut the door.

"Going! Where are you going?"

Rose shrank from her questioner, and wished that she had left all she had, and gone without a word of warning.

"I don't know yet."

"You don't know yet? Then, I tell you, you don't go yet. As for the money, my dear, never speak of that again. It's little that I have, and what with the price of provisions and rates and taxes, the profits are nothing. But you are welcome till you find something. From the moment I set eyes upon you I said to myself 'That poor girl is in trouble.' A good deal of that is seen in a coffee-house."

Rose was bewildered. The language of kindness and sympathy was, for the moment, unintelligible to her.

"Yes, my dear, a coffeehouse is the hotel of the misfortunate. Now, you need not tell me anything about what has happened, but, my dear, remain here till you have another roof to go to."

The right hand of Mrs. Thompson was neither small nor white. It was large and red, scalded and burnt. But Rose took it and kissed it; and then gave a short account of her late misfortunes.

"Well, my dear, a husband, or whatever he may be, if he can't be found, and don't want to be found, is as good as dead. But the

lea of looking for a situation without knowing anybody and with o character! What were you? I can tell by your hands it was ot my sort of work. I guess now you were in the millinery line."

Rose shook her head. She felt keenly, as she had often done ately, the humiliation and trouble of concealment.

"I can see what it is, my dear. Brought up to nothing except not o soil your hands, and left with nothing to keep it up. Why not go out as lady's maid? I'll manage about the reference. But, my dear," continued Mrs. Thompson, putting her hand on Rose, "it is, I feel sure, no use thinking of going into a family at present."

Rose drew back, and was angry. Rose was often angry now. The least thing that disturbed her, or that thwarted her, made her angry. How we blunder about temper. We praise this woman or that man because she or he is always cheerful, always patient, always hopeful. We frown on the irritable, cross person. As if temper were a matter of choice! Good temper is the certain symptom of good health. Bad temper is the certain symptom of bad health. Rose had not always been cross and ready to take offence. She had been meek and forbearing. But now she is sick and in sorrow.

"Thank you, Mrs. Thompson, but I must go, and I must get ome employment."

Mrs. Thompson was not offended. She is a coarse, rough, vulgar oman, but she was not to be turned from her loving purpose by an gry word.

"My dear, I would not keep you here an hour longer than needs , and I will get you a situation as soon as possible. You see I'm nother. I have a girl who is with my sister in the country, for I not like her to be here. My dear, I am only doing towards you I would others should do towards her if so be she came into your rrow. And oh, my dear, you have had a mother; and think it's her eaking to you, and promise me that you will not leave here till you ve a roof to go to."

Rose sat down on the bedside and cried.

"Don't, there's a dear. Promise me that mine shall be your'n till ou have another shelter. I know I can find you something in a eek."

Rose promised, and Mrs. Thompson left her to attend to the ustomers. To shout, to scold, to fry bacon, to boil eggs, to cut thick unches of bread and butter, to brew coffee. For Mrs. Thompson is coarse, vulgar woman. Oh poet, oh painter, you do well to repreent the angels as beautiful, for holiness is the most exquisite beauty. till let us be mindful that the spirits of love—that is, the angels—dwell

in human forms that are seared and distorted by the travail of human toil and woe, and that are not beautiful.

Rose, even in the deadening depths of her sorrow, felt so much class pride that she was more impressed with Mrs. Thompson's coarseness than with her goodness. She became coldly grateful, and did not see that the coarse, rough, tender-hearted woman was the angel sent in answer to her prayers to minister unto her.

From early morning until that hour Rose had been saying to herself that she would be thankful for any situation, however menial. There is a prospect of domestic service, and her spirit spurns it.

"What love or care has he shown for me that I should stoop so low for his sake? I have only to go to the agent's, make myself known, and before to-morrow night I should be independent of this woman and every other person."

Thus would Rose have acted, only the hope of again being with Frank and loved by him was not so dead as she believed. To reappear on the stage, to be admired, flattered, courted, and talked about! And she Frank's wife, and her husband she knows not where!

No; she will be a true wife. When she meets him—if ever she meets him—she will be able to say, "Frank, I have suffered, but I am your true wife. Whilst you have been away I have done nothing that is wrong, nothing that could be called unworthy of a gentleman's wife."

The deathless and ever vigilant worm gnawed her. "What about the purse?" asked the still small voice. The momentary exultation passed away, and Rose crouched upon the bed, for the spirit that could battle with trouble was crushed by a sense of guilt.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LORD SHAMVOCK IN CLOVER.

Lord Shamvock often boasted that no man knew better how to spend money than he did, by which his lordship meant that whatever money came in his way was devoted to the gratification of Lord Shamvock's desires. We have once more the pain of seeing his lordship in clover. Returning from the shortened honeymoon, my lord and lady had put up at the Grosvenor and had engaged an elegant suite of apartments. My lady had returned to her papa, but my lord did not vacate the elegant and somewhat costly rooms. Why should he? His credit was excellent; for at the request of Mr. Hawes, and with money supplied by Mr. Hawes, the first fortnight's bill

aid. His lordship had no idea of forsaking such com-
arters. It would be time enough to move when he was

ship, who had waded through an elaborate dinner and
port, looked cross. The immediate cause of the ruffled
that two gentlemen, young and rich, who had been
inner, had sent apologies just as the dinner was being
able. My lord had arranged for a little hazard, and a
with two players both young and both rich signified the
rd Shamvock's pocket.
re other causes for a ruffled temper, of which the departure
hip was not the least. Not that his lordship liked her, for
almost as much as she hated him. But her going might
to the bleeding of old Hawes. Lord Shamvock had a
of law, an accomplishment common to swindlers, and
marriage he had conceived the design of torturing Selina
him, and then bringing a suit for the restitution of
hts, and settling the affair for a fair annuity. But Laura,
upposed to be dead years ago, appears on the scene, and
Lady Shamvock.
thought Lord Shamvock, he alone knew of the existence
nd he was thinking how he could silence her and get her
vay. What Laura wanted was a sum of money, and his
l no money.
nd the women! They are all the same. Money,
ney. That is their continual cry and aim. Selfish

tural that Lord Shamvock should be disgusted at any
hness. Of vice it is true that like hates like. The liar
if he is lied to. The thief is enraged if he is robbed.
rer is furious if the little finger of retribution in kind is
im. The selfish man regards the lack of generosity as a
e deadly sin for which there cannot be forgiveness.
eman, my lord."
ame?" asked his lordship, not moving his head.
e you, my lord?"
leman had entered with the waiter, who left the room and
the stairs, with a sovereign more in his pocket than he
e ascended them.
know you, sir. What's the meaning of this intrusion?"
nown to a gentleman you highly esteem. Allow me to
card, my lord."

"Mr. Doloski!" said Lord Shamvock, reading the card. "Well, sir, your name is strange to me. If you have any business you can write."

"Some business is better not written. I will not detain you many minutes."

Lord Shamvock stood up and pointed to the door.

"Good evening, Mr. Doloski."

"Good evening, Lord Shamvock. My compliments to Lady Shamvock, alias Mrs. Laura Marshall."

Lord Shamvock did not maintain his heroic attitude, but sat on the couch.

"I suppose you come from that woman."

"Does it please your lordship to grant me a few minutes of your valuable time?"

"Yes."

Mr. Doloski deposited his hat on a side table, and took a chair so that he faced his lordship.

"No, my lord, I do not come from her ladyship. I only know her by name."

"You will be good enough not to give that woman a title that does not belong to her."

"We will not fall out about names or titles. I come from Mr. Hawes."

His lordship helped himself to a glass of wine. His hand was unsteady, and the wine was spilt.

"They make these decanters ridiculously heavy, my lord."

"You are a solicitor, I presume; come here to pump me?"

"No, not a limb of the law, but a sort of crutch of the law. I come here as a friend of our friend Hawes, and to avoid, if it can be avoided, a little unpleasantness."

"What is the business?"

"The so-called Lady Shamvock remains under the protection of her father."

"There is such a thing as a suit for the restitution of conjugal rights."

"Or the alternative of a handsome allowance."

"Take a glass of wine, Mr. Doloski. You are a man of sense, sound sense."

Mr. Doloski helped himself to a glass of port.

"Capital wine. I dare say they charge you a pretty high figure for it; something in the teens."

"I never look at any part of a bill except the total."

excellent plan. It saves a world of annoyance. But to our
siness. Mr. Hawes is going in for a divorce."
. You will have to prove cruelty, desertion,' and adultery.
ere has been no cruelty. I did not desert my lady, but my
erted me. As for adultery, like most men of three score
rry a fortune, I have been strictly moral. The divorce scare-
es not frighten this bird."
)d, my lord. From that point of view the divorce is a farce.
; not ground for judicial separation."
: so. What old Hawes wants is a separation by mutual con-
He must pay for my lady's whim."
my lord. The idea is a suit for the nullity of the marriage.
t Lady Shamvock being alive, the second marriage was null
l."
ordship laughed, but the mirth was forced.
ı believe that ridiculous tale. There was no first marriage,
efy you to prove your position. Try it on. Hawes is rich."
you remember the name of Gouger?"
"
ıought not. Twenty years ago or thereabout Mr. Gouger was a
. Laura, Lady Shamvock, was his client. He sifted her case.
'e the papers. The ceremony took place in Ireland, and
ged that the marriage was invalid because Laura was a Protes-
l you a Roman Catholic, or *vice versâ*, I forget now. Gouger,
ute man, my lord, found that your lordship was mistaken and
ave compelled the acknowledgment of the marriage as valid,
r side got at Laura, and she disappeared, and, by the way,
) pay Gouger's costs."
ı Lord Shamvock laughed a forced laugh.
harming *procès verbal*. You have it cut and dried. Your
)aded and pointed. Fire! But there is a weak point, or you
ot be here. Perhaps you cannot find an entry of the marriage
arish books."
ıger arranged that twenty years ago. The priest, either be-
/our story that the marriage was unlawful on account of a
:e of creeds, or unlawful because the parents of the girl did
e a consent, entered the marriage in his pocket book.
obtained an authenticated copy of that entry."
ut, but no use to you. Bigamy is a crime, you must produce
estimony. Where are your witnesses to the pretended
e?"
y will be forthcoming. Why · tion

you asked me, and now I will answer it. I am here as the friend of Mr. Hawes, and not the enemy of Lord Shamvock. If you do not oppose the suit, the diamond changing will not be mentioned."

"My lady consented."

"But, my lord, the jewels did not belong to the lady. They were in trust. That affair will not be mentioned. I have a plan by which I can contribute £500 towards your lordship's costs, which will be nominal."

"I am not a lawyer, Mr. Doloski, but I rather think your plan smacks of collusion."

"There is more collusion, direct and indirect, than is dreamt of. When a couple have once been before the court, living together is impossible, unless they get a divorce and fall in love afresh, and the best for both is a decree *nisi*. But, my lord, in our case, there is no collusion. You thought that the Lady Laura was dead. You wish to do what you can to repair the unintended wrong done to Miss Hawes."

Lord Shamvock was pacing the room, and as he replied to Mr. Doloski looked at his watch.

"Well put, well put indeed. But my time is up. In fact I am overdue. If you could call here at noon to-morrow I would give you an answer."

"I shall do so, my lord, and your lordship will pardon me saying that we do not budge a hair's breadth from our word either one side or the other, and the answer must be final."

"It shall be final, Mr. Doloski. Good night."

Mr. Doloski bowed and retired.

"Fools, to show me their game and their weakness. I shall square Laura, and then for a thousand a year, old Hawes! But I must square Laura. I'll see her to-night. Hawes is a fool, and his friend is a worthy match."

He rang the bell and ordered a hansom.

"And tell the manager to send me five pounds in gold and silver."

Mr. Doloski stood in the hall.

"Nothing can be done with him; we must try Laura."

"A hansom for Lord Shamvock," said the waiter to the porter.

"Where can he be going? I will follow him," thought Mr. Doloski.

Before Lord Shamvock came down Mr. Doloski was ensconced in a cab, and he had the honour of escorting his lordship from Pimlico to a half stuccoed square in Camden Town.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MRS. LAURA MARSHALL.

LORD SHAMVOCK dismissed his cab and knocked at the door. cept tight boots pressing tender corns, few incidents are more ing to the temper than being kept waiting on the street side of a eet door. His lordship knocked twice and no response. There s a light in the passage, and a light was flickering through the shes of the imperfect Venetian blind and the pinned across muslin tains in the parlour. His lordship swore and pulled the bell.

"What is it?" asked a shrill thin voice from the area.

"I want to see Mrs. Marshall."

"Vant will best you to-night. Missus is a going to bed, and she n't see nobody for nothing whatsomever."

His lordship took a card from his case, doubled it, and threw nto the area.

'Give her that, and be sharp."

His lordship was left waiting for another two minutes. The fact is household was not in working order. The general servant had en dismissed suddenly, and the only resident servant was a sixteen-ar-old runner of small errands. A girl always down at the heels, th a smudgey face, rough hair, flyaway cap, and dirty apron. Before ening the door she had turned her apron, and partially smoothed r hair with her nails.

His lordship was not kept waiting in the parlour. Mrs. Marshall peared before my lord had well settled himself on the sofa. A man about forty, in the flush of rejuvenescent beauty. Well nded figure, voluptuous, but not too stout to destroy the graceful line. The delicate softness of skin that almost rivals the fresh-s and exquisite tint of girlhood. Eyes large, animate, and laughing. ir fair, and falling over that rarity, a perfectly rounded shoulder. t there is no charm in the pert manner.

'Why, Laura, you look as beautiful as ever."

'How clever you are! Have you come here at past ten at night tell me what I am told about a hundred times a day?"

'Don't be crusty, Laura," said his lordship, as he took her hand l tried to put his arm round her waist.

She flung him from her, and my lord came down on the sofa with erk and a bump.

'If you try that game you will bundle out quicker than you came I object to a worn out, shaky ol'

"You did not always think me so much older than yourself," said Lord Shamvock, pettishly.

"I always thought you dreadfully old for me. Now you are like a great great grandfather. Yet you are not so old. I know men as old as you that, so far as age is concerned, I would marry. But, lor, you are like a mummy on wires. I suppose it is the life you have led."

His lordship was annoyed, and it was manifest that Mrs. Marshall intended to annoy and torment him.

"Why didn't you leave me alone? Just when I have a chance of a little ease you turn up. You do what you can to injure me by pretending to be my wife, and then when I see you I am treated like a dog."

Mrs. Marshall laughed.

"It's so amusing to hear you whining about bad treatment. When you turned me adrift with £200 and a curse, I went away and did not trouble you for well nigh twenty years. Why should I, seeing that you had not a penny of your own, and that you were living on the town? Then came the report that you were going to marry a fortune, and that you had spent thousands over that actress, Rose Dulmaine. Thinks I, now's the time for me to get my money back, for you remember that I had £1,500 when I married you, and you spent it. I wrote you a note asking for an interview. No answer."

"I did not receive that note."

"My servant put a second note into your hand, and you sent me an insolent message."

"I did not."

"My girl is not a liar. Then I called on your last victim, and told her that I was Lady Shamvock. Then you cringed. You are like a dog a fellow once gave me that I was obliged to get rid of. It was such a brute. If I was civil it snarled. When I whipped it it cringed."

"You might stop this for the sake of old times."

"Old times! I don't forget them when I look at you. I remember how you lied to me, how you robbed me, how you flung me from you, as few men could fling a worn out glove into the gutter. I am not cruel or revengeful, but I hate you as I do a hissing slimy serpent, and if I saw you dying, and knew that you were going to perdition, as you will if there is a hell, I could not hold up my finger to save you—no, not even if my own life depended on it."

Lord Shamvock was pallid, and the muscles of his face were twitching. He looked pleadingly towards Mrs. Marshall. The woman

as been wronged and who hates is as merciless as a paving-

ɔrgive the past, Laura. I was mad to act so basely to such a
ɔ."
:. Marshall laughed till she had to put her jewelled hand to her

alk about a screamer; why, there is no living actor can come up
ɔ. Ah! ah! ah! Shamvock doing the penitent! Shamvock
ding to be a man of feeling! The Devil praying!"
:re was another peal of laughter.
augh on, and when you have done let us come to business."
hat is better. Business if you like, but no sentiment. I never
abide sentiment except from one man, the man I loved—my
, you know. He was handsome and young, and a man that
ɔved. I hate a fellow like you that men despise."
ever mind about that now. Are you going against me in this
' If you are I shall lose my chance of an income and you will
thing. If you do not I shall secure an income and I swear I
: just to you."
on't talk to me as if I did not know you. I am not in want.
ıouse is mine, so is the furniture in it, and some Consols. All
l in trust in case of accident. Still, I should like to have some
hundreds. What I want from you is my own. Not the interest,
ıly the principal. The £1,500 you did me out of. If you give
at I shan't hurt you. If you don't I'll have revenge for my
/."
aura, I have not fifteen hundred shillings."
ery likely; but you could find money for your pleasure, and
ıall find it for me, or I will figure in a pretty romance as Laura,
Shamvock. How interesting! How the fellows would crowd
me! My photograph would sell by millions. I should get
than £1,500 out of the romance, only I hate the bother."
' I could manage it would you take part in cash? Say £500
, and the rest when the affair is settled?"
o; but I would take £1,000 down, and from that I won't
You will only laugh at me for letting you off so easily."
nd you will swear that you were not married to me, if
sary?"
o, I won't. I don't mind telling a fib, but I would not be a
er for my right hand. Why, I should never expect to prosper
"
ou will not do much for me. Will you write a letter of

"It is awkward to write fibs, for if you are found out there is no denying your handwriting. However, you bring the money, that is the £1,000, and I will do anything short of perjury. And now you must go. I'm tired, and I shall lose my beauty if I lose my sleep."

"Good-night, Laura; you will see me to-morrow or next day."

"By the way you have not asked why I went off as I did for a paltry £200, when, as you know, I had all the evidence, and could have set up as Lady Shamvock. I suppose you have no curiosity?"

"You liked another man," growled Lord Shamvock.

"Yes. I always hated you. I could hardly make up my mind to marry you in spite of wanting a title. After we were married and you left me, I met a man who loved me and I loved him."

"And you went off with him."

"Yes, but not immediately. Not until I was the mother of Lord Shamvock's son and heir."

His lordship staggered and leant against the mantelpiece.

"Be careful of the ornaments."

"I had a son?"

"Yes. To my grief I became the mother of your son and heir."

"How long did he live?"

"How should I know?"

"What! You deserted my child!" exclaimed his lordship.

"You would make the fortune of a performing booth in a fair. I put the child out to nurse. Three years after I saw it. A fine child, but something like you, and I hated it, and besides, it would have been inconvenient to have a boy dragging after me. So I left it, and that is the end of the story."

"Wretch! devil! where is my child? If you had come to me with that boy—my boy!—what a different life mine would have been and yours. Give me some clue."

Mrs. Marshall again laughed merrily.

"Funny indeed. A woman betrayed and deserted is to be mother and father to the offspring until it shall please the man to claim it. The man is not to be bothered with the child. Unless it is a child of marriage it does not even bear his name. The betrayed and deserted woman is to bear the whole burden. That is the law and the morals of society. I evaded the law, and I despise such morals."

"And you left the boy, and never saw after him again?"

"Yes, and now please to leave me. I am sleepy."

"Give me some clue."

"What nonsense. It is twenty years ago."

"With whom did you leave the boy?"

"With Mrs. Smith."

"Where?"

"Let me see. It was a street off Oxford Street, but I can't collect the name of it to-night. Please to go, or I shall ring for my servant to show you the door."

"Will you let her fetch me a cab?"

"At this hour! What would the neighbours say? You can get a cab round the corner."

"This is an awful blow, Laura. You were devilish to desert my boy."

"Be civil, or you don't come here again."

When Mrs. Marshall slammed the door she went into the parlour and laughed boisterously.

"What put it into my head to invent that cram about a son I can't think! But I am so glad I tortured the wretch. If I can only get that £1,000 from him it will be so jolly. I should bank £500 and spend the rest. If he can beg or borrow the money, I shall have ——"

When Lord Shamvock got into the street he reeled like a drunken man. A policeman was disposed to take him into custody, but changed his mind when his lordship gave him his name and half-a-sovereign. Then he took his lordship to the nearest public-house on his beat and from the public house to a cab.

Going home and through the night Lord Shamvock forgot his other troubles, and thought only of his deserted son. What a better man he would have been if he had had a son to care for. Was he living? Could he find him? It would restore his life if he had a son to love and who would love him as a father.

There was a crevice in the iron incrustation of selfishness that sealed the heart of Lord Shamvock, and Mrs. Marshall had inflicted a mortal wound.

What a bitter mockery! The ruthless betrayer of others, the wretch who had all his life been making others miserable and sneering at their misery, was drivelling and tortured about the imaginary loss of an imaginary son. It is a terrible retribution. We cannot stay the hand of Justice, but for the present let the curtain fall and veil the scene.

(To be continued.)

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

JOAQUIN MILLER has published an account of his early days under the title of "Life among the Modocs" (Bentley). The work is dedicated to the red men of America, and is a defence of the Indian. Those who know Mr. Miller's poems will be glad to follow him to the sources of his inspiration. In this book he takes us to the fountain head, and it is easy now to understand the freshness and vigour and originality of his muse. He lived among the Indians; lived, loved, and married among them; fought with one tribe against the whites, and fought with the whites against other tribes. Sitting in the glorious shadow of Mount Shasta—the Olympus of the Indian—he dreamed of a republic of red men; he planned a scheme, and sent petitions about it to the American Government, but without receiving any response to his prayer. Mr. Miller defends the Modocs. American soldiers and citizens were the first, he says, to outrage the sanctity of commissions of peace. Years ago, when Captain Jack was a boy, one Ben Wright, acting for the United States Government, induced a number of Indians to meet in amity with the whites to discuss peace, and then fell upon them and massacred them. The treachery of the white man was repaid the other day in the slaughter of the United States Peace Commissioners by the last of the Modocs. Mr. Miller's narrative of his adventures among the Indians, and his interpretation of their best and worst characteristics, ought to make a deep impression on public opinion, and though it is late in the day to hope much, I trust that good may come of it in America.

REFERRING to America, the fashion just now at its height of Englishmen going out to lecture is a notable illustration of the activity of intellectual life in the States, where the theatre and the lecture room seem to be the chief media of entertainment and intellectual enjoyment. Americans must go somewhere in an evening. The absence, to a great extent, of that quiet domestic life which is characteristic of England gives the caterer for public amusements a special position. Lectures have always been popular in America, and, with the spread

of education, the lecture room has grown in importance. Then it happens that the best known books in America are written by English authors, and our cousins like to see the men who have amused or instructed them. They have a great respect for talent, and they are sympathetic readers. Some of my literary friends in England have received their highest and best encouragement from America. A novelist told me only last week that the most charming letter he had ever received was from an utter stranger, an American, residing in Boston, who had read and admired his books. American journalism, it appears to me, is largely personal—I mean personal in a sympathetic sense. Readers like to see and know all about the men who write, and this especially applies to authors and journalists. Acting in the spirit of this national feeling, the American Literary Bureau are making arrangements with our leading men on this side of the Atlantic to take part in their lecture tours. Recently Mr. Elderkin was in England for this purpose. He made arrangements with Mr. Wilkie Collins, Professor Pepper, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and Mr. Bradlaugh, who go out this year and next. The Bureau is now opening a regular agency in England, to be represented, I believe, by Mr. Henry Blackburn (author of some charming books of travel), who has lately returned from the States. This represents so remarkable a feature in the history of literary work nowadays that I record it historically.

A NEW YORK correspondent calls my attention to the Steiger collection of periodicals at the Vienna Exhibition, and the catalogue of American books. Mr. E. Steiger, publisher, bookseller, and printer, has astonished his country. Singlehanded, and without being paid for his work, he has prepared for Vienna not only a collection of the literature of the States, but a catalogue also. The library thus brought together comprises about 6,000 specimens of the periodical literature of America, done up in 119 uniform volumes. The catalogue is nothing like complete, many publishers declining the trouble of furnishing either specimens of their works or a list of them. It has occurred to one of the New York editors that the apathy of the publishers in this matter might possibly be referable to a lurking misgiving that no American could do anything of so ideal a character—anything so un-American—as to undertake, without remuneration, a work of such dimensions, and further, a work that could not pay. "An example of this sort of spirit," says the same writer, "is from time to time needed

and we are strongly reminded by this matter of the terms in which several years ago the German Consul-General, Dr. Roesing, referred to the gentleman who has just concluded one part of this arduous task: 'Such men we require to draw closer the bonds which unite us to fatherland, to such men it is due that to-day the United States look upon Germany as an ally in future eventualities.'" I do not see what America wants with an ally in Germany, or how a catalogue by Mr. Steiger affects the present political situation or future "eventualities." The Germans cannot read the American books, and they are too full of intellectual national pride to care much about them if they could. "Good wine needs no bush." The useful and generous work of Mr. Steiger may fairly be allowed to stand on its own merits, and I hope the publishers will give him all the assistance he may require for completing his important project. The Emperor William has conferred upon Mr. Steiger the distinction of the Order of the Crown. If he had been paid ever so large a sum for his work he could not have bought this decoration. It cannot, therefore, be said that he has not been rewarded, and it is not likely that America will be less appreciative than the Emperor William, though I fail to see what His Majesty has to do with the business.

THERE is a notable article in the *Athenæum* on Amateur Actors. The initial "D." and the style of the writer point to Dr. Donne as the author. The essay, as one might have expected from the author of "Her Majesty's Servants," is a crushing attack upon amateurs; but, curiously enough, the sting is changed to a deposit of honey at the close. The amateurs dealt with are ladies and gentlemen of the last century, actors who cannot, fortunately, be hurt by such clever and interesting condemnation. I thought the critical animus applied to amateurs generally, and I confess that, with certain reservations, I found myself in accord with the censor. But what was my surprise at the last to read "England has still her amateurs; but, as in Ireland, the halcyon time was in the last century or the beginning of the present one. The amateurs of to-day are almost professional. No professionals could better play 'The Rent Day' and the operetta 'Out of Sight' than the Amateur Club played these pieces at Canterbury during the last 'Canterbury Week.'" I hope this verdict of the *Athenæum* will do no harm.

THERE is an unworked mine of technical knowledge in the reports nd Blue Books of Her Majesty's Government. I have a remarkable

example before me in the "Reports on Forest Management in Germany, Austria, and Great Britain," by Captain Campbell Walker, Deputy-Conservator of Forests at Madras. The book includes extracts from reports by Mr. Gustav Mann, Mr. Ross, and Mr. T. W. Webber; and a valuable memorandum by Dr. Brandis, Inspector-General of Forests to the Government of India. The work is the result of arrangements made in 1866 to enable Indian forest officers who come to Europe during their furlough to increase their professional knowledge by studying the forest management of other countries. Though it may seem strange that forest officers from India can learn much from the practice of forestry under a totally different climate, yet Dr. Brandis tells us that whatever progress has been made in Indian forest management, that progress is due to a great extent to the lessons learnt in the public and private forests of Europe. Captain Walker seems to give the palm to Germany for the scientific practice of forestry. He does not advance the theory that the German system is perfect or applicable to all states or circumstances; but he says that compared with most of the German States India and England are behindhand as regards the systematic and scientific management of forests on a large scale, and as a part of that political economy to which it is incumbent on a Government to attend. Indeed, the author believes that we are as far behind Germany in the knowledge and application of scientific forestry as we are in advance with regard to agricultural pursuits. To be told that we are behindhand ought to be enough for us to at once set about placing our practice of forestry on a par with our practice of agriculture. We grow trees as fine as Germany, and we know how to plant and rear young trees for timber; but, like our iron smelters in this respect, we work too much by rule of thumb. The remedy is not difficult, and Government will do well to set the good example by inaugurating the necessary reforms pointed out by Captain Walker and his colleagues.

THE theatrical season, which may be said to open this month, promises to be one of peculiar interest. Mr. Henry Irving, our Macready of these modern days, is to assume the part of Richelieu, and afterwards that of Hamlet, by which legitimate tests he will be judged. Mr. Benjamin Webster once more takes the sole management of the Adelphi, and an earnest attempt will be made to revive and sustain the special character of the old house. The Bancrofts will go back to their old love; they have tried ineffectually to be "on with the new"; but the public will only be c[illegible]rtson

at the Prince of Wales's. Mr. Charles Reade is at Liverpool superintending the stage arrangements for his "Wandering Heir," which is to be brought to London if the verdict of the northern city be favourable. Mr. Andrew Halliday will give us a grand spectacular edition of "Antony and Cleopatra" at Drury Lane, and there are new plays in rehearsal at several of the minor houses. I shall give some account of the season as it progresses.

SEVERAL complaints have been lately addressed to me relative to the management of the British Museum in respect of the reading department. Turning to my back numbers for 1758, I find the following regulation with regard to persons who desire to make use of the Museum for study:—"A particular room is allotted in which they may sit, and read, or write, without interruption, during the time the Museum is kept open; a proper officer constantly attending in the room. They must give notice in writing, the day before, what book or manuscript they desire to peruse the following day, which will be lodged in some convenient place in the said room, and will from thence be delivered by the officer of the said room; excepting, however, some books and manuscripts of great value, or very liable to be damaged, and on that account judged by the trustees not fit to be removed out of the library to which they belong, without particular leave of the trustees; a catalogue whereof is kept by the officer of the reading room." I certainly do not see that readers are much better off than they were a hundred and fifty years ago, though a great deal has been said to the contrary.

MESMERISM.

MR. URBAN,—Ever since I can remember I was always fond of anything connected with the mysterious or occult; when I was a boy I ferreted out all the conjuring tricks that I came across. It used to be my boast that there were no tricks that I was not able to account for. Whether with truth or not I will not stay now to consider. However, it was a very long time before I could find *out* the cause and means whereby the "magnetisers" mesmerised their subjects. It was years before I found an opportunity of penetrating into the depths of this wonderful science. It will be quite sufficient here to state that I *did* discover them; and to my gratification I found that I was a magnetiser. Since then I have magnetised many people, and think I am justified in an opinion about it.

The reason why I am led to writing this letter is that in the July

number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* there is an account of "A Strange Experiment." I would wish particularly to impress upon my readers that "mesmerism" *cannot* work miracles, as some good people would lead us to suppose. The means whereby the *magnetic state* is induced are as natural as every other phenomena on the face of the earth. If we did not know it for a fact we should find it rather hard to believe that a magnetic battery has the power to paralyse the limbs and make us powerless while its effect is upon us. But facts are facts, and no argument can put aside their truth. Before I had studied the science of mesmerism I was as stubborn to believe it as any one else; but now I cannot deny the existence of a blessing sent by Jehovah for the alleviation of suffering. To explain myself: mesmerism is useful in many forms of disease, as rheumatism, headache, &c., &c., besides the use that can be made of it as a narcotic, whereby a sleep is brought on so deep that limbs may be amputated without rousing the patient or his feeling any pain *until he wakes*. Of course when he wakes up again he feels pain like any one else.

To give a sufficient description of the science would take a great deal more space than kind indulgence would permit; but I may just say that the means are perfectly natural, no narcotic is used in the form of salts or vinegars, &c. When I mesmerise I use *nothing but my own physical and mental systems*. I may add that those who would be mesmerised should take care who it is that operates upon them, as when they are in that state the *magnetiser* has power to make them do *anything* he wishes; they are entirely in his power, as entirely as the new-born babe in the hands of its mother. He can make you tell him anything, without your having the power to withhold it from him. He can make you walk into the fire. This *has been done*. I speak from experience, I am saying nothing but what is perfectly true. He can make you jump from the window. He can make you do anything and everything he likes.

Some people are far more easily "magnetised" than others. The gentleman who wrote the paper in the July number was one of the former. The cakes that he describes were *magnetised;* there was no particular reason to have those cakes; water would have done as well. I frequently give my subjects water which I have *magnetised*. What he says about the feeling of *subjection* that he felt is just the same as described by my patients; they cannot resist me, they say, they must go to sleep. The mesmeric sleep is very enjoyable; there is a sort of tranquil and peaceful enjoyment that always induces people to undergo it again.

I must acknowledge that I never heard of the handling of articl

causing the remembrance (as it were) to appear in the mind of the subject of past circumstances connected with them. But it is very possible. I have known a lady who was mesmerised to tell what another person was writing in the next room. This is called *clairvoyance*, and everybody is not able to fulfil the wishes of the magnetiser to such a high degree as this. Clairvoyance is very useful in discovering the seat of disease in the human body, as a mesmerised clairvoyante is able to see inside the human body and report the state of the organs. Mr. Ker says that he was in a fever after it; but I think it was the excitement about the strangeness of his experiment that brought it on: not the actual mesmerism—such a thing is impossible. Can you fall ill of a fever because you slept well last night? No! The idea is absurd. No one is harmed by mesmerism, it is against the laws of nature.

It would be a good thing if some clever and experienced men of science would investigate this science, and not leave it to the few who, perhaps, may have discovered it by chance. What objection can they have to it that they shun it? But I suppose the world never changes. Remember Galileo, the philosopher. People will not admit their ignorance on a subject such as this, so they ridicule it.

I may as well say that the science was founded by Anthony Mesmer, a French physician, about 1796, or thereabouts. Hoping that this may lead to an investigation, I will now leave the matter in the hands of the unprejudiced and liberal-minded, feeling sure they will soon arrive at the truth. If anybody should think it worth while I shall be glad to answer any correspondence on the subject.

OSCAR W. REUSS.

Old Trafford, Manchester.

[I wonder if Mr. Ker will be surprised to find his "cakes" and "articles" taken seriously. Several distinguished mesmerists are, I believe, anxious to have the Claimant mesmerised in Court. Mr. Bateman, of the Lyceum, however, might object to this, as an infringement upon the chief scene in "The Bells."—SYLVANUS URBAN.]

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1873.

CLYTIE.

A NOVEL OF MODERN LIFE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER IV.

A SOCIAL TEMPEST.

TWO days after Lord St. Barnard received that letter and paper which stung him so cruelly, Tom Mayfield, the "Kalmat" of literary society, arrived in London. The waif of the sea and desert had been blown back to his native shore. He had come home from the land of the sun, from Mexican seas, from the deep gold valleys of tawny men; he had come from the vast spaces where Nature stands alone and swings her brawny arms over mountain and prairie; where there are forests primeval, like floating islands in seas of sand; where night is night, and day is hot and glorious, and full of mighty shadows that follow the track of the sun's hot radiant beams; where—

> The fair Sierras
> Are under our feet, and the heart beats high
> And the blood comes quick; but the lips are still
> With awe and wonder, and all the will
> Is bow'd with a grandeur that frets the sky.

From the steamer at Liverpool he had gone straight to the Langham Hotel. How tame and strangely familiar it all seemed.

It was night when he arrived in London. He had dined and

sauntered into the general room to look at the newspapers that were lying about, and consult with himself concerning his movements. The persons who were spending their time in a similar way looked up at the bronzed grey-bearded young man; for even the lines in his face and the silver streaks in his hair did not altogether disguise the fact that he was not an old man. He was broad of shoulder and agile of tread. He had great hard-looking hands. There was gentleness and yet defiance in his eye. Though it was summer he wore a thick brown velvet coat, and his collar was low in the neck. His hair was long and grizzly grey. His beard was heavy and matted like a lion's. It was not long, but it seemed to hang down in grey rope-like masses. Even his mother, had she been alive, might have been forgiven for not knowing him. The thin, delicate-looking student of Dunelm seemed to have lost every point of resemblance in this stalwart miner, warrior, hunter, and poet.

The latest arrival at the Langham sat down and took up a newspaper. He looked at it, but he was not reading it. He was examining the room, and thinking how different it was to the Californian hotels, to the huts on the mining river. There were two ladies pretending also to read, and several countrymen and foreigners yawning and wondering whether they should go out to a theatre or play at billiards. Half a dozen others were similarly occupied, except when they were wondering why the gentleman of the thick grey hair did not either dye it or have it cut. Tom could hardly realise the fact that he was again in England, and yet, now that he sat here once more among English people at home, the past appeared to him to be a very long way off. What had become of Clytie? Did he love her yet? Yes, as one loves a child that is dead; as one looks back and sighs over a once happy time; as one loves the days when we were young. He had given up the Dunelm beauty on that fatal night when he saw the signal which was to tell Philip Ransford that she was ready to elope with him. Within a mile of the Langham there was an old woman who could have told him that Clytie had no hand in that fatal exhibition of the flowers. Old Waller before he died impressed this upon the woman's memory, in order that she might do justice to Clytie in this respect if ever Fate should bring the lost child in her way. But Tom Mayfield could only think of events as they had presented themselves to him, as he had seen them occur, and those flowers on the window-sill ten years ago had been the keynote to many a sad and cynical line in his now famous book of "Poems of the Prairie." What a panorama of thought and fancy, of happy memories, of miserable days and

nights passed before Tom's mind, as he sat thinking of the events that crowded his experience of the last ten years! How different it might have been had Clytie returned his love in that old city of the North where Time himself might stand still, if he dared, and gaze upon the Temple of Stone rising into the clouds above the banks of the whispering Wear! What had become of her? She had married that big lying, wealthy plebeian Ransford, no doubt, and possibly had a house in town. If she had married him, she certainly was not happy. He had ill-treated her; he had grown jealous of her, and made her life miserable. Kalmat hoped not; he would have her happy. Perhaps she had married well; some man who could really love her had won her heart at last. Or perhaps she was still unmarried, still living in the Bailey at Dunelm, a round dimpled beauty in a lilac silk dress, the pride and consolation of her dear old grandfather. The faintest tingle of hope gave warmth to the poet's heart for a moment as this thought followed the others coursing through his brain, and then he seemed to hear the sympathetic music of the dear old organ wandering through the arches of St. Bride's, and going out into the open air to be lost, among the hum of bees and the perfumes of the lilac.

What a delicious dream it was, this last flow of memory back to the somnolent city, with its Hermitage, its rooms over the College gateway, its river and trees, and its Sunday morning walks after church, and its Clytie real and in the flesh, and its white sculptured Clytie of Mrs. Golding's rooms. Many a time since, he had thought himself cruel in his destruction of that once loved bust; but he had always carried the image of it in his heart. Passing through New York on his way to England, it had given him a pang to see the well known bust in more than one shop window. No one could possibly know how much that figure symbolised to him. That was his own secret, however, and in a grim sort of fashion he congratulated himself upon the fact. He lived within himself, this grizzly Kalmat; he nursed his own joys and sorrows; he shared them only with the Muses, who asked no questions, who required no details, who never hinted at names and dates, but who took his story broadly, and gave him all the consolation of confession without its reality.

It is sorrow that makes the poet. There is no singer who is all joy. Nature in woods and dells inspired the first poets; but Love and Death taught them the tender beauty of woe. Poetry is the soul of things, and Kalmat had tuned the melancholy of his own heart to the everlasting music which is the most precious gift the

world can receive from man. But we live in a hard world, and Kalmat was about to receive some further blows from the realistic hammer upon the poor shield behind which he defended himself.

In the midst of his reverie he heard the names of Mary Waller, Philip Ransford, and Dunelm. It was as if Fate had moulded his thoughts into words and had flung these at him in mockery. He turned round and observed that the speaker was an ordinary looking person sitting close by, and that he was reading a newspaper to a companion who was lolling in an easy chair and listening with evident enjoyment. Tom Mayfield's first impulse was to rush upon the reader and snatch the paper from him; but he remembered that he held in his own hands also an evening newspaper. He turned it over and examined it eagerly. Indeed, his sudden excitement attracted the attention of the people about him. At last Tom's eyes rested upon a well known name, and he commenced to read. Word by word, line by line, he devoured a column of the latest intelligence, uttering almost audibly every now and then, "My God!" and "What can this mean?" At last all suddenly hissed between his teeth the words "liar" and "coward;" then flinging the paper on the ground, he strode hastily out of the room, the only impression which he left behind being that he was drunk. And so he was—drunk with amazement, anger, grief, rage, thirsting for the truth, his whole soul panting for satisfaction and revenge.

CHAPTER V.

THE STORY IN THE PAPERS.

THIS is what greeted Tom Mayfield on his return to his native land; this is what he read:—

At Bow Street Police Court this day Philip Ransford, of Piccadilly, gentleman, was brought up charged with maliciously publishing a libel upon the Right Hon. Lord St. Barnard, an officer of the Queen's Household, &c., &c., with intent to extort money.

Mr. Holland appeared for the noble prosecutor, and Mr. Cuffing conducted the case for the prisoner.

In a lengthy opening speech, Mr. Holland said the charges against the defendant were of a very serious character, inasmuch as the libels were obnoxious, false, and malicious, and published with intent to extort money from Lord and Lady St. Barnard, who the prisoner thought would not seek redress in a court of justice. The leading points of the case might be briefly stated. Lord St. Barnard married

dy St. Barnard at St. George's, Hanover Square, in the presence of itual friends and relatives and numerous witnesses. Lady St. Barnard s Miss Mary Waller, of Dunelm, grand-daughter of the late Mr. Luke aller, organist of St. Bride's in that city, a friend of the late Lord Barnard, and a gentleman much esteemed in the Northern city. evious to her marriage Lady St. Barnard had known the defendant, o had in fact been a suitor for her hand. When her ladyship and rd St. Barnard returned from their honeymoon, which they had ent in Italy, the defendant left his card at Grassnook, his lordship's it on the Thames, and afterwards met the noble pair at the tanical Gardens, and congratulated them upon their marriage, dy St. Barnard introducing Mr. Ransford to her husband as the n of Mr. Ransford of Dunelm, one of the late lord's principal ants in the North. After this commenced the defendant's perse-tions. Almost immediately he wrote to Lady St. Barnard for ney. He demanded from her £300 on some imaginary claim for ney lent to her grandfather. She sent him a cheque for it. In two nths afterwards he wrote again upbraiding Lady St. Barnard for kinds of injuries which he charged her with having inflicted upon family. It appeared that the defendant's father held under rtgage a considerable property in Dunelm, and that owing to a nk failure and other misfortunes he became bankrupt, and the late rd St. Barnard foreclosed and took possession of his estate, the ceeds of which he settled upon Lady St. Barnard, then Miss aller, in whose welfare he had, as the grandchild of his old friend . Waller, taken a great interest from her infancy. In short, it uld be conclusively shown that this child was the granddaughter the late earl, who was charged by the prisoner with occupying the sition of her "protector," a phrase sufficiently understood to render y explanation of its meaning unnecessary. The real relationship, wever, of the late earl and Miss Waller could not have been own by the prisoner; and on this point, if allowance of any kind ald be made for such a person, some consideration might be wn him on the score of ignorance and his own vicious imagina-n, but it must at the same time be borne in mind that upon this tenable suggestion of his malice the prisoner had founded his er libels. It was no fault of her ladyship's that the Ransford ily came to grief, and it was a cowardly thing to attack her n upon that ground; but he could not find words strong ugh in which to denounce the libels that followed. How-r, on this second application for money Lady St. Barnard con-ted her solicitor, and the result was the payment to the

defendant of £100, and he gave an acknowledgment in full of all demands. The prisoner, it would appear, then went abroad, and Lady St. Barnard heard no more of him for three years, since which time he had constantly annoyed her. Her ladyship was presented at Court by the Duchess of Bolsover, and had frequently been at Her Majesty's Drawing-rooms. Last week the defendant wrote to the Lord Chamberlain complaining of Lady St. Barnard, stating that she had misconducted herself in London prior to her marriage, and before his lordship could make inquiries into the complaint, the defendant followed up his malicious letter by a statutory declaration at this Court, which said statutory declaration was as follows:—

"I, Philip Ransford, of Piccadilly, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows: (1) I have been for several years past well acquainted with Lady St. Barnard, and I am also acquainted with the Right Hon. Edward Frampton Earl St. Barnard, of Grassnook, in the county of Berkshire. (2) The said Lady St. Barnard was a Mary Waller, of Dunelm, in which city I was on intimate terms with her. (3) The said Lady St. Barnard, then Mary Waller, suddenly left Dunelm unknown to her grandfather and friends, and sought lodgings at a notorious house in St. John's Wood, and afterwards lodged in St. Mark's Crescent, Primrose Hill. (4) The said Mary Waller afterwards took an engagement at the Delphos Theatre, under the name of Miss Pitt, and afterwards lived in Gloucester Road, Hyde Park, under the protection of the late Lord St. Barnard, a well-known patron of the drama. Eventually she married the present earl, nephew of the late Lord St. Barnard. (5) My first acquaintance with the said Mary Waller was at Dunelm, when I met her in the Banks and asked her if her grandfather was at home, and I then walked home with her. I frequently visited her there, and on one occasion spent several hours with her in a summer house at the end of the garden, where our interview was interrupted by her grandfather, who dragged her into the house and denounced her as a strumpet. (6) I subsequently met the said Mary Waller in London, and took her to the Delphos Theatre in my brougham, and was with her behind the scenes, and on one occasion had luncheon with her in the manager's room, in company with two other kept women. (7) After this she went home with me to my chambers in Piccadilly, and spent the night there. (8) The said Lord St. Barnard knew when he married the said Mary Waller that she was the kept mistress of his late uncle. And I make this declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of an Act made and provided.

"Declared at the Police Court, Bow Street, in the county of Middlesex.

"PHILIP RANSFORD.

"M. WINNINGTON, one of the Magistrates of the Police Courts of the Metropolis."

Mr. Holland, in concluding his remarks, said the prisoner had carried on his malicious persecution so long that Lord St. Barnard felt bound, in the interests of society and for the protection of his wife, to come to a court of justice to punish the delinquent. He should show the Bench on the most undoubted evidence that not only was the declaration of the prisoner false in every respect, but that it had no foundation in truth. There were, he said, in the history of all of us incidents which might easily be made pegs on which to hang suspicious and scandalous charges. Lady St. Barnard in early life was unhappy at home, and like many another, she had left home for the sake of independence and peace. Even in those days the prisoner, who was a native of the city in which she was brought up, had annoyed and persecuted her, and in such a way as to excite the anger and jealousy of her grandfather, who was unjust to her in consequence, and this chiefly led to her sacrificing a home of plenty for the difficult chance of making a livelihood in London. In such a history as this it was easy to invent and imagine; mistakes of judgment could be magnified into something like social flaws in the hands of a wicked and designing person such as the defendant had shown himself to be. But the law had a clear sight and a calm judicial brain, and he was sure that Society would be fully avenged upon the prisoner. Rather than trouble the Court with a long preliminary address he should, he thought, best consult the feelings of the Bench and the interest of his clients by developing the case practically and simply by means of the evidence. There were several libels, all of a most cruel and malicious character, and all of which had no foundation whatever in truth, and were an outrage on humanity. After detailing a number of documents, the learned counsel called—

The Hon. Thomas Semmingfield, of Fitzroy Square, who said he had known Lord and Lady St. Barnard for several years. He was present at their marriage. He had met Lady St. Barnard prior to her marriage. She was a visitor among well-known families in Belgravia. Last week he received a letter from the defendant enclosing a copy of the statutory declaration. It was in his opinion a malicious libel. He communicated with Lord St. Barnard, who told him that the defendant would be arrested on a charge of attempting to extort money by means of malicious and daring libels.

[illegible] the libel in this declaration are [illegible] proper person to be presented at [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] what you received this letter [illegible] with his handwriting?

[illegible]

[illegible] the defendant write the letter.

[illegible] Turner said he had known Lord St. [illegible] He knew his lordship's first wife, a lady of [illegible] the present countess since [illegible] was introduced to her to be a lady in every sense [illegible] society prior to her marriage. [illegible] He had received the statutory [illegible] from a malicious libel.

[illegible] asked the noble witness, if the [illegible] Lady St. Barnard be a proper [illegible]

[illegible] I am quite sure that the statements [illegible] disgraceful. Applause in court.

[illegible] another witness, when the magis- [illegible] last some time, and as it began [illegible] he thought it would be [illegible] it until the next day.

[illegible] suggestion, but he should [illegible] substantial bail for the defendant's [illegible]

[illegible] had, he thought, been improperly [illegible] prepared to appear and substan- [illegible] was really to enter into his own [illegible] it was necessary that he should [illegible] might get up his case, and he did [illegible] in any way called upon to ask for bail.

[illegible] the prisoner must find two sureties [illegible] himself in £1,000. The charge was a ve[illegible] [illegible] to him that the learned counsel's ap[illegible] [illegible] bail was a perfectly reasonable one.

[illegible] forthcoming, the defendant was removed [illegible] Newgate.

An editorial note upon the charge drew attention to the fact t[illegible]

he wildest imagination of the novelist had been outstripped recently n several cases that had come before the courts. Without for a noment offering an opinion upon the Barnard-Ransford libel case pened this day at Bow Street, the editor still pointed out that in his business we had either one of the foulest and most dastardly and ruel libels that could afflict social life, or we had a story of the most ncredible deceit and immorality. It was with such materials as these, t seemed to the editor, that the successful novelist must deal: love, evenge, human passion in their highest and most daring flights. Why the novelist should sit down and draw drafts upon his own magination when the doors of Bow Street were open to him daily his editorial authority could not imagine. Moreover, the most successful novels, the stories most read and whose lessons took the deepest hold of the human heart, were drawn from history proper, or from history as it presented itself at the police courts and the courts of law generally. Charles Dickens's "Oliver Twist," with the Fagin and Bill Sykes episode; Fielding's "Tom Jones" and the sponging-houses; Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and the crime of the clergyman; "Adam Bede," with the seduction of Hesther, and her trial for murder: these and many more works were cited as examples, not only of criminal history furnishing the best materials for the novelist, but as an answer to certain namby-pamby critics, who denounced stories that dealt with those very social sins which formed the strength of our classic novels, past and present. The harm was when some weak writer drew upon his or her imagination, and mistook lubricity for the tender passion; when immorality was gilded over and made prosperous, which it never really is in the end; when scenes of social depravity are dwelt upon with a sort of loving care; when vice is made attractive and virtue repulsive; when the Magdalene is made to look better and purer and holier than the true and divine Mary herself; then is society polluted by the novelist. But the writer who had the power to mould the realities of life to his purpose, and deal manfully and fearlessly with history as it was recorded in the newspapers, could not fail to secure a following, and might snap his fingers at the snarls of weak critics who could not discriminate between love and lust, between pruriency and human passion.

Thus was the most extraordinary social drama of modern days inaugurated. It was more than a drama in the histrionic meaning—it was a tragedy, as the sequel will show.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

THERE is a very large section of the public ready and willing to believe any evil thing against anybody.

Is it that we are all desperately wicked ourselves that we judge others so harshly?

The world takes a delight in the exposure of people's affairs. It likes to read divorce cases and social scandals; it is deeply interested in crime where a woman is concerned; it revels in a breach of promise trial, and grows ecstatic if the ordinary pleas are supplemented with a claim on the part of the parent for loss of services.

The honour of a respectable woman, a lady of position, is no sooner attacked than all the world bends its head to see and listen. What is worse, the world likes to believe the worst. "Be thou as pure as ice and chaste as snow thou shalt not escape calumny;" and calumny sticks like a bur. You may brush it away and think it is gone, but some of it is sure to remain. Mrs. Grundy may be convinced, but it is always against her will. She has a way of shaking her head over the fairest reputation.

Within twenty-four hours after Phil Ransford appeared at Bow Street all England was talking about Lady Barnard, and while everybody said Ransford was a scoundrel, there was a general shaking of heads over the lady. Society wagged its empty noddle out of jealousy, and the ordinary people were similarly influenced. Lady St. Barnard was a beauty, and she had won a rich husband and a title; that was enough for society to hate her. She had been raised out of the ranks of the middle classes to a high place among the aristocracy, and that was quite sufficient surely to justify the dislike of the middle classes. If you would not have enemies, you must stand still; to advance is to offend all whom you pass on the way. Dunelm knew the proud forward minx would come out in her true colours some day. What is bred in the bone must come out. It was a good thing old Waller died. What could be expected of a girl who could break her poor old grandfather's heart?

Dunelm had a special ground for dissatisfaction. The proud city had received the lady after her marriage; not only had it received her, but it had vouched for her respectability, for her well-conducted youth, for her almost saint-like virtues. Cleric and layman, rich and poor, all had vied in their homage to the countess who had spent her young life in their midst. The College and the Town Hall had

even waxed warm together in their praises of Miss Waller. They congratulated the noble lord on his great good fortune in marrying a lady of such distinguished virtues; they had conducted him to the Hermitage, where his countess had lived as a girl, and gone generally mad over her. What, then, must be the feelings of this pious and virtuous city on reading the statutory declaration of Philip Ransford? Dunelm immediately remembered a score of suspicious circumstances against my lady, which it came out into the streets to magnify and discuss aloud and unabashed.

Bow Street on the second day of the hearing of this famous case was crowded to suffocation. The sun when it illuminated the windows of the dingy court fell upon an eager and excited crowd. The small space allotted to the public was packed with men and women who panted with heat and curiosity. Every available seat and box about the table set apart for counsel and solicitors was occupied. Representatives of the press were everywhere. Two reporters were even provided with seats in the dock, which must have been rather a comfort to the prisoner, who was thus made a trifle less conspicuous than on the first day. Lord Bolsover and Lord Tamar had seats upon the Bench. Hugh Kalmat, the new poet, our Tom Mayfield of the cathedral city, was packed hard and fast among the crowd in the body of the court. He had as yet presented none of his letters of introduction, and he had resolved not to announce his arrival to a soul; he could thus watch this extraordinary case unknown, and possibly make himself useful.

The Dean of Dunelm was the first witness called up on the second day. He said he had known Lord and Lady St. Barnard for many years. He knew her ladyship as a girl when she resided at Dunelm with her mother's father, Mr. Luke Waller. He had every reason to believe that the late earl under whose protection Mary Waller had lived was her grandfather. His lordship's son, the Hon. Frank St. Barnard, eloped from London with a Miss Pitt, and married her, he believed, at Boulogne, and the issue of that union was the Miss Waller of Dunelm. He had always understood that the young lady was well conducted and in every way respectable, and from the knowledge of her ladyship before and since her marriage he could only regard the charges brought against her as false and libellous.

Mr. Cuffing: Can you offer to the Court any proof of Miss Pitt's marriage with the Hon. Frank St. Barnard?

The Dean: I am sorry to say I cannot.

Mr. Cuffing: Do you know if an effort has been made to establish this marriage by inquiries at Boulogne?

friend, be good enough to answer my question. Do you know Miss Waller ran away from her home at Dunelm?

The Dean: I do not.

Mr. Cuffing: Was not the fact of her levanting a subject of s dal in Dunelm?

The Dean: It was talked of no doubt.

Mr. Cuffing: Was it not a notorious scandal in the city?

The Dean: No.

Mr. Cuffing: Was there not a paragraph about it in the local pa

The Dean: I did not see any mention of it by the press.

Mr. Cuffing: Did you know Mr. Tom Mayfield?

The Dean: I did. He was a student at the University.

Mr. Cuffing: Did he not suddenly disappear on the same da Miss Waller?

The Dean: I believe he did.

Mr. Cuffing: And has he since returned to Dunelm?

The Dean: I believe not.

Mr. Cuffing: Did you hear of a fight between Mr. Mayfield Mr. Ransford on the night prior to Miss Waller's running aw London?

The Dean: Yes.

Mr. Cuffing: It was the talk of the city?

The Dean: I cannot say.

Mr. Cuffing: Perhaps your reverence does not know what talk about in the city. Was it a subject of conversation i College precincts.

The Dean: That is so.

Mr. Cuffing: You were at College with the late Lord St. Barnard, I believe?

The Dean: I was.

Mr. Cuffing: And knew him intimately?

The Dean: Yes.

Mr. Cuffing: Were you in the habit of visiting him when he was part proprietor of the Delphos Theatre?

The Dean: I did not know that he was interested in the Delphos Theatre.

Mr. Cuffing: Very well. One more question, Mr. Dean, and I have done. Did the late lord tell you that his son married Miss Pitt?

The Dean: No; but he always thought that I suspected there was a marriage.

Mr. Cuffing: How do you know he thought so?

The Dean: By the manner in which he spoke of the affair, and by his anxiety about the welfare of the child. I sometimes think now that his lordship had the proofs.

Mr. Cuffing: Do I understand you, Mr. Dean, to insinuate that the late Lord St. Barnard, your College friend, for whom you entertained so deep a regard, and whose memory you respect now—do I understand you, sir, that you wish the Court to infer that his lordship destroyed those proofs, and left his grandchild to her own resources, and to remain under the blight of illegitimacy?

The Dean: I leave the Court to its own inferences, sir. I believe the late lord knew she was his legitimate grandchild.

Mr. Cuffing: Did you ever say so to his lordship?

The Dean: No.

Mr. Cuffing: Nor to Mr. Waller or her ladyship?

The Dean: I said so yesterday to her ladyship.

Mr. Cuffing: For the first time yesterday?

The Dean: Yes.

Lord St. Barnard, who had been accommodated with a seat on the Bench, now stepped down and took up his position in the witness box just vacated by the white-headed Dean, who returned to his place near the magistrate.

There was a murmur of satisfied curiosity when the noble lord was sworn. The poet of the desert and the mountain fixed his great eloquent eyes upon his lordship and examined him closely, and seemed satisfied with the scrutiny, as well he might, if no jealous feelings interfered with his judgment. The earl had a truly noble

and manly presence, a striking contrast to the hulking crime-scared look of the prisoner at the bar, who, on the application of his solicitor, had been allowed a seat, and who looked every now and then half ashamed of his position. Tom Mayfield could only see the prisoner's side face, but this was quite enough to excite all the old animosity. His wild life among wild men was not calculated to make him a patient spectator in a court of justice; but his deep interest in the case, the tremendous issues raised, so far as the happiness and reputation of his old love were concerned, kept him quiet among the throng.

Lord St. Barnard, examined by Mr. Holland, after describing his titles, &c., said he first met Miss Waller at a reception given by the wife of the Prime Minister. He was introduced to her by Lady Stavely. He felt a sudden interest in Miss Waller, and during the evening made inquiries about her. Lady Stavely informed him——

Mr. Cuffing rose on a point of order. Would Lady Stavely be called?

Mr. Holland: She will, and you will have an opportunity of cross-examining her ladyship.

Lord St. Barnard continued: Lady Stavely informed me that Miss Waller was a lady from Dunelm, where her grandfather, an eccentric gentleman, had been the organist of St. Bride's. Miss Waller, she told me, was received in the best society, and I afterwards met her frequently at Lady Stavely's house, at Lady Bolsover's, and at some of the most distinguished receptions. When I had known her three months I proposed for her, and was rejected. Miss Waller's reason for refusing me was that she did not think it wise for a lady to marry so far above her position; and on a second occasion she supplemented this reason with another: that her girlhood had been unhappy, and that in consequence of this she had run away from home, and had endeavoured to obtain a livelihood on the stage, and this explanation led to her giving me her entire history. The whole of the circumstances struck me as strangely romantic, and made a deep impression upon me, the more so that she cleared up what had been to me a mystery. When I succeeded the late earl, I found the Dunelm estate settled in the names of trustees for the benefit of a Miss Pitt, in whose welfare, since she was an infant, the earl had taken a deep interest. The trust set forth that he had known her grandfather well, and had a great esteem for him, and that he had always promised to take care of the child and provide for her, which promise he had liberally fulfilled. The revenue of the Dunelm estate had been regularly paid by the trustees, and I was

enjoined by the late earl, in a special letter left to be opened at his death, not to make any inquiries into the matter, but to rest content with the position as I found it. This I scrupulously observed. When, however, Miss Waller told me that her income involved a curious mystery, which might lead to unpleasant revelations as to her family and origin, and that she was the daughter of an actress named Pitt, I felt that I should be committing no impropriety, and be in no way outraging the late earl's confidence, if I asked one or two simple questions. I accordingly found from the trustees and Miss Waller that she was the lady who received the Dunelm money; that her grandfather and my late uncle were on intimate terms of friendship; that the late earl had made this lady his *protégée* from her birth; and on consulting the Dean of Dunelm I was convinced that there was no impropriety in any way as to my proposed marriage. I therefore renewed my suit, and was accepted. This was about two years after the late earl's death. My wife has since told me that she believes the late earl was her legitimate grandfather. His son, the late Hon. Frank St. Barnard, was the gentleman who eloped with her mother, and she believes they were married at Boulogne. We have not given up the hope of being enabled fully to establish this marriage, which the late earl did not, we think, desire to acknowledge for family reasons. We were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, in the presence of numerous witnesses, and we spent the honeymoon in Italy. We returned to Grassnook, and among the cards left there was one of the prisoner's, whom we afterwards met at the Botanical Gardens. Lady St. Barnard introduced him, and he congratulated us upon our marriage, spoke of the late earl and also of the Dean of Dunelm as his friends, referred to his College career at Oxford, and appeared to be a gentleman. I have lived and still live happily with Lady St. Barnard; we have two children; her ladyship has in every way proved a most estimable lady, a true wife, an affectionate mother. I saw nothing of the prisoner from the day I met him in the Botanical Gardens until about a year ago, when her ladyship drew my attention to him in the park, and once since, when he called to see her ladyship on some Dunelm business, and remained to luncheon. I was then staying with my wife for a few days at the Westminster Palace Hotel. The prisoner called two days after the luncheon and asked to see me. He demanded a hundred pounds from me for some account which I did not understand, and on my refusing to pay it, said he would expose my wife, who had misconducted herself before her marriage. I took him by the collar, kicked him into the passage—(applause in court)—and threatened to

have him locked up. He went away quietly and no scandal arose, there being no waiters about at the time. Last week I received the statutory declaration which has been read, and an intimation from the Lord Chamberlain that Lady St. Barnard must not appear again at Court until the matter is cleared up. I at once communicated with the police, and gave instructions for the arrest and prosecution of the defendant. I solemnly on my oath say that his statements are false and malicious.

The Magistrate: Do I understand you to say that you knew nothing of Miss Julia Pitt until you found that Miss Waller was, in fact, one and the same person?

Prosecutor: Yes.

Cross-examined by Mr. Cuffing: Before renewing my third offer of marriage I did think Miss Waller's statements worthy of some inquiries. She did not tell me at that time that Philip Ransford climbed into the summer house in her grandfather's garden and remained with her for some time, while her grandfather was dining with the Dean, and that her grandfather dragged her into the house and called her opprobrious names. She has since told me this, and that the injustice of her grandfather's treatment on that and another occasion caused her to leave home. The other reason was the suspicion that she intended to elope with the defendant, who most unjustifiably sent her by letter a proposition of this kind, presuming upon the unhappy life she led with her grandfather.

Mr. Holland ventured to suggest that this line of cross-examination was not in order. He should call Lady St. Barnard herself, and Mr. Cuffing could get the information he sought direct.

The magistrate said it was more a question of good taste, he thought, than legal custom.

Mr. Cuffing said he had nothing to do with taste, good or bad: he had simply a duty to perform in the interest of his client, and he should beg to be allowed to conduct his case in his own way.

Cross-examination continued: Lady St. Barnard did not mention to me at the time the defendant's application for money. I suppose she did not wish to give me pain or annoyance. She had her own banking account, and was in the habit of seeing her own solicitor. There was nothing strange in that. She was very liberal in her gifts, had endowed several schools, and had occasion to take legal advice on these and other matters. It was four years after my marriage when the defendant called on me at the Westminster Palace Hotel. I did not give him into custody, because I did not think it worth while. I soiled my fingers and boot by putting him out of the room.

ecause I was very angry. I did not give him into custody probably n account of my desire not to create a scandal. I did not mention he circumstance to my wife, who was out at the time. I did not isit Lady St. Barnard at her house at Gloucester Gate regularly before our marriage. I called there perhaps twice.

Mr. Cuffing: Did you stay all night?

Prosecutor (addressing the Bench): I appeal to your Worship for protection against this insult.

Mr. Holland rose indignantly.

The Magistrate: I regret that I cannot interfere. The law gives to counsel and attorneys great privileges. The Bench can only express its regret that those privileges are sometimes abused.

Mr. Cuffing (addressing Lord St. Barnard): Did you stay all night?

Prosecutor: I did not.

Re-examined by Mr. Holland: Miss Waller had a comfortable establishment at Gloucester Gate, so far as I could see; housekeeper and male and female servants. There were visitors in the house on both occasions when I was there, and Lady Stavely, Lady Bolsover, and their lordships, Lord Stavely and Lord Bolsover, were frequent visitors. Miss Waller's position in society was exceptionally high, her personal attractions, her amiability, her benevolence, and her accomplishments making her peculiarly acceptable. Since our marriage she has maintained the dignity of her position with a special grace, and no lady could be more shamefully maligned than is Lady St. Barnard by that scoundrel and his confederate. (Applause.)

Lord St. Barnard for a moment lost his temper.

Mr. Cuffing rose indignantly and demanded that the prosecutor should withdraw the offensive remark with reference to himself.

His lordship declined to withdraw anything, and there was a burst of applause in court, not because the spectators hoped Lady St. Barnard would come off victoriously, but simply that they admired his lordship's pluck, and acted upon their British impulse, which is to sympathise with courage in any shape.

The Bench thought this a good opportunity for adjournment, and said so, whereupon Mr. Cuffing, not thinking it worth while to interfere with Lord St. Barnard any further just then, applied that the adjournment should be for a week. This, he said, was necessary to enable his client to communicate with his witnesses. Mr. Holland did not oppose the application, and the prisoner being still unable to find bail, he was removed in custody and the Co

(To be continued.)

GETTING BACK TO TOWN.

BY THE REV. F. ARNOLD.

GETTING back to town of course implies getting away from town. I am always glad to get away, and always glad to get back again. The intensity of either gladness is in proportion to the extent of furlough. Many persons are only in London for the season, and many compress the season within very narrow limits. It was one of the bad signs of the Second Empire, that the expense and extravagance of Paris were so great that old families from the country narrowed their season visit to a month or two or even to a few weeks. There are those who increasingly make only a *pied à terre* in town, and limit the season to May and June. People who do the real work of London, to whom London means work more than fashion or pleasure or anything else, are never away from it long. I passed through, as people say, in September, on my way from the south coast to the north coast. I found that it was a mistake to suppose that London was for the time being obliterated from the mass of creation. On the contrary, September in London struck me as being a remarkably pleasant month. Only there was a frightful vacancy everywhere. The editors were all gone away, and the sub-editors manufactured the opinions of the nation. The abbey and cathedral dignitaries were gone, all except melancholy canons in residence. A wide solitude reigned in the clubs, grass in Belgrave Square, perambulators in Rotten Row at seven in the evening, cloistral calm in Westminster Hall; there were long West End streets where it was a scientific investigation to detect any signs of life. Servants did as you asked them, but in a languid way and with an obvious sense of injury. Your coming to the huge lonely London house was for a moment like the coming of the fairy prince; but it was a false alarm, your traps were unopened in the hall, and once more the page dosed, the maid servant stood still, the butler raised the surreptitious cup, the mansion fell asleep, if not for a hundred years, for nearly a hundred days. I turned and fled; left London for a well-earned holiday.

But what a talismanic charm there is in London! She can always lure back the farthest of vagrant birds. As a man climbs the Matterhorn, or runs along the Pacific railways, or investigates the

peculiar institutions of Utah, or flirts with negresses in the South Sea Islands, or pursues game in Norway, or gets up Indian statistics on the Neilgherries, or sketches among the ruins of Chicago, or speculates in the streets of Melbourne, or buries himself in the bowery loveliness of Clovelly—I am simply running over some of the Vocation pursuits of some of our camaraderie—he has merely the fancied liberty of a kite soaring or playing in mid air, and London holds the string that will draw back the truant at its will. There is a passage in Ammianus Marcellinus with which I am always amused. He speaks of a town called London by the ancients and now known as Augusta. But the old Keltic London remains in name as before Cæsar's legionaries penetrated the forests that outlay the broad lagoons of the river. Those Latin ædiles little knew the tremendous vitality with which they had to deal, and which they vainly endeavoured to manipulate by giving new names. With that same tremendous vitality, that same centripetal force, London erects her empire upon every heart and brain worth recognising as such. I strove to withstand the spell, to break the rod and read the words backward. I would not believe that the last rose of summer was the last; I sought to see other buds upon the branch. It required a sharp touch of vindictive autumn to convince me that the days of fishing and excursions and out-door amusements were really over. So we get back to town. It was broad summer sunshine when I last left London; the dull streets were drowned in the glaring sunlight; but I come back now to new conditions of things. The air is frosty, the blue mist creeps on, the crowd is broader and busier, everywhere is keenness, alertness, concentration. I could almost fancy a crack of the whip, as if taskmasters were impelling the hurrying myriads to toil. I accept the position, I bend my back to the burden, mount my staircase, and subside into winter quarters.

This is the first aspect of getting back to town. It is getting back to work and worry and responsibilities. For a time we dally with our work. We do not settle to it at once. We bethink ourselves of a great variety of things which we might as well do before we can really work with comfort. But the real thing is, that we want to put off the cruel moment of really working. My eye alights upon words written by one of our weekly monitors, perhaps by some great philosopher, or possibly by some conscience-stricken writer like myself: "Nobody can be said to have worked hard who has not used his powers to the best purpose allowed him by circumstances; who has substituted an easy task for the harder one that demanded his energies. We are none of us so disposed to be busy on a relativ

easy task as when what is really laborious claims us. Then is the time to write the letters that have been long on hand, to set accumulated or tangled disorder straight, to dig and delve, to read up the news in which we are behind hand, to look into our accounts—all things that ought to be done. But the real duty lurks in ambush the while, depriving our labour of all sense of merit and satisfaction; we have been fussy, busy, strenuous even; but we have not worked in the true sense of the word, for we have been shirking. True work is effort and tension in the business which has the priority of claim. With most men this first claim is simply the means of subsistence for themselves and those dependent on them." This is the first and most practical aspect of things. And there is no leisure or relaxation so sweet as that which is earned after strenuous work. And work itself brings the sense of peace and the sense of power. In looking over Mr. Forster's Life of Dickens one learns to do justice to the intense sense of work and literary duty "which the most popular novelist of the century and one of the greatest humourists that England ever produced"—thus Mr. Forster sums him up—uniformly possessed. The first thing that he did when he got to a house, if it was only for one or two weeks, was to arrange things in his room according to his liking, and to put his writing desk ready. He never seemed to care to how much work he pledged himself; and his pledges were faithfully redeemed. Many of his finest things were not thrown off spontaneously, but elaborated in the course of self-imposed drudgery. It is this sense of the necessity and even of the blessedness of hard work that one gets very forcibly on getting back to town. One becomes almost overwhelmed with the importance of the working hours of the day. It is not so in the country and in the holidays. I suspect that our sense of immortality is fuller and truer at such seasons. Why should we be in such a hurry about things when all eternity lies before us? I really believe that this is one of the reasons of what we sagely call the waste of time by children and young girls. Life is to them a blissful, illimitable *æon*, without any sense of narrowness and limitation. As we lie on the emerald grass beneath the sapphire skies, we have something of this feeling. But when we get back to town we jealously portion life off into weeks and days and hours and minutes, and each precious fraction has its value, for one is obliged to work; but to all true workers London has plenty of pleasant compensation for its laborious hours.

Every man about town has his ways and his haunts. One of the pleasures of getting back to town is to meet the old faces and to

gather up the threads of old incidents. You know a certain staircase in the Temple, which you rapidly ascend, and you hear the humming of voices before, with old familiarity, you thunder at the oak. You fall upon a knot of barristers, who are probably discussing some of the cross-examinations in the Tichborne case, or the conduct of the defence by S. Kenealy. They greet you as the latest importation. The law gossip is dropped for personal gossip. The man in whose rooms you are has brought back an armful of photographs from Rome and Venice. He has great news for his faithful Achates and dear Cloanthus. He is going to be married by-and-by. "Met them on the Lago di Garda, old fellow. They stayed at the same hotel at Desenzano. Had to do lots of boating with them, and go up the mountains and explore Verona, and the little arrangement came off in a gondola at Venice." Ah! I understand it all. I know what it is to be sojourning at Desenzano, and to be floating about Venice. "They come back to town very soon, old fellow. I am to eat a Christmas dinner with them at Eaton Place, and all that sort of thing, and make acquaintance with all her people. You must meet them one of these evenings." I must get some lunch. There is a very tidy little French place somewhere in the Temple. Then there are oysters and porter at Lynn's or Pym's. Or a mutton chop, that suits this cold weather, at the "Cock," to which "I most resort," as divine Alfred calls it. A friend of mine saw "Alfred" there one day, and Dickens and Thackeray in other boxes. These Temple men are aristocratic now, and have their clubs. "Sorry I can't ask you to lunch at the Reform, old fellow," says Briefless, "but we have never yet been able to carry that luncheon question." "I'll give you some lunch at the Junior," says Dunup. But I am not going westwards to lunch. Happily I am not yet elected a member of the club where I am put up. Of course I mean the great club, for any of the swarm of little clubs does not signify. I do not think I should like to get a letter from the secretary of the Parthenon troubling me for forty pounds, the amount of my entrance-money and subscription. I should be like young Fitzakerly the other day, who was frantically rushing about, imploring his friends to black-ball him. I go and show myself at places where men *do* show themselves. One of the pleasures of getting back to town is to look at people who have got back to town. If you get into the way of going to certain places, such as the Law Courts, or the British Museum, or the London Library, or some of the hostels, you get hold of a wide acquaintance of a certain sort: you know a lot of people by sight, by name; you exchange inquiries; you talk of your summer where-

abouts; you are gently jocular or whimsical; but you never get beyond a certain point. I have had a nodding and chatting acquaintance with Jones for the last eleven years. He was originally a stripling—speaking of the time when I first knew him—studying calf-bound volumes in the reading-room of the British Museum; I believe he is now a flourishing lawyer, with his hand in some half-dozen public undertakings. About three years ago he expressed a hope that I would take a glass of wine with him one of these days. In about three years' time we shall take some further steps towards the accomplishment of that transaction. There are men with whom we have social and literary converse for half a life time, and yet know nothing, each of each, of one's arcana and penetralia.

All professional London has got back to town, though the fashionables linger. I will, however, back the professionals against the fashionables. Look at those lists of preachers which, by a queer fashion, find their way into the evening papers on a Saturday; you will see that the popular preachers are back again. They went and they got their legal three months' holiday, while their curates preached to the beadles and the old women who pocket the shillings on a Sunday. Every parson is entitled by law to his three months' holiday, with this significant proviso—*if he can get it.* The great physician has got back to his abode on the magic south side of Oxford Street. He has had to investigate the new Continental medical vagaries, the grape cure, the mountain cure, the mud cure, and so on, and is all the better for his run into Germany and the south of France. Everything is activity and bustle; you are active and bustling yourself. I met Jones just now. If I had met Jones in the summer season I should have entreated him courteously and fixed him for my "diggins," and have thought two or three days well laid out in amusing him. But we can only allow ourselves a nod, a minute to talk, and make some indefinite engagement for a future evening.

Then I candidly own that one of the advantages of getting back to town is a little change and amusement. I like the ruralities and I cultivate a taste for solitude; but I like the Monday Popular, and a Philharmonic, and an oratorio, and an opera. It is a kindly welcome that Mr. Mapleson gives me when I find that we have a season of winter operas. I know nothing more luxurious than dropping into a stall and listening dreamily to some of the most delicious music in the world. "The opera," as De Quincey said, "is the highest outcom o modern civilisation." M. Taine in the *Temps* says rather queerly that "worship is the opera of souls." The winter season has something very interesting for me in watching the opening career of some young

débutante who would perhaps hardly have a chance in the full season. I shall make a point of being good-natured, and shall take bouquets with me to encourage the new songstress. I believe I ought to have been at the Literary, or the Geographical, or the Numismatic, or something of that sort; but the great charm and consolation of getting back to town, the compensation for all that we have lost with the vanished summer, is the exquisite delight of music, for which London now beats all the capitals of the world.

The inimitable Barber has made his last grimace and sung his last note. I have got back to town and I want to certify myself of it by moving about in old scenes. There are other places whither I might go. I know one of the night birds of London who towards midnight begins to be cheerful, takes tea, and is happy to see any of his friends any time till daylight. But he lives far away to the west, and I only wonder that he is able to keep any servants, but I suppose his man has *carte blanche* to lie as late as he likes in the morning. Then there is a certain tavern of a genuine Johnsonian character, the Mitre or Turk's Head order, where some dozen literary fellows, an important section of those men who do the real newspaper work of London, will take their modest repast and give you some of the pleasantest talk worth hearing. If it is a Friday night we shall have some of the men on the "weeklies" besides those on the "dailies." You will find here some fine old specimens of the Captain Shand tribes, which are now becoming quite as scarce as the Megatherium; or I know a club, which we will call the Sybarites, where at this hour of the evening a certain set are habitually to be found, who will give a welcome to the absentee and have much to tell him concerning the days of the Vacation. I dare say I shall get tired of all these haunts before I have been in harness long, but there is a certain piquancy in getting back to them after many days. There is certainly every facility for a man keeping late hours in London, and you must not mind doing so if you want a cosmopolitan philosophy.

As I move along Oxford Street and descend Regent Street I meet with some of my fair friends who have come back to town. The Burtons remind me of their afternoon tea at five. Handsome Mrs. Burton does me the honour to consult my taste in the choice of a hat, and as her house is very near the Regent Circus I may as well come and have my cup of tea now. Burton is a great bookworm, and when his work on "The Logic of the Middle Ages" makes its appearance it is expected that Mill and Lecky will definitively shut up. His work has been in incubation some seventeen years, but it would be a mistake to suppose it is a myth. Some sheets have been printed for private circulation, and Burton is only bewildered by the

contradictory opinions of candid friends. I am afraid that pretty Mrs. Burton has never read these sheets, but she has a knack of getting pretty women about her, and intellectual women too. Those sort of women get first copies of every new book, and do not give a fellow any chance of getting credit by starting a new notion. Burton just shows himself for a cup of tea, and goes back to his work; lucky thing for him that he does not have to live by it. Mrs. Burton gives me to understand, of course indirectly, that he was a perfect brute when they were at Ilfracombe, and could not find time to take her any drives. It appears that he has been passing many sleepless nights in consequence of some new ideas about the quantification of the predicate. I feel pretty certain, however, that Mrs. Burton did not dispense with her drives, and that she found companions. It does a man an immense deal of good, especially if he has been grinding all day, or talking with rough bearded fellows, to find himself in a pleasant drawing-room for an hour among nice and clever women. It has been truly said that to know a noble woman is in itself a sort of liberal education, and I am of opinion that it is a kind of liberal education which ought to be kept up assiduously. I talk about good music, and though it is only four in the afternoon, Mrs. Burton will sing me, in her magnificent contralto voice, some of my favourite airs, and will send me away glad at heart, and with my brain ringing with sweet sounds.

I must call on the Dormers, because I know they are going away this winter on account of poor Alice Dormer. As I ascend the staircase I hear poor Alice cough, that kind of cough which I least wish to hear. You would hardly think that pretty, graceful, and by no means unhealthy-looking girl was entering on the second stage of a decline, and that you might sketch out her downward path step by step. Mrs. Dormer explains that I have caught them on the wing. They have only lately returned from a long journey, and are only resting the sole of the foot before they take a longer flight. I understand all about it. On account of Alice they generally spend the summer in the north of Scotland, and the winter in the south of France. This is the approved climatic treatment in such cases. A few weeks ago she was in the Highlands, and this year on the second day after Christmas Day they are to sail for Madeira. I humbly think that they are driving it rather late. But the spell of London is upon them, they cannot pass through without lingering for a few weeks. It is just the way of English people, to drive things too late, to leave them to the last. It is too late in the summer when they leave town, and too late in the autumn when they leave the north.

save our trains only just by a moment, and allow the fish to get spoilt for dinner. We call in the doctor too late, and we take his prescriptions too late. A more comprehensive view of life, and a little earlier marching in the days of the campaign, and we should avoid that blundering in which most of the mistakes of life consist. I can only wish Alice good morning and good bye. I stay for the pleasant easy family dinner this time, but with sickness in the house and packing for a voyage, it is no time for visitors. How odd to think that while I am pacing the stony-hearted terraces of London, as De Quincey called them, my friends will be on the seas, passing onwards from zone to zone of watery light and shade, coming to milder, warmer skies and airs, and like Columbus deciphering tokens of a far-off summer land, and then see the summer landscape by the glorious sea nestling below the mighty mountain. I think I could shape off all these bronchial touches if I could only thus eliminate a single winter of my wintry life. Like our poet—

> I would see before I die
> The palms and temples of the south.

I am forcibly reminded that getting back to London is getting back to catarrh and bronchitis. One of our greatest physicians once told me that the two greatest dangers that London has for delicate chested people—for be it observed that London after all is a warm city even in the coldest times—are the rushings of bleak air through the gullies of tall streets, and the damp penetrating mud which in the course of a long walk will find its way through the stoutest wellington, and unfortunately before you are aware of it.

If I get back to London other people get back too. Of this I am reminded at every turn. My revered Uncle John comes up to the cattle show. I have to fetch and carry a little for my esteemed avuncular relation and his wife, but I love my little cousins. There is one bright, chubby little four-year-older whom I really think I could eat. I insert a spoon below his chin, and ask Mary the maid to bring in pepper and salt. He opens his large eyes magnificently, and with an air of perfect resignation. "When you have gobbled me quite all up, Cousin Charles, perhaps you will be satisfied." I enjoy the children much better than I do the cattle show. I ask the eldest younker often to come and have some dinner with me. He will regularly work his way through the *menu* like an oldster, and is ready for either curaçoa or cigarette. He talks schoolboy slang to me, and treats me as if I were a big lad in the next removal. I think it the correct sort of thing to take him to Astley's. The impassive yo

though he has never been there before, will exhibit very few signs of mental disturbance. He thinks he has heard the clown's jokes before, and does not change a hair when a whole troop of wild horsemen charge up the hill and sack the tyrant's castle amid a blaze of blue lights. Lads like these have certainly lived beforehand and come into the world at the age of fifteen. I was thinking of going home by the bus, but he hails a hansom. There is certainly an awful want of τὸ σίβας about these youngsters. When you come back to London you are on the main rails of life, and are brought in contact with all sorts of people—all your relations have claims on you. It is one of the conditions of getting back that you are put *en rapport* with all kinds of interests. A soldier on a field of action, when all are fighting around, knows he must fight or be shot or trampled down, and if it be worth while getting back to London at all, you must do in London as the Londoners do.

ALGER S'AMUSE.

BY EDWARD HENRY VIZETELLY.

THE Arab has none of our civilised amusements. He has no alcoholic drinks wherewith to intoxicate himself; no theatres or music halls, with their gorgeous ballets and *prime donne*, their comic singers and wonderful acrobats; no dancing saloons where toes are pointed towards the ceiling, and limbs made to take unnatural positions in the wild oscillations of a *can-can*. But in lieu of these he has the Moorish café, which, with the exception of his home, and feasts and festivals given to celebrate a marriage or the circumcision of a child, is his only diversion.

Although it seems evident that the Moorish café was introduced into northern Africa during the Turkish domination, there are no cafés in Algiers at the present day which bear any resemblance to those in Turkey. In Constantinople and its neighbourhood, for example, they are generally elegant buildings, erected on picturesque sites, with trees, clusters of jasmine, and immense vines to shade them from the piercing rays of the sun. In the interior are fountains spurting forth streams of perfumed water into elegant sculptured marble basins, surrounded by flowers, while along the sides of the room and in the centre are benches, sofas, and divans covered with costly Smyrna carpets. These establishments are dear to the Turks, who are the only people who really understand the enjoyment of what is termed *kief*—a Turkish word which represents an indispensable feature of Oriental life.

Kief means, firstly, to do nothing more fatiguing than to lie down upon cushions smoking a hookah or a chibouck filled with the finest tobacco, which a young Arab lights with a piece of perfumed tinder; then to sip coffee drop by drop, or violet, orange, or rose sherbets, and to listen to that peculiar music which, although dull and monotonous to us Europeans, is delicious to an Oriental ear. Add to this beautiful site, which is indispensable, a warm atmosphere, inspiring people with an inclination for repose, shady trees, and, above all, water—if only a corner of the Bosphorus in the distance—and you will have the principal elements of *kief*. Previous to [illegible] invasion it is likely enough that the inhabitants of Al

the meaning of *kief*, but at the present day their conception of that pleasure differs widely from that of the Turks. In Algiers there are none of those luxurious retreats to dose away the hours of which Turkey boasts. The poor man's idea of *kief* is grovelling in the dust of a public thoroughfare, or sleeping enveloped in his burnous beneath a clump of trees; while, although the well-to-do Mussulman has his café, one looks around it in vain for the marble fountains with perfumed water and fragrant flowers, the divans, the sofas, and Smyrna carpets—for the Moorish café has none of these. It generally consists of a deep shop, having a broad wooden ledge—which is placed there in lieu of a divan—standing out from the wall, and extending round the room. At the end is a brickwork stove, faced with encaustic tiles—very similar to what would be found in the kitchen of most French houses—in which four or five fires can be lighted at once, and as many utensils made to boil at the same time. The walls are whitewashed and completely bare, with the exception of a couple of stringed instruments and a *tarbouka* or drum hanging in a corner, and the benches are only covered at intervals with plaited grass mats, which of an afternoon in summer are often dragged outside into the street. Business at the Moorish café begins with the markets, and although coffee is the only beverage which is sold there, it rarely lacks custom throughout the day. The Moor and the Arab have no "hour of absinthe," and no stated times for taking their coffee. If after the market they happen to have nothing to do, the chances are that they will remain seated, squatted, or lying upon the wooden benches for the entire day, during which they will only have absented themselves to pay a casual visit to their homes, and perhaps to administer corporal punishment to one or more of their wives. Those who have business to attend to will go to the café three or four times a day, either to terminate a bargain, to meet a friend, or simply to smoke a pipe and lounge.

To obtain a good view of a Moorish café at Algiers in the daytime, four o'clock is the best hour to visit it. The sun is then sinking rapidly towards the sea, and the day will soon be on the wane. The intense heat which has kept people indoors or sauntering about the arcades and bazaars since an hour before noon has been succeeded by a deliciously cool atmosphere, which is rendered even more agreeable by the watering of the roads. Business is at an end. What were a few minutes ago comparatively deserted streets are now crowded with pedestrians and vehicles; you might almost think that the entire population of Algiers was out of doors, so thronged are its principal thoroughfares. Almost every one looks

n. The Europeans have laid aside their white suits and muslin
, they have changed their shirts, and attired in woollen garments
r the evenings, even in the height of summer, are invariably
y—are hurrying to the bathing establishments beside the sea, or
he cafés overlooking the port. The Moors stroll through the
ets in fine white linen breeches, with white woollen burnouses
ging from their shoulders; and even many of the Arabs present
ore cleanly appearance than at any other time in the day. Ascend-
the steep hill in the direction of the Kasbah, any of the streets
lead us to a native café, which at a distance looks like the
rance to a passage conducting to a yard. On one side of the door-
r is a rickety table supporting a vase or two of flowers, and a glass
be filled with gold fish, and encircled with long strings of orange
ssoms or jasmine, which are threaded by the Moorish women for
purpose of adorning their hair. Several customers are seated upon
ts outside—some surrounding an aged man, perhaps a Marabout
a wealthy merchant of the neighbourhood, who sits cross-legged
oking his pipe, and from time to time makes an observation, to
ich his auditors appear to listen with the greatest respect; others,
h their backs against the wall and their knees near their chins,
ntemplate a group lounging in various attitudes round a draught
rd, which differs from ours inasmuch as the squares are raised
l sunk instead of being black and white, while the draughts have
form of towers and pawns of the game of chess. Picking our
y through the little crowd outside, we enter a long room, and are
ick by the contrast between it and the French café, but not so
ch on account of the simplicity of the interior as from the kind of
within. As one passes through the doorway no jingle of dominoes,
sound of billiard balls striking together, no clinking of glasses, no
bub of voices, no triumphal cries of the man with a good hand at
uet greet the ear. There are no waiters in clean white aprons and
rt black jackets, moving with extraordinary nimbleness and
idity among small marble tables, no *dame de comptoir* seated
lately behind a rosewood tribune; but in lieu of these quietness
l peacefulness reign over everything. At the end of the room the
houadji or master, who is generally a Moor or a Koulouglis, is
nding before his stove, where water is always on the bubble and coffee
ntinually simmering. As the water boils he places five or six tea-
onsful of coffee into a tin pot containing about two tumblers of
ter, and carefully removes the scum as it rises to the top; after
owing it to simmer for a few seconds he pours the coffee several
nes from one pot to another, reminding one of an America

preparing a brandy-cocktail, and finally empties it into small cups —sometimes fitting into metal stands resembling egg-cups, but more frequently being ordinary European coffee cups—which the *thefal* or waiter hands round to the customers. In some cafés the coffee is roasted daily and pounded on the premises, as it is generally considered that it gradually loses its flavour when once cooked, but there are also shops where the process of crushing is carried on as a trade. In these establishments you see bent over a long stone trough, resembling a manger, three or four half naked men, who stand there from morn till sundown, with a rest of about a couple of hours in the middle of the day, crushing the coffee with a huge iron pestle. The Arabs never mix milk with their coffee; they take it lukewarm, and sip it, stopping from time to time to draw a whiff of smoke from their pipes, or to make an observation to a neighbour. On the wooden benches surrounding the room the Moors and Arabs are seated with their legs dangling towards the ground, squatted on their hams, cross-legged like tailors, or reclining in different positions. Some are playing at cards, which are not only of Spanish manufacture, but go by Spanish names; for instance, they call the suits *oros*, *copas*, *espardos*, *bastos*, the Court cards *ray*, *dama*, *sota*, and the others *cuartro*, *cinco*, *seis*, &c., according to their numerical order. This peculiarity, which surprises one at first, is abundantly explained by the intercourse which has always existed between the two countries, and the fact of a considerable number of Algerian Moors having come from Andalusia. In another part of the café a group will perhaps be collected round the *rawi* or story-teller, listening to some marvellous story similar to a tale in "The Arabian Nights Entertainments," in which the words *gal*, *galet*, *galou* (he, she, or it has said), *gal-fil-matsal* (it is related in the story) continually strike the ear. Running about the room is the *thefel*, generally a youth, now carrying a cup of coffee, now returning to fetch a piece of burning charcoal, and hastening away with it again between a pair of small tongs to light a pipe or a cigarette. One observes a group of men seated together in an obscure corner, among whom a long cherry-stemmed pipe continually passes from one to another; each in his turn places the mouth-piece to his lips and after taking as many whiffs as he seems to care for hand the pipe to his neighbour. Some eagerly stretch out their hand to receive it, and after retaining it for a few seconds blow larg clouds of smoke from their mouths and nostrils; others take th proffered *chibouck* in an indolent manner, and just press it to the lips, while others, again, overcome by languor, fall asleep befo their turn arrives. It is plain to any one who takes the trou

to watch these men for a few minutes that the pleasure of listening to the *rawi*, of playing cards and draughts, or of sipping small cups of coffee is not the sole enjoyment to be obtained at the Moorish café. People can also intoxicate themselves there, and that without sinning against the Koran, which formally interdicts the use of fermented liquors. To attain this state of quiet drunkenness, which is another and perhaps the only real kind of *kief*, they use several things. Some smoke *afioun* or opium, others chew a particular kind of bean, which they call *bouzaga*, and which they pretend has the property of being able to kill every kind of animal with a tail or *zaga*, whence its name; others, and more particularly the women, eat an opiate paste; but the *hachiche* or finely chopped hemp, which is smoked in a small pipe, is most commonly used. The kind of intoxication produced by these substances is of a very undemonstrative nature, and those who habitually indulge in them may be easily distinguished by their sparkling eyes and animated countenances, and by a nervous laugh which from time to time contracts their countenance, or by a sort of melancholy torpor overshadowing it.

On visiting the Moorish café of an evening quite a transformation will sometimes be found to have taken place since the afternoon. The cost of a cup of coffee, instead of being a sou, varies from ten centimes to twenty-five, and the number of customers and attendants is considerably increased. Some grass mats are spread upon the ground, a few lighted candles fixed into empty wine-bottles stand in various parts of the room, and three or four musicians are seated cross-legged, amidst cushions and carpets, upon a small platform erected temporarily in a corner. One will be playing upon a two-stringed Moorish fiddle, another will perhaps have one of European manufacture, which he holds in a similar manner to the Savoyard boys, with the screws in the air and the part which is usually placed beneath the chin resting upon his thighs; a third will be blowing a long reed clarionet, while the fourth, who is often a pretty unveiled Moorish girl attired in a gorgeous silk costume embroidered with gold thread, beats the measure upon a brilliantly painted *tarbouka*, and from time to time takes up an Arab song similar to the following in a high key:—

Friend, why dost thou so soon pack up thy tent and quit the tribe of Hachem?
Thou art the finger of my hand, the brother of my heart;
Remain in our *douar* and become a son of our *cheiks*.
Thou shalt choose a hundred head among our flocks.
If women are handsome, thou shalt give them the *kroikal* of gold.

Our horses bound like gazelles upon this ocean of mountains, among the deep gorges, the ravines, and the precipices, where hyenas and jackals have their lairs.
Remain in the Tell, fly not to the desert!

Then a man's voice responds :—

Stop the cloud traveller drifting above our heads.
Forbid the eagle to spread its wings and to soar on high.
Tell the brook to remount the slope of a hill.
Reconcile in a brotherly kiss the serpent and the lion,
But attempt not to retain the Nomad!

He despises the townfolk, pepper merchants, and sons of Jews who pay tribute to a master.
He has never harnessed his horse to a plough; he merely touches the earth with his heel.
He has never gazed upon the countenance of a Sultan.
The Nomad is independent and proud!

He has the Sahara and its unbounded expanse, when flying upon the wings of his steed he hunts the gazelle and the ostrich.
He has women whiter than camels' milk, flowers of the desert perfuming the pure air of the oases.
The Nomad is happy!

Day and night he answers the signal.
Seizing his gun he causes the powder to speak, and falls like hail upon the accursed tribe who outraged his allies.
He kills the warriors, even to the last, captures the negroes and the sheep, but he sends the women with their jewels back to their mothers.
The Nomad is generous and proud!

Our holy Marabout, Sidi-ben-Abdallah, descendant of the prophet (let Mahomet favour him!), has said:
"The traveller is a guest sent by God: though he be Christian or Jew, divide the date with him, for all that you have belongs to God.
"Give the stranger the best place upon the mat and accompany him to the threshold saying, 'Follow thy happiness!'"
The Nomad is hospitable!

The song is ended, but there is no applause on the part of the audience, for a Mussulman would never think of betraying or giving vent to his feelings in public. The musicians lay aside their instruments, sip their coffee, roll cigarettes between their fingers, or fill their pipes with tobacco; after a few seconds they recommence playing and so on throughout the entire evening, stopping only once every half hour. They receive every kind of consideration from their employers, being handsomely remunerated, and provided with cushions and carpets to lounge upon, as well as refreshments and tobacco free of charge. Their music is peculiar. Europeans generally style it the

tum, on account of the slight variation of the notes. Listening to it, however, in a place where there is no lack of local colouring, where there is one of those magnificently attired Moorish women—whom one sees unveiled for the first time perhaps—and an audience consisting of some two hundred Mussulmans, among whom hardly a European can be distinguished, it is by no means disagreeable. The monotony of its notes produces a feeling of drowsiness which, although little in accordance with our way of living, must be admirably suited to the indolent and effeminate mode of life of those for whom it is intended.

From the Moorish café to an establishment frequented of an evening by Europeans the distance is short enough, but the contrast is great. We pass down the riotous Rue de la Kasbah, where half-drunken soldiers, crowding dirty little cabarets on the ground floors of old Moorish houses, are singing snatches from popular French songs, where the strains of a guitar accompanying an Andalusian air are half drowned amidst the quarrelling of a party of Spaniards, and where you occasionally perceive a youthful Moor seated at the door of a café, dreamily playing upon a lute. We cross the Rue Bab-Azzoun, follow a narrow street leading towards the sea, pass through a dirty yard called a garden, and edge our way into a long rectangular room somewhat higher than an ordinary lofty apartment, with a gallery supported by iron pillars, and ornamented by crystal gas brackets, running along the southern side and one end. Tables with marble and wooden tops, and cane-seated chairs, are packed closely together upon the floor. The former are loaded with beer bottles and glasses of various forms, from the cylindrically-shaped *bock* to the thick, common *petit-verre*, filled with almost all the liquors that are drunk in a hot climate where the French rule supreme. The most popular are the poisonous, olive green absinthe, a brandy which our neighbours have very appropriately christened *brûle-gorge*, lukewarm beer, cold coffee diluted with water, orgeat, and gooseberry syrup. Crowded round the tables, swarming in the galleries, some leaning against the pillars and some with their elbows among the glasses and bottles, which seem likely on the slightest movement to be dashed to the ground with a frightful crash, are men of nearly every nation in Europe, huddled together with Mussulmans and fat, debauched-looking females in gaudy attire. There are Frenchmen and Belgians, Italians and Greeks, Englishmen and Germans, Spaniards and Maltese, Turks, Arabs, Moors, and Jews. Look well into the densely-packed multitude, and you will see the black-bearded, bronze-faced, horny-handed drosky driver who drove you into the suburbs, and the

waterman who rowed you to land from the steamer, seated within a few feet of the son of the banker who cashed you a draft upon London, and a group of French officers. There are the young bucks of the town ruining their health by the too frequent use of intoxicating drinks, and Mussulmans, regardless of Mahomet and the Koran, selling their chance of a place in Paradise for the privilege of gradually destroying their brains with a poisonous decoction of wormwood and water. Every one is smoking: some holding between their lips the ivory or amber mouthpieces of long cherry-stemmed pipes, others with cheap cigars—which have possibly only been made a day or two before, so great is the consumption—or ordinary meerschaum or clay pipes blackened half way up the bowl, sticking out of the corner of their mouths. Waiters, both Mussulman and Christian, carrying small trays loaded with different drinks, move with difficulty among the crowd, answering in every direction the repeated cries of "*Garçon.*" Through the smoke which curls up towards the ceiling, stopping half-way and there floating about in clouds—rendering the heated atmosphere still more oppressive, and making the badly-lighted room even more gloomy than would otherwise be the case—we perceive a stage. In the orchestra the musicians refresh themselves with beer or absinthe at every pause in the music, and then go to work again with renewed vigour, producing from time to time sharp unnatural sounds, which remind you of a band of street minstrels or of a theatrical performance at a country fair in Europe. The scenery is so worn and begrimed with dirt and dust that, notwithstanding the lights, which are arranged in proximity to it for the purpose of producing a good effect, you fail to make out anything but a mixture of faded colours intended to represent a forest scene. On the stage is a young woman attired in a low-necked *robe à queue*, which assuredly has done service on more than one person's back, and which, to judge from its elegant cut, has evidently seen better days. Hark! she is about to sing! What, we ask ourselves, are those guttural sounds and screeches proceeding from between those pretty lips which a few seconds before gave such a charming expression to that youthful countenance now distorted by horrible grimaces which modern Frenchmen style looking *canaille*. Has Thérésa landed with Suzanne Lagier and Colombat in her train, or is this merely a youthful follower of the same school, aspiring to similar honours? Evidently the latter. The song is finished, the audience applauds. The building trembles with the clapping of hands, the stamping of feet upon the floor, and the repeated cries of "*Bravo!*" and "*Bis!*" in the midst of which a man near the stage gives a

shrill whistle, which is equivalent to hissing. The young lady's eyes sparkle, and a scarlet tint mounts to her cheek, which the pearl powder covering her visage is powerless to dissimulate. Her fingers are seized with a convulsive movement as if she were impatient to claw the face of the man who has dared to disapprove of her vocal performance; but she contents herself with calling him a *bête*. He then gets into a temper. He threatens to jump upon the stage and chastise the pert beauty, but is restrained by his friends, and he eventually decides upon complaining to the manager of the establishment, who has him ignominiously turned out by the police for creating a disturbance. When the tumult caused by this little incident has somewhat subsided the singer appears in the room and, as is customary in these parts, proceeds to make a collection among the audience, who for the sum of a halfpenny or a penny are permitted to make coarse jokes, pay compliments, or talk sentimentally to the fair *quêteuse* as they drop their offerings into the plate.

Overcome by the oppressive atmosphere, savouring of tobacco smoke and garlic, we rise to leave, but in making our way through the crowd tread unintentionally upon more than one pair of shoes, for which we are cursed and sworn at in three or four different languages. We pass through the small frontage enclosed by trellis-work, where the better dressed people are seated round small zinc tables, looking in at the performance through the open doors, and reach the Esplanade. The crowds of people who have been swarming in the streets of the European town since dinner time are directing their steps towards home, so that the favourite promenade gradually becomes deserted, until at length nothing is left to break the spell of solitude that creeps slowly over everything but the strains from the orchestra of the café hard by, a party or two lingering abroad until the half-told story is completed, and a few couples who are too much engaged with themselves to notice the dispersing multitude or to have any idea of how time flits away.

I expert at hand-fishing myself, though I have taken cr
in this way frequently as a boy. This kind of sport u
be more in vogue years ago than it is now. There is a tradition of
lade that a fisherman there, who was most successful among fish
neither used rod nor line nor net. The Thames at that point
excavated the lower part of the bank, and created holes and cr
the fish lodged themselves therein. The man dived into the
and caught the fish with his hand. He was always secure of h
An ex-Cabinet Minister gave me an account of a man who ye
used to back himself to dive into a well-known hole of fi
bring up one in his mouth and one in each hand. This na
and some personal recollections of trout tickling in the De
excited my interest in an article upon the subject which I m
in a French sporting paper during my forced sojourn in Paris
the siege. I venture upon a translation of the article, which
fail to be of great interest to all who are interested in fishing.

"Child," said my grandfather to me, "before learning to
hand one must learn to swim."

And when, the following year, I began to undress,

"Child," said my grandfather again, "before becoming a fish
by hand you must be a diver."

I was, I think, twelve years old. It was with extreme impa
that I waited for the second year from the preceding. At the
April I was in the water, by the end of June I dived better th
ducks in our poultry yard.

Panting with joy on St. John's Day, the anniversary of my

present I shall give you a sparrowhawk, but you will not be able to make use of it until the next holidays. To-day, as it is a holiday, you shall go out with me. It is fine—I will endeavour to show you how to fish by hand. But always remember this maxim, my little friend :—Every fisherman by hand should know how to swim and to dive. Without that, drowning for the rash perhaps, but no fish."

Yes, the weather was as fine as could be desired. Not a shadow of the slightest cloud in the celestial vault, not a breath of wind, not a wrinkle on the face of the water. Yet the heaviness of the temperature might have foretold some violent atmospheric revolution for the afternoon. My grandfather led me into his garden, of which an arm of the Seine hemmed in the extremity at the back of the tanyards, and both of us undressed. Without trouble for his great age, the worthy man wished to direct my first steps in the piscatorial career.

At this point the river is not ten yards wide, but its banks have a certain elevation. Moreover, they are lined with willows and osiers. Numerous holes hollowed out of the soil appear along its banks. In certain places they occur in such quantity that one might suppose a hill frequented by rabbits.

"Here are the burrows of your game," said my grandfather, smiling. "But listen to these preliminary instructions. Each hole is destined to contain for you one fish, or several crabs, barbel, trout, eels, sometimes carp and pike by chance. But each hole may also conceal a water rat, whose bite is painful, or an otter, which might do you great harm with its claws and teeth. Remember for the present a part of the catechism of hand-fishing. Observe whether the hole has only one outlet or more. If it has but one, it is not probable that this hole contains either a water rat or an otter. The water rat being useless to us, we do not pursue it. As for the otter, since it is the corsair of our rivers, its flesh is very eatable, and its skin fetches something, if you discover the animal you must lay before the different mouths of his hiding place weels of osier or iron wire well baited principally with live fish, or wait on the watch for the beast, and kill it with a shot. It scorns the hook, and defies nets. By way of parenthesis I advise you at first, when you see a hole level with the water, or even when you find it under the water, to feel its dimensions with your hand, to search if there are others corresponding near, and if there are none, to insert gently the fingers lengthened, the back underneath, enlarging little by little the entrance where it is narrow. Should this hole contain any crabs they will appear generally with the claws in front. Take care to seize them there, or you will be cruelly caught yourself in their grip, or the claw may

break, and you will lose your prey. You must then return your hand, the palm downwards, and taking the beast by the middle of the body draw it out and throw it into the bag, which you should carry round your neck. Often one hole contains three, four, and even more. A little stick provided with an iron hook will serve to extract them. A trout also often inhabits a crab's hole. As it will have entered head first, as soon as you feel the fish push your hand softly along underneath it, gently tickling it. If you do not tremble too much, if you do not make any too sudden movements, the trout will not stir. It will fall asleep, fascinated by your caresses. But arrived near the gills, quickly raise the thumb and forefinger on either side of the fish, closing the other fingers round him. Then withdraw your arm, and the captive will soon be in your game bag. If it is a question of any other fish, proceed in the same way, except with the eel. Notwithstanding every precaution, notwithstanding all your skill, this one often escapes, owing to the oily and glutinous nature of its skin and also of the sensation of disgust which is invincibly felt when its slimy body coils round one's arm. But for the practised it is an excellent method of seizing it, although little used, to put on a mitten made of bristly skin; the sharp points enter its skin, and the eel will no longer succeed in sliding between your fingers. When near a sandy bank, one can otherwise rub some of the gravel on one's hand before plunging it into the hole and seizing the eel; especially if holding it firmly, by the middle of the body, you pass the middle finger under it and press the upper side with the fore and ring fingers, or if near the head, you bend the thumb so that the nail breaks the skin. As soon as the eel is captured it is prudent to get on the bank and kill it, because it will inconvenience you by its struggles if kept in the bag. In order to kill it without lacerating it put one foot on it and cut the backbone in two near the head. That is why, my good friend, every fisherman by hand ought to have a strong knife in a handle, also hung round his neck or placed in his bag. This knife, which is of constant utility, becomes sometimes an absolute necessity. It is useful for enlarging the holes necessary to free the arm when it is difficult to withdraw it now and then from a cavity into which it has been thrust. If you observe several holes appearing to be connected one with another, stop up the narrowest with grass, stones, branches, or mud, before sounding the principal one. If it is empty, inspect the others, after having stopped that one up in its turn. If your arm does not reach to the bottom thrust a stick in, and if you have a companion with you, let him mount the bank and stamp violently over the hole. You may be sure then that the fish, if there

is any in the hole, will come out. *A propos* of companion, my dear friend, a bit of essential advice *en passant.* However good a swimmer, however good a diver, you may be, never go hand-fishing alone. An accident soon happens. Without speaking of cramps and fits, which may in a moment paralyse the strongest and most robust, it often happens that one gets entangled in the grass and submerged weeds, or that one gets one's arm into a hole from which it is impossible to extract it without another's help—in fact, I could, unfortunately, name more than one imprudent fellow stifled and drowned by the fall of a bank undermined by the waters, and which he had completed by shaking it in pursuing the fish which it sheltered under its treacherous depths. If I add that you ought always to be cautious, to examine well the places where you wish to practise—to know the ground, in a word, before devoting yourself to the pleasure of fishing—if I advise you never to remain longer than an hour and a half in the water at one time, to avoid staying for long near sources, to dive slowly in order to avoid also the float-wood, faggots, and herbage, which encumber our rivers and in which one may be lost, to explore with a pole the creeks with which you are not acquainted; if I pledge you never to insist once under water in forcing holes too narrow for your arm, to rise to the surface as soon as you experience the need of breathing, if, finally, I recommend you not to bathe until your food has digested, that is at least two hours after eating, and unless you really think yourself in good health, I shall, my dear child, have given you the first indispensable instructions for becoming a fisherman by hand. At present to the water and to work."

We enter the river—my grandfather slowly and carefully; I with all the fierceness of a young spaniel.

"'Sdeath! 'sdeath!" cried the venerable patrician; "it is not thus that one must act. Walk softly without agitation. Don't frighten the fishes. Whatever the *savants* of study may say, they have ears, and good ears. Look before you. The water is clear: one can see to the bottom. If you perceive a trout, stop, cease moving, to follow it with your looks. Perhaps it will soon go and nibble the worm in a hole, at the bottom of which you will catch it at your leisure by complying with my instructions. But let us begin to fish. Go along the right bank of the river; I will go along the left bank. Take care not to pass one hole, not one root, not one knot of herbage, without searching into it."

I obey scrupulously. We advance with caution in the Seine—he on his side, I on mine. The weather is still serene. The gnats flutter

capriciously over our heads. Now and then there glitters and sparkles a light graceful silvered form, adorned with shining rubies. It is a trout. It is motionless; it would be said that it sleeps, that it is only to stretch out one's arm to capture it; but you make a gesture, and the coquette has flown, disappeared with the rapidity of lightning. Good, here is a hole level with the water, under the roots of an old decayed willow. I put my hand in. My heart beats high.

"Hi! hi! hi!"

"What's the matter?" asked my grandfather smiling, turning towards me from the other side and balancing between his fingers a pretty little barbel.

"Oh! grandpapa, I am being pinched."

"Eh! I don't doubt it. He becomes not a smith who does not burn himself a little. Pull your hand out."

I drew it out, that poor hand. A great crawfish had seized my forefinger with its claws, and certainly it did not appear disposed to let go, although I shook it desperately above the river.

"Open your bag," said my grandfather to me; "then, holding your right hand suspended over the opening, with the fingers of the left hand sharply pinch the crawfish at the junction of the tail with the body, and it will let go, because you thus stop its respiration; only do not crush it. A good pinch in the part I have indicated is often sufficient to oblige it to separate its claws."

I carried on my breast the indispensable square bag of coarse cloth, at the bottom of which I had put a knife of little value, but firm and carefully shut. It is needless to say that my grandfather's advice was followed and well received. The old man continued: "Another time endeavour, as I have told you, to seize crawfish by the back."

The practical warning to which I had just been subjected was worth the best recommendations. Half an hour had not passed when my bag contained a score of crawfish. I had had, it is true, my flesh a little torn by their unmerciful pinchers. My skin bore more than one bloody mark from them. But the ardour of fishing did not give me leisure to think of these passing troubles. Is there elsewhere pleasure without pain? He triumphs without glory who conquers without danger. Meanwhile if I succeeded with the crustaceous, the scaly fish made game of me. Disdainful, on the contrary, of the former, my grandfather had made a rich haul of the latter, and we continued to go up the course of the river, when he said to me: "Here is a creek; it contains several holes. I baited them yesterday evening; you shall give me an example of your skill as a diver. But first of all rid yourself of your bag. Put the bag on the bank,

because it might impede you or get caught in some stump. Moreover, as you are going to fish for scaly fish, it must not be put in the bag with the crabs, for they would destroy it. If you remember my instructions I promise you a good reward. Forward, and the least noise possible."

I allow myself to sink to the bottom of the water. The holes are before me; I can distinguish them well. My arm goes far into one of them. It is very deep; impossible to touch the bottom. But I feel something move at the end of my fingers. I examine the neighbourhood of the hole; two feet off there is a second. Perhaps they communicate with one another. Without losing sight of the first, into which I put my right fist, I push my left arm into the second. My nails do not reach the *cul-de-sac*. Then I pull up a stick from the bottom of the water and poke the second hole while my right arm re-enters the first. Ah! ah! on my hand, well stretched out, palm upwards, glides backwards a prey of fine size. Little by little softly my fingers bend round—softly, also, they caress the underneath of a scaly quivering body, until suddenly they dart into two openings situated forward of the pectoral fins. I immediately squeeze so that my thumb and first finger meet through the gills of the fish. It is carried off from its retreat, and I rise to the surface of the water, where I brandish it triumphantly, sneezing, breathing heavily, and rubbing my eyes with my unoccupied hand. It was, faith, a splendid barbel weighing nearly four pounds. I would not then have exchanged it for an empire. My excursion under water had lasted one minute at the most.

"Bravo!" cried my grandfather. "You have bravely won your first honours. Come and seat yourself, and while we refresh ourselves a little, I will tell you how the holes are baited for hand-fishing."

I did not care to refuse; but I admit that if I was eager to regain the land it was rather in order to contemplate to repletion my splendid capture than to listen further to the teachings of my grandsire. He was not the man to tolerate for long the ebullitions of my youthful vanity.

"'Sdeath!" said he; "I much wished to grant you at once the honours of a hand fisherman; that is all the capture of a barbel is worth: do not forget it. When you are able to carry off a trout you will have your epaulets, and if you manage one day to grasp an eel you shall have your marshal's *bâton*. But there is a road to travel before then. In the meantime be modest. To catch a barbel in a hole when its tail is towards one is the simplest [illegible] in the world. Even with the head outwards it is not very

it is only necessary in the latter case to avoid its bite, always unpleasant, sometimes dangerous. With trout it is a different matter. To fascinate it, to lull it to sleep by tickling it underneath, is not given to all; and I have known on my part many clever hand-fishers who have not succeeded in it. But you are scarcely listening to me. 'Sdeath! Stop feasting on the barbel with your eyes. Make up a bundle of white nettles and put the fish in the middle to keep it fresh. Then I will teach you how to bait the holes."

Being gloved, I gathered the nettles and made two layers of them, between which I laid all our fish, except, be it well understood, the crawfish, and came back to the old man, who said to me:

"Generally the baits used by the angler to draw the fish together in one spot serve for baiting the holes. On that point you can consult the excellent work of Moriceau. Only, instead of being thrown into the water by handfuls, the baits are thrust as deeply as possible into the holes. The most common bait is composed of a ball of turf mixed with meat or dunghill maggots, and to which it is well to add some horsedung. This ball should be hard enough to remain in the water several hours without coming to pieces. It is necessary then to allow it to dry a little before lodging it in the hole for which it is destined. Balls made with corn, barley, hemp seed, and beans, ground and boiled together, are still better. This bait, like the preceding, may be placed in boxes of iron wire with very fine meshes, like those used by cooks for putting certain vegetables, or rice, in the *pot-au-feu*. Snails, locusts, flies, imprisoned in these boxes, will also attract the large fish into the holes into which they may be slipped. A horsehair bag, like the grape sacks, may take the place of the metal envelope. Coagulated blood mixed with horsedung will produce the same result; but as the blood dissolves very quickly it will be necessary for the hand-fisher to visit the holes only a few hours after having baited them. Pellets of the skins of barley just shooting, ground and boiled, also form a bait of great virtue. In fact for crabs one may use with success the remains of all kinds of flesh and putrid meat. It is unnecessary to mention that a loaf of bread rolled in bran, and made into a ball with a mixture of hempseed oil, will always repay the amateur hand-fisher for his trouble and outlay. In well-stocked rivers, where there are no holes, some can be made with a pointed stake or a knife"——

"But, grandpapa," I interrupted, "which is the best time for this kind of fishing?"

"The best weather, my friend, is the present," answered he.

I raised my eyes. The sky had darkened; heavy black clouds were dotted over the azure in places, and gave it the appearance of a

draught board. Soon the thunder rolled and crashed overhead: the rain fell in torrents.

"We had better dress again, hadn't we?" said I.

"Presently, my friend. Our clothes are under shelter. The rain is not cold. Now is the time when the fish, especially trout, seeks the holes, though before the storm it splashed and leaped on the surface of the water, snapping up the gnats. Let us go back to the water."

And we returned to it, and my grandfather really took two beautiful young trout. As for me, I missed as many as I was able to touch.

And that year I did not succeed in gaining my epaulets, as my grandfather said. But the following year at Belan, in Ource, a few leagues from Châtillon-sur-Seine, I distinguished myself by capturing several salmon trout, and even won my marshal's *bâton* by the seizure in my hand of a large eel.

Since then I have greatly liked and practised hand-fishing. It is no sport for an amateur assuredly; it is not always pleasing to see nor always graceful in the position to which it consigns one. You may often return with limbs, body, and face frightfully torn by the brambles and roots; the hands get stained with a viscous mud, of a very sticky, greasy nature, which resists the most unctuous soap, so that you finish by getting rid of it by rubbing the hands with dry earth. Often also, instead of fish one catches terrible rheumatism and lumbago of the first quality. Well, notwithstanding all these miseries and others which I might name, I still consider fishing by hand as very pleasant and very profitable.

In the United States and in Canada the lobster is so common that people do not care for crabs. I fished for them there as much as I would. They mocked me. But while eating them I said to myself, not without satisfaction, that the greatest simpleton of the laughers or the laughed at was not perhaps the one they thought. What think you, my dear readers? And during my long and distant excursions over the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company I have more than once had occasion to bless the memory of my grandfather for his lessons in hand-fishing. Yes, more than once in want of food, the trap furnishing none, the fish refusing to bite at the lines, I have had, by a lucky catch at hand-fishing, the pleasure of entertaining a party of ten or twelve persons dying of hunger.

Then do not condemn this useful pastime!

If it offered no other advantage than to furnish you with fish without much hardship and without opening your purse it ought to be held in estimation. Now is it not pleasant when lounging away the summer with some friends on the banks of the water, to be able

in the twinkling of an eye to present them with a matelot or a fried fish? Is it not delightful while bathing to refresh yourself, also to catch a trout or an eel for your dinner? Hand-fishing, moreover, counts some eager devotees. Though not to be numbered with these fanatics, I should not be able, nevertheless, to pass by a stream of water without scrutinising its banks, and if I perceive a likely looking hole, if the temperature were not excessively severe, oh! then, then ——my friends, how useful is hand-fishing! Ask our housekeepers.

But I have known zealots enthusiastic in a very different manner to your servant. For example:—

Five years ago I was walking, in the month of January, along the banks of the Seine, near Mussy, in Champagne, with Mr. D——, a doctor, well known throughout Châtillonnais. The thermometer stood at 10° below zero. The banks of the river were frozen in places for a little distance, then the water appeared running and of a clear green, the look of which was enough to freeze one's blood.

Suddenly my companion threw down his over-all, his great coat, took off his boots, &c., and plunged into the water.

I was stupefied. Mr. D—— was then seventy-seven or seventy-eight years of age.

He dived under the ice and soon returned to the surface of the water, holding in his hand a magnificent trout.

"Would you believe, my dear friend," said he to me quietly, "that for more than three months I have watched it, the jade? Just now I saw it enter a hole, and there it is."

"But a bathe at this season! Are you not afraid?"

"Pshaw! I am accustomed to it."

It was true.

Every one, in fact, knew that Mr. D——, one of the best hand-fishers who had ever lived in the central departments, did not hesitate to plunge into the Seine in the hardest frosts.

The passion for fishing had caused him to acquire this habit, which did not prevent him from fishing and good living, and from eating bruised olives—for which he had a weakness, poor man—for more than three-quarters of a century. Could you, good readers, do the same, even after several lessons in hand-fishing?

Moral of anecdote.—In France and in temperate countries hand-fishing is practicable in winter as in summer, in autumn as in spring. Only, my friends, always respect that wise mother and protectress, the law.

For one fish taken at the wrong season—the spawning time—of *how* many captures do you not rob yourself!

THE THOMAS WALKERS:

THE POPULAR BOROUGHREEVE AND THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORIGINAL."

TWO BIOGRAPHIES DRAWN FROM UNPUBLISHED FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE AND DOCUMENTS.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER I.

THE POPULAR BOROUGHREEVE.

MR. THOMAS WALKER, merchant, was a conspicuous gentleman in Manchester towards the close of the last century. Of gentle blood, commanding appearance, generous instincts, and remarkable abilities, e became by fortune and by natural gifts the leader whom the ew and disheartened Liberals of Lancashire wanted; when Ir. Shaw's Punch House, the Bull's Head, the Crown and Shuttle, lack Moor's Head, York Minster, the White Lion, Queen Anne— short, nearly all the inns of Manchester—were given up to Church id King men: and when every citizen who was bold enough to advote reform in Parliament and the removal of Dissenters' disabilities as the subject of coarse jests and rough treatment. In those days anners were dissolute and boorish, and public opinion was formed the leading citizens in tavern parlours over stiff and steaming ews of brandy. A man of fastidious tastes, studious habits, and fined address was at a disadvantage at first, opposed to such antaonists as Mr. Shaw cultivated in his hostelry. Mr. Shaw himself ontrived to help the cause of King and Church by shutting up his unch House early—which, it is recorded, made him popular with e ladies. But the fearful odds at which the Liberals stood were a imulant to the few gallant gentlemen who fought the battle of civil id religious liberty in Lancashire, for nearly half a century before eir cause triumphed completely in the passing of the first Reform Bill.

The Walkers claimed descent from Sir William Hubert ap Thomas, Rayland Castle, county Monmouth; who, in the reign of Henry e Fifth, was knighted for his valour in the French wars. Sir William

married Gladys, daughter of the Sir David Gann who, according to Hume, was mainly instrumental in deciding the fight of Agincourt. The grandfather of the author of "The Original," and father of the patriot boroughreeve (born in 1716, and died in 1786), removed from Bristol, where he had carried on business as a merchant, to Manchester, before his eldest son was born; and the only note we have of him is that his wife was the first person who carried an umbrella in Manchester, and that she was mobbed for her pains. This was too bad, since if there be a place where the carriage of an umbrella is excusable under any circumstances, it is assuredly the capital of Cotton. The son who was destined to take a foremost place among the worthies of Lancashire, and whose name deserves to be known throughout the Empire as a patriot of the old brave type, who gave all his lusty years, his peace, and fortune to the cause he believed to be a holy one, was born on the 3rd of April, 1749.

In the year 1784, when Mr. Thomas Walker first took a prominent part in the public Liberal affairs of Manchester, he was, as a merchant, a leading figure in the town; a gentleman prosperous and of high position, with Barlow Hall for his summer residence, and a house in South Parade, St. Mary's, for the winter. Although only then in his thirty-fifth year, the local position which he had won was so great that Manchester at once pointed to him as her representative and champion against Mr. Pitt's odious Fustian Tax.

One of the first projects of Mr. Pitt as Chancellor of the Exchequer was to impose a duty—soon to be known as the Fustian Tax—of one penny per yard upon all bleached cotton manufactures. By the operation of this monstrous Act the excise laws were introduced into the cotton trade, and the immediate consequence, as felt in Manchester and throughout the entire manufacturing districts of Lancashire, was paralytic. The capital of the cotton trade became profoundly and threateningly agitated. Fifteen houses, representing 38,000 persons engaged in the trade, petitioned against the tax; and the master dyers and bleachers announced that "they were under the sad necessity of declining their present occupations until the next session of Parliament."

Resolute action was soon determined upon. Two of the principal merchants—viz., Mr. Thomas Walker and Mr. Thomas Richardson—were deputed at the opening of the next session to wait upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer and lay the case before him. They appeared before Pitt, backed by the whole body of cotton traders, *and supported* by the powerful influence of the Duke of Bridgewater. So overwhelming was the force brought to bear upon the Minister

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country like Great Britain, whose taxes were heavy and whose debt was enormous, ought to be particularly cautious of engaging in any war, unless upon the most urgent and evident necessity. It was not clear from theory or experience that the pretext of maintaining the balance of power in Europe was a sufficient reason for plunging the inhabitants of this island into the manifold evils attendant on war; and that all treaties of alliance which tended to involve Great Britain in the quarrels and disputes of the nations of the Continent were injurious to the interests of the country. Although the power of declaring war was vested in the Crown of Great Britain, yet, as the honour of the nation was concerned in the justice of it, and as the labour and industry of the people must be taxed in support of it, they had a right to full and satisfactory information of the grounds and reasons on which war was at any time to be declared. It did not appear to the meeting that any sufficient reason had yet been assigned for involving England in a war with Russia, and that it was the duty of the people's representatives in Parliament to withhold their assent to any burthens being imposed on the people till the justice and necessity of it should be fully shown. The resolutions to this effect were signed by the boroughreeve, as chairman, and transmitted to the members for the county of Lancaster, with the request that they would vote in accordance with them in the House of Commons.

So furiously were the boroughreeve and his supporters assailed for their principles of peace, justice, and economy, that it was deemed expedient to submit the resolutions to eminent counsel for their opinion as to the legality of them, and as to the liability persons would incur in publishing them. Mr. Serjeant Adair gave his opinion. He could perceive no illegal nor unconstitutional sentiments in them. He concludes by saying: "To enter into further reasoning on this subject would be to write a dissertation on the constitution of England, which we are mistaken in believing to be the most free and happy in the world if these rights of the people can be called in question." Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Cooper, two professional gentlemen, were instructed in support of Mr. Serjeant Adair; and they concurred with the learned serjeant, giving their opinion at great length. In one passage they observed: "The resolutions referred to us all tend to, and centre in that point which of all others is the farthest from being the prerogative of the Crown, and is most peculiarly the prerogative of the people, viz., the imposition of taxes; and it would be strange indeed if the Commons of England are not permitted to advise their representatives upon that subject which of all others it is the peculiar business of the House of Commons to consider."

But the boroughreeve was already a marked man. He had identified himself openly with the cause of civil and religious liberty. He had become the advocate of peace. Many years afterwards his boys remembered that about this time they were shunned at school, and that their schoolfellows shouted after them: "There go Jacobin Walker's sons!"

The Fustian Tax battle involved Mr. Walker in a vast correspondence with eminent persons of the day. The Duke of Bridgewater wrote to him on Christmas Day, 1784:—

"I duly received the favour of yours, and am much obliged for the kind expressions in them. On the receipt of the letter I immediately apply'd to Mr. Pit (*sic*), who continues in the same friendly disposition you left him, and proposed that previous to the meeting of Parliament, or as soon as it will be convenient for the committee, to state their case in a memorial to the Treasury, when it will have the most fair and candid consideration from him and his colleagues, in order to show the reasons against the propriety or impracticability of the tax. This, I must confess, appears to me to be reasonable, and what I premised must be his answer before I left the country, and when I last saw you. But as this affair is of so much consequence to the town of Manchester and its neighbourhood, I must wish your and Mr. Richardson's assistance in town on the twenty-fourth, the day before the meeting of Parliament.—Till then I remain, your faithful and obedient servant,

"BRIDGEWATER."

The struggle brought the boroughreeve also many powerful friends. Colonel Egerton (afterwards Earl of Bridgewater) in a letter (September 1785), after the struggle, observes that he shall henceforth look upon the Cotton Tax (which formerly he had always abominated) as a good thing, since it brought them in contact. Some sent friends to see his manufactures; others thanked him for courtesies and little services rendered. Lieutenant-General Burgoyne (late Constable of the Tower) wrote to him in October, 1785:—"I wish to carry to town, as a specimen of the excellency of Manchester manufacture in muslins, three or four lady's aprons of as fine a sort as I can get. Lady Horton has some that were made in Wilts, and are about sixteen or seventeen shillings apiece, I believe. I should not have thought of troubling you about such a trifle, if I had not been disappointed at the greatest retail shops where I have sent in Manchester." The General signs himself "with the greatest truth and regard."

Edmund Burke writes to the energetic and accomplished Manchester delegate (May 8, 1788): "If you and Mr. Cowper can breakfast here this morning at half after nine, I shall be happy to converse with you on the subject of your mission. I really very much desire to know distinctly what Mr. Pitt really means to do on the business in the next session, and when it is he proposes that the next session should begin." Men were early in those days. An invitation to breakfast "this morning at half-past nine" is seldom launched in these days by the busiest of members of Parliament. Lord Derby was, however, the staunchest of Manchester's friends.

"Sir," writes his lordship to Mr. Walker, "after the very full and explicit manner in which I had the honour on Friday last to explain my sentiments to you relative to the proposed duties upon fustian, and my determination to take any measure thought advisable by the committee at Manchester to oppose it in every stage, I cannot hesitate a moment in assuring you that I shall, in obedience to your commands, set out very early to-morrow morning for London, there to take such steps to prevent this Bill passing into a law as may be thought proper by the committee appointed for this purpose.

"There is, however, sir, one objection which strikes me very forcibly in opposition to the *manner* in which (as at present advised) your committee seem to me directed to oppose the progress of this Bill; I lament most heartily the shortness of time which prevents all possibility of any interchange or consideration of ideas upon this subject, which will therefore reduce me to the necessity of meeting your committee without being fully apprised of your meaning, and consequently under great difficulties how to act in conformity to your wishes, and at the same time agreeable to those principles which I have laid down as the guide of my public life.

"If when I arrive in town I shall find the Bill *has passed both Houses of Parliament*, I shall with the greatest readiness accompany your delegates to the foot of the throne, there most humbly to represent the reasons why this Bill should not pass into a law, which reasons should not have been (from want of time) represented to either House of Parliament during the progress of the Bill; but in case I should find the Bill still pending in the House of Lords, you must permit me to say that I think the most proper and constitutional method of opposition to it in the first instance will be to oppose it there immediately by such arguments as such poor abilities of mine, aided by those supplied by your committee, may suggest to me. Should this, however, *fail*, I am then (and not till then, as I think the King should constitutionally know nothing of any Bill till presented

to him for his approbation or rejection) ready and eager to join with your committee in representing to His Majesty the reasons why this Bill should not pass into law, and I must express a hope that the petition to the King may be drawn up upon these ideas. I have submitted my ideas to you on this subject with the greatest freedom, indeed I should have thought I trifled with you if upon a matter of such consequence I had used any language which, however it might agree with your opinions, could at any time have been thrown in my teeth as contradictory to those principles of the constitution which I hope and trust I shall make the invariable guide of my conduct. I wish to serve not to flatter you, and I would impress upon you that if I can do so in the remotest degree, I shall consider it as the happiest circumstance of the life of,

"Sir, your very obedient and humble servant,

"DERBY.

"Knowsley, Aug. 16, 1784."

In the following year Lord Derby's relations with Mr. Walker had warmed into cordial regard. In a letter from Knowsley, dated August 21, 1785, about the Irish propositions, he says: "If by my attention to your wishes during the *progress* of this unhappy business I have been fortunate enough to obtain any portion of your esteem, I flatter myself I shall never by any action of my life show myself either insensible to, or unworthy of it." A month later he invites Mr. Walker to Knowsley to meet and talk with Mr. Fox, who is spending a day or two there—adding that he shall always be happy in receiving him, or at any opportunity of expressing his regard for him. Three years later their acquaintance has improved so vastly over the public business they had transacted in common, that Lord Derby, with warm expressions of friendship, consented to be godfather to one of Mr. Walker's children: sent him an invitation to see the play of "Theodosius" at Richmond House (May, 1788), and in the November of the same year was busy in getting his distinguished Manchester friend elected a member of the Whig Club. His lordship doubted not but the next meeting of the club would be happy "to elect a member who would do them so much credit." In the same letter (November 28, 1788) he speaks of the King: "His Majesty still continues exactly in the same state, and I believe that neither his Ministers nor physicians think there is any chance of his ever recovering his senses. All the Council assembled yesterday at Windsor, and sat a long time: I hear they resolved to remove the King to-morrow to Kew. By Pitt's desire, Mr. Ad

(formerly a mediocre man, and a great friend of the late Lord Chatham) saw His Majesty yesterday, and, I understand, agrees entirely as to his insanity with all the doctors before consulted. Various are the opinions of what will be done next Thursday. I rather think they will propose a very limited Regency." Then Lord Derby wanders off to inquiries about his godson, and signs himself "your sincere friend."

In his next letter (December 6, 1788) the earl, after congratulating his friend on his election to the Whig Club, returns to the subject of the King's health. "The doctors," he observes, "have made a very incomplete and confused report of the King's health; it is, however, quite sufficient to proceed upon, and next week will, I hope, see some settled government in this country. The Prince behaves perfectly well, and sticks steadily to his friends, so that your *friend* Pitt will I hope very soon be reduced to a private and subordinate situation." On the 19th of the same month the earl wrote again to Mr. Walker on the unsettled state of public affairs; told him that Fox, although far from well, had been speaking splendidly; and reported that the Prince still remained firm. The earl is sure His Royal Highness will not accept of the Regency (if limited) unless his friends think it prudent and advisable so to do. "He has seen a fine opportunity to give an example of his future way of acting, and I think seems sensible of it and determined to act accordingly." Other letters on the crisis followed in quick succession: incessant acknowledgments of Mr. Walker's help and advice; the reiterated thanks of Fox; the terms on which the sole Regency was offered to the Prince of Wales; invitations to Knowsley when the hares promise him "good diversion;" and notes on the forthcoming trial—the indictments of which appeared to the earl "frivolous and ridiculous." In short, Lord Derby corresponded confidentially with Mr. Walker, on the rumours of Court and Parliament, with the unreserve of the completest friendship. At the same time the indefatigable merchant and reformer kept up a correspondence with a crowd of celebrities on all kinds of religious, political, and social questions. Dr. Disney writes (September 15, 1791) to acknowledge Mr. Walker's donation of ten guineas to the Unitarian Society; and later, to thank him for a donation in relief of "poor Holt," and to express a hope "notwithstanding appearances, possibly we may be advancing to the removal of many abuses, to the permanent establishment of civil liberty in this country." George Dyer, from Clifford's Inn, begs him to get his new poem, "The Poet's Fate," subscribed among his friends in Manchester, the times being "unfavourable to poetry"

and the volume only eighteenpence—and its spirit being antagonistic to the times and sacred to liberty and human happiness. Dr. Ferriar addresses him: "To the many obligations which you have conferred on me, and of which I must always retain the strongest remembrance, I hope you will now add another—that of allowing me to decline receiving any fee on account of your late indisposition. The persuasion that I have contributed to the restoration of your health is a sufficient reward." Earl Fitzwilliam says (10th September, 1785): "It makes me very happy that I am to have the pleasure of seeing you on Tuesday, when you will meet Mr. Fox." Another unfortunate author (Mr. Frend) begs him subscribe a couple of dozen of his book "Animadversions on the Elements of Christian Theology, by the Rev. George Pretyman, D.D., F.R.S.;" and adds: "but if you contribute one farthing towards the said two dozen, don't call me your friend." Earl Grey writes to him from the Admiralty (23rd February, 1806) that his *protégé* John Bates, "a landman on board the *Kent*, shall be discharged from the service as soon as his father has produced two able-bodied landsmen to the regulating captain at Liverpool."

To Mr. Walker, in short, all the principal public men of the Liberal side wrote for information, advice, and assistance; from the time when he first took up the cudgels for Lancashire industry, and achieved a victory for fustian against Mr. Pitt.

He paid dearly for his victory—that victory which was the starting-point of Manchester's present greatness.

CHAPTER II.

A MARKED MAN.

For thirty years after the first French Revolution Manchester was in the power of the enemies of Reform. The principal inhabitants had been Jacobites, and had drunk many bumpers in their favourite taverns or punch-houses to "The King," with green oak branches nodding over their tumblers. But they proved merely pot-valiant in 1715 and 1745 when something more than toasts was confidently expected of them; and they were ready for the House of Hanover only when they found that the new family were not more disposed than the old had been to extend popular rights or religious liberty. The despotism of the Stuarts having been put thoroughly aside by a House as fully disposed to hold the people with a high hand, the sometime Jacobite tipplers toasted Church and

King at Shaw's Punch-house, or any handy inn. They tippled amiably enough in any company after the Stuarts had been disposed of, till a discussion arose in 1789 on the Test and Corporation Acts. The Jacobite and the Hanoverian met over one mug, the Churchman passed the port blandly to the Dissenter. While there was no hope of Reform there was no reason for anger. But when it suddenly appeared to the great Dissenting body of His Majesty's subjects that, the times being quiet and easy and the general spirit of the public amiable; they might renew their application to Parliament for relief from the shameful disabilities which they had suffered so long with reasonable hope of success; they found that the fires which they had hoped were extinguished had only been banked up; that the old hate had only slumbered; and that they would be met with a fury and cruelty worthy of the days of Sacheverell. Robert Hall tells us that the petitioners to Parliament were overwhelmed with shameless invective. "Their sentiments," he said, "have been misrepresented, their loyalty suspected, and their most illustrious characters held up to derision and contempt. The effusions of a distempered loyalty are mingled with execrations on that unfortunate sect, as if attachment to the King were to be measured by the hatred of Dissenters."

In truth, the clergy of the Established Church linked Church with King in the spirit of "The Vicar of Bray"—the song in which the Liberals of that day retorted on their violent and unscrupulous opponents. The Churchmen's love for the "mutton-eating King" was a loaf-and-fish loyalty. It was while their eye was upon the tithe pig that they most dearly loved His Majesty—as they would have loved the Stuart had he got safely back to St. James's in 1745. The alarm which they sounded in 1789 of "The Church in Danger" was a poltroon's note. They knew it was a war-cry that would lash certain classes into ungovernable fury and send many a man's hand to his neighbour's throat; that it would provoke bloodshed; that it would bespatter "illustrious characters" with mud; and lastly, that the Church was not in danger—yet they deliberately uttered it with no more respectable excuse for their act than the thief has who raises a cry of fire in a crowd.

The cry awoke all the slumbering animosities of the Manchester Tories and Churchmen. They called a meeting to consider and consult about the impropriety of the application to Parliament of the Protestant Dissenters. They described the Corporation and Test Acts as salutary laws—"the great bulwarks and barriers, for a century and upwards, of our glorious constitution in Church and State."

The clergy attended in their gowns and cassocks*; the meeting was packed, and amid uproar and high words a resolution was carried to the effect that the religion of the State should be the religion of the magistrate, "without which no society can be wisely confident of the integrity and good faith of the persons appointed to places of trust and honour." Shortly before this packed Manchester meeting, in which clergymen declared that the integrity and good faith of Dissenters could not be relied on; a debate had taken place in the House of Commons on the Test and Corporation Acts, in which the motion for the repeal of these Acts had been rejected by a majority of only twenty. One hundred and two members had voted with Mr. Fox that "no human government has jurisdiction over opinions as such, and more particularly religious opinions."

Party feeling ran high in those intolerant days. In a year the base cry of "The Church in Danger" had increased the majority against the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts from twenty to one hundred and eighty-nine. Mr. Burke had lashed the House into great excitement by telling members—quoting a correspondent—that the object of the Dissenters was not the destruction of the obnoxious Acts, but the abolition of the tithes and liturgy. This was enough for the Church. Not the tip of the tail of the smallest tithe pig should be touched. The press must be put in a state of bondage; and the editor of the *Times* was in Newgate to begin with. Mr. Prentice, who watched the hateful struggle in Manchester, says: "The pulpit was arrayed against the press—and the pulpit had the effect of it. It was ten thousand against ten."

These were the odds when the Church and King Club was formed at Manchester. The Dissenters had been badly beaten; they were the poorer party; they had few champions. The members of the new club aired themselves in uniforms enlivened with Old Church buttons, and sang over their cups, "Church and King, and down with the Rump." Who would not drink confusion to the Rump was a man to be tabooed and kept out of society.

At this juncture of public affairs the well-known and most respected Manchester merchant, Mr. Thomas Walker, of Barlow Hall, appeared again prominently on the scene. He was a staunch and fearless Liberal, yet a Churchman, a gentleman of high character, and a man of commanding energy, enterprise, and force of intellect. The beaten Dissenters and Liberals, few in number and poor in influence, were

* "Historical Sketches and Personal Recollections of Manchester: intended to Illustrate the Progress of Public Opinion from 1792 to 1832." By Archibald Prentice. (Charles Gilpin. 1851.)

of tough material. Their answer to the uproarious Church and King men was the formation of the Manchester Constitutional Society, with Mr. Thomas Walker for president.

So low was Liberalism in Manchester when Mr. Walker took office, that the two newspapers in the town had begun to refuse communications on the side of liberty. A member of the Manchester Constitutional Society started a paper on the Liberal side, but after a stormy life of twelve months, pursued by hostile authorities, and a Church and King mob, it ceased to exist. The town was completely under the domination of the enemies of all Reform, who had an ignorant host at their back, whom clergymen did not scruple to lead against Reformers and Dissenters. "Some twenty years afterwards," Mr. Prentice observes, "I used to hear Mr. Thomas Kershaw recount the perils of those days, and express his joy that, however little progress Liberal opinions might have made, it was impossible then to get up a Church and King mob."

From the moment Mr. Thomas Walker assumed his place as president of the Constitutional Society, the Liberal cause took a new and vigorous life. He and his associates were very much in earnest in times when earnestness on the popular side led very often to the county gaol. The declaration of the new society read nowadays, would be acceptable to any Liberal-Conservative. Mr. Walker and his committee affirmed that the members of the House of Commons should owe their seats to the good opinion and free suffrage of the people at large, and not to the prostituted votes of venal and corrupted boroughs. The society disclaimed any idea of exciting to a disturbance of the peace. It hoped to quash rising sedition by promoting a timely and well-directed reform of abuses, and so removing all pretences for it. A more moderate document, in short, than that which bore Mr. Thomas Walker's name could not have been issued by a Reform Society. Within a week of its appearance Government sent forth a proclamation against wicked and seditious writings (in which this mild manifesto was included), and exhorted all loyal citizens to beware of such emanations of the enemies of the public weal. At the same time the magistrates were exhorted to discover the authors and disseminators of such papers as those in which purity of Parliamentary election and the removal of the disabilities of Dissenters were openly advocated. The activity of Mr. Walker and his friends—the Government proclamation notwithstanding—stirred the Manchester Church and King Club to extraordinary exertions; and they resolved to strike a blow on the King's birthday (4th June 1792) by voting an address of congratulation to His Majesty on

Royal Proclamation. Mr. Walker issued a counter address, in which he entreated the members of all the Reform Associations in the town and neighbourhood to keep clear of the meeting, in the interests of peace.

"This precaution," Mr. Walker says in a review of the political events which occurred in Manchester between the years 1789 and 1794, "was but too necessary, for in the evening of Monday, the 4th, a considerable number of people assembled in St. Ann's Square to see some illuminations, exhibited by two of His Majesty's tradesmen, when the crowd became very tumultuous and assaulted several peaceable spectators; they proceeded to tear up several of the trees growing there, one of which was carried with great triumph to the Dissenters' chapel, near the square, and the gates attempted to be forced open, with violent cries of 'Church and King,' 'Down with the Rump,' 'Down with it,' &c. Another tree was carried in the same riotous manner, and with the same exultation, to the Unitarian Chapel, in Mosley Street. Fortunately, however, the doors withstood the attacks made upon them, the people were persuaded gradually to disperse, and about one o'clock in the morning the streets became quiet, without any further damage."

This was the beginning of the campaign, a campaign in which the ignorant workpeople were led by the influential citizens, and stimulated by the clergy against those who were peacefully advocating the principles of which, in later years, Manchester was destined to be the stronghold. The ferocity with which the Church and King party acted towards their antagonists, took many forms. The Reformer was shunned, despised, and maltreated. Many taverns were inscribed "No Jacobins admitted here;" and he would have been a bold man indeed who had entered and broached the very mildest Reform principles. Mr. Prentice says that so late as 1825 one of these boards could be seen in a Manchester public-house; and that it was at length removed because the change which had come over the dream of the citizens made it a dangerous sign to show. In 1792 the clergy, accompanied by a tax-gatherer, went the round of the taverns, and warned the licensed victuallers that they would admit a Reform Society within their own doors at the peril of their licence. At the same time they handed them a declaration for their signature. Mr. Walker records that 186 of the publicans were obsequious, for "they thought their licences of more value than our custom." The Church and King men were the deeper drinkers. The Dissenters and Reformers met rather to discuss than to make merry; whereas the Tories had nothing to discuss about, being the victorious party, and

having resolved to remain so, by the help of the police and the soldiery.

The declaration of the publicans referred to a meeting which Mr. Walker's party had convened to raise a subscription for the sufferers by war in France.

Mr. Prentice says: "The public-house was now a most effective auxiliary to the church, the publican to the parson, and they formed a holy alliance against the mischievous press. There was now hope that a more efficient mob might be organised than that which only tore up a few trees in St. Ann's Square; there was the example of the four days' riots in Birmingham, and the destruction of Dr. Priestley's house and half a dozen others; and there was a strong disposition to read a similar 'wholesome lesson' to the disloyal of Manchester. A proclamation was issued by Government on the 1st of December, obviously to excite and prepare the people for war against France; and meetings were held, one in Salford on the 7th, and one in Manchester on the 11th of that month, at which it was earnestly striven to exasperate the public mind. Thomas Cooper, the barrister, had issued an admirable address on the evils of war, but it produced no effect on the roused passions of the multitude. A rumour went out that there would be a riot that evening. It was known that there would be one. Persons went from the meeting to the public-houses, which became crowded, and thence parties proceeded and paraded the streets with music before them, raising cries against Jacobins and Presbyterians—meaning by the latter term Dissenters—and carrying boards, on which the words 'Church and King' were painted in large letters. As if by a preconcerted scheme, the various parading parties united in the market-place, opposite the publication office of Faulkner and Birch, the printers of the *Manchester Herald*, and, amidst loud cries of 'Church and King,' they attacked the house and shop with stones and brickbats till the windows were destroyed and beaten in at the front of the house. Where were the friends of 'social order' during the destruction of property? They were there encouraging the drunken mob. Some respectable persons urged upon those whose duty it was to protect life and property to do their duty, but remonstrance was unavailable. Unite, the deputy constable, on being applied to, said—'They are loyal subjects; let them alone; let them frighten him a bit; it is good to frighten these people.' This worthy then went to the mob, and clapping on the back some of the most active in the work of destruction, said—'Good lads; good lads;' and perceiving some less attempting to do their duty, he said—'Come away; d—n the

house, don't come near it.' A gentleman remarked in the hearing of the Rev. Mr. Griffith, who was standing looking on—'What scandalous work this is!' 'Not at all, sir,' replied the reverend gentleman; 'and if I was called upon, I would not act against them.' One of the special constables was heard to say in another part of the town—'I'll give a guinea for every one of the Jacobins' houses you pull down.' The work was going bravely on, parson and publican doing their best. Mr. Allen Jackson went to the house of Mr. Nathaniel Milne, clerk to the magistrates (father to the present Mr. Oswald Milne), and urged Mr. Bentley, a magistrate, to preserve the peace; but he was told that it was 'a scandalous, shameful, abominable business to call out a magistrate on such a trifling piece of business as breaking a few windows!' Mr. Jackson then found out the senior constable, and some of the constables hearing the application, threatened to kick him out of doors. So the printers and their friends were left to defend the premises. 'It was good to frighten such people.' From seven o'clock till eleven four several attacks were made on Mr. Walker's house. 'It was good to frighten' such a man; he was to be frightened in another way soon. The Attorney-General was to take the place of a drunken mob."

The president of the Constitutional Club, being a man of energy and courage, took the commonest precautions to effect that which the authorities, with the approbation of the Government, refused to do for him. He protected his home, with the help of some friends and arms, against the mob. He declined to have his house ransacked under the combined direction of the priests and the publicans. Mr. Fox called the attention of the House of Commons to the reprehensible conduct of the Manchester authorities while a "rabble rout were battering in the houses of peaceable citizens;" but he got his answer. Mr. Wyndham excused both the magistrates and the mob. "The indignation excited against Mr. Walker," he said, "was more fairly imputable to his political opinions than to his being a Dissenter. It was natural, and even justifiable, for men to feel indignation against those who promulgated doctrines threatening all that was valuable and dear in society; and if there were not means of redress by law, even violence would be justifiable."

The president of the Constitutional Society wanted, not only complete civil and religious liberty for all classes of His Majesty's subjects, not only the destruction of rotten boroughs and purity of elections:—he was in favour of peace! Such a politician, in those days, was indeed a marked man; and a secret society, with a public-house for appropriate head-quarters, was formed to put him and his colleagues

down* by force, by the payment of spies, and other highly reputable means.

This society, aiding a daring and hostile Government, soon found opportunities for making their animosity felt. Mr. Walker was not, however, without powerful friends to comfort him. The Marquis of Lansdowne wrote to him (26th December, 1792): "I was excessively shock'd when I read the account of the attempt made upon your brother's house, and heartily glad to hear that you escap'd so well, as I take it for granted that you would both have run the same risque. The times require patience, prudence, and firmness. With these qualities, every thing right and reasonable may be expected. Without them the public have nothing to hope."

CHAPTER III.

JACOBIN WALKER.

When Mr. Thomas Walker became Boroughreeve of Manchester—then the second commercial town in the empire—there can be no doubt that he was the most popular citizen in it—his political opinions notwithstanding. A merchant and manufacturer whose dealings spread to all the commercial ports of the world; a man of ancient family, and at the same time a resolute Liberal; a citizen who had always been foremost in every good cause affecting the liberties or well-being of his fellow-townsmen; and a speaker and writer of considerable power, he held a place in the public mind that drew upon him the notice of Fox and Pitt. His opinions were of some consequence to these statesmen. Pitt detested him as the leader of the successful opposition to his Fustian Tax; and Fox esteemed him as a valuable ally. In a slight memoir of him published in 1819 by William Hone, his activities in the cause of freedom and humanity are rapidly sketched.

"His spirit," says the writer, "shall not be insulted by extravagant panegyric; that language would be worse than valueless, for it could not be sincere; yet the remains of Thomas Walker must not be consigned to the tomb without some tribute to his talents, his virtues, and his sufferings. Throughout the whole course of a long and active life, he was a steady and consistent friend both of civil and religious freedom; and, accordingly, when the repeal of the Test

* Society to put down Levellers, established at the Bull's Head, Manchester, December 12th, 1792.

and Corporation Acts was proposed in the House of Commons, Mr. Walker, who was then a young man, stood forwards here [the paper is dated from Manchester] as a zealous and powerful advocate for the removal of those odious and illiberal disqualifications. During the long contests which preceded the abolition of the slave trade he was a uniform and efficient enemy to that inhuman traffic. His love of freedom, his hatred of tyranny, were not circumscribed within the narrow limits of his native land. Convinced that the natural tendency of liberty is to elevate the character and increase the happiness of man, he ardently wished to see its blessings extended all over the world. The commercial interests of this town and neighbourhood were especially indebted to him. . . . But the most important and the most active period of his life was during the early stages of the French Revolution. His principles naturally led him, in common with so many of the best and wisest of his countrymen, to hail as an auspicious event the efforts made by the French people to free themselves from the hateful despotism by which they were misruled. He considered the original objects of government as being in France completely inverted, because the sovereign authority, instead of being regarded as a trust delegated by the people for their own benefit, was there exercised, under the pretended sanction of divine right, for purposes of the most exaggerated extortion and the most cruel oppression. Under the influence of these feelings, Mr. Walker officiated as chairman at a public dinner intended to commemorate the destruction of the Bastille, and perhaps from this time may be traced the commencement of that remorseless and malignant persecution which attacked successively his character, his property, and his life."

But in the year of his election as boroughreeve we find him in the full flush of his prosperity, and at the height of his activity. He was prominent not only in political and party questions, but also in the administration of the charitable institutions of the town—of which he published an account after the expiration of his term of office. It was, indeed, from his attendance at the Infirmary in September, 1790—almost on the eve of his election to the chief magistracy,—that he dated the beginning of those troubles which, in the end, ruined his fortunes, and were the sole reward of his unselfish life. No man could hold the position Mr. Walker held in Manchester, at the breaking out of the French Revolution, without incurring the active hostility of a few disappointed or sour-spirited fellow citizens. Mr. Walker discovered his first determined enemy while he was advocating additions to the staff of physicians and surgeons for the poor of

Manchester. He was opposed by a gentleman lately returned from America, ruined by the war; and who, having been called to the bar, had just selected Manchester as the theatre of his career. Mr. William Roberts was fired with the *besoin de paraître*. He had made a little way; but his burning desire was to become a household word in Cottonopolis; and he saw no better road to this sudden fame than through an attack upon the popular citizen whom he called "the great Walker." He first crossed swords with the "great" man in September: the "great" man remaining all the time utterly unconscious of the engagement. Proud of the achievement, he made it a subject of conversation at the Bridgewater Arms, and at the dinner table of Messrs. Heywood, the bankers. In the coffee-room of his inn, whither he repaired, drunk, from Messrs. Heywood's table, he rallied the secretary of the Infirmary about the "great" man; observed that he was his match as an extempore speaker any day; and gave the company in the coffee-room to understand that he was preparing an attack upon the greatness of his enemy, who, he alleged, had affronted him. Mr. Roberts, having laid down his plans, went boldly to work, casting low epithets at the gentleman with whom he was picking a quarrel, and denouncing him in a public room as a proud, haughty, overbearing, imperious fellow. He proclaimed that he should take the earliest opportunity of assailing him; and he expressed his regret that he had not called him a "damned liar" at the Infirmary.

It was while Mr. Roberts was polishing his weapons, and airing his valour a good deal at the Tory inns, that Mr. Walker was elected boroughreeve. His new dignity, no doubt, gave fresh zest to the animosity of the enemy who was lying in wait for him. Mr. Roberts, in the course of his preparations for battle, perceived a second advantage to be got out of the encounter. The discomfiture of the chief destroyer of the Fustian Tax would be a welcome bit of news to Mr. Pitt, and it might commend its author to the Minister.

The celebration of the glorious Revolution of 1688—an annual festival in Manchester—was in 1790 presided over by the borough reeve. "There were convened," to use the words of Mr. Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, "for this anniversary many gentlemen of consideration and note in the town and neighbourhood of Manchester; and it happened that Mr. Walker was put in the chair as president of that meeting, by the voluntary election of the gentlemen present; other gentlemen of consideration and property were placed at the head of other tables."

Could Mr. Roberts have a better opportunity than this? It was a picked company—including the High Sheriff for the county of

caster. How the occasion was turned to account; and the course boroughreeve pursued under a low and cowardly affront, I will e Mr. Law to relate. His speech, the interest of the subject apart, rves for its masterly range over the case and its delicate uence, to be disinterred from the old pamphlet in which I have d it. The speaker was Mr. Walker's counsel, when Mr. Roberts brought by the outraged boroughreeve to the Lancaster Assizes nswer a charge of libel, on March 28, 1791.

It often occurs," said Mr. Law, "in the course of our professional and whenever it does occur a most painful circumstance it is, we are obliged, in the discharge of its necessary duties, to oppose elves to the interests, the wishes, and sometimes to the tenderest ngs of those with whom we have antecedently lived in the habits me familiar intercourse and acquaintance—but considerations of sort, or even of that regard which grows out of a near degree of nacy and friendship, if any such had happened to subsist between defendant and myself, would not (as surely they ought not) warp conduct upon this occasion—recollecting, as I must, that I esent Mr. Walker, the gentleman who sits by me; a person red almost beyond the limits of any recompense which it is in r power to make him; for I defy my learned friend to tell me a person applying himself with the most deliberate and strious malignity to ransack the English language for terms of most severe and cutting reproach, could have succeeded better; ould, indeed, have found and applied any that so immediately e at everything that is honourable in man; everything which con-tes a part of the general estimation, either of a gentleman, a chant, or a citizen of the community, as those terms which his t has thought fit to employ on this occasion. The language has ransacked but too successfully, and the paper I will now read to is the mischievous result of this ill-applied diligence:—

MR. THOMAS WALKER

Commenced his virulence against me like a	* *	BULLY.
Has conducted it like a	* * * * *	FOOL.
Has acted in it like a	* * * * * *	SCOUNDREL.
Has ended it like a	* * * * * *	COWARD.
At last has turned	* * * * * *	BLACKGUARD.

And unworthy of association with, or notice of any gentleman who regards his own character.

WILLIAM ROBERTS.

is not a sudden gust of anger, arising out of some unforeseen sion, as perhaps my learned friend may endeavour to impress you it is, but is the mature fruit of a *deliberate preconceived* purpose of

traducing and injuring Mr. Walker; a purpose which the defendant had not only the wickedness to conceive, but the folly to declare, long before this publication found its way into the world; a purpose of lowering and degrading him in the estimation and within the immediate circle of his own fellow-citizens—and by the aid of that commodious vehicle which he has adopted for the circulation of his slander, of propagating his name with every vile note and appellation of infamy tacked to it, to the remotest corners of the world, at least as far as our national commerce, and the connections of Mr. Walker (which are, I believe, nearly co-extensive with the range of that commerce), are in fact extended and dispersed."

Mr. Law described the scene at the banquet:—

"After the cloth was removed, toasts of course went round, and it is usual, you know, to call for songs, and such are generally called for as commemorate either the triumphs of our country or the gallant achievements of individuals who have at different periods adorned it; after songs of this kind, which are most peculiarly calculated to elevate the hearts of Englishmen, any others which are most likely to promote the mirth and entertainment of a public meeting are in turn brought forward."

Unfortunately for the mirth and the entertainment a gentleman suggested, to follow "The Vicar of Bray" the song of "Billy Pitt the Tory," and requested Mr. Walker to call for it. Of the song Mr. Law remarked: "It is a song which I do not know whether you can call perfectly innocent and inoffensive, but there is certainly some humour in it; and I am confident that the gentleman whose name that song bears (being at once a good-humoured man, a man of humour, and equally disposed to delight in the wit of others as to indulge the exercise of his own) would have sat perfectly undisturbed at hearing the song, if he had not even joined in the laugh which it occasioned; this, however, furnished an occasion of quarrel to the sore and premeditated spirit of Mr. Roberts." He objected to the song "in a clamorous and angry manner," and "Britannia rules the Waves" was substituted; but Mr. Roberts would not let the opportunity pass, and, stepping up to him, ended an insolent speech with "God damn you, but you shall hear from me."

Mr. Walker did hear from Mr. Roberts accordingly in the form above described, which Mr. Law described as "a wicked scroll of slander." There is not the least doubt that political animosities envenomed the wounds which Mr. Pitt's toady inflicted; and that the *case* was carried to the assizes at Lancaster on the boiling tide of *party* hate.

The Tories of the Bull's Head were the doughty backers of Mr. Roberts; and they contrived to keep the fire of the two antagonists unabated long after the Revolution dinner had been digested, and to give the quarrel such public importance that Mr. Gurney was summoned from London to take a verbatim note of the trial, which note lies before me. The evidence of the witnesses presents a vivid picture of the dinner, which began early in the afternoon, and at which the convives, on their own confession, drank "a good deal of wine." In his cups one gentleman turns to his neighbour and wildly observes, "What can Mr. Roberts possibly have said to Mr. Walker that makes him look so damnation poisonous at him?" Mr. Walker's brother-in-law deposes that he had drunk a good deal of wine when the quarrel happened—"two or three hours" after dinner—which began at half-past three. It was an uproarious gathering of gentlemen in buff and blue, sprinkled with visitors in brown, like Mr. Roberts; and the quarrel, begun at the dinner table, was continued at supper tables all over the city.

The jury gave Mr. Walker £100 damages, but they left the hatred of the Tories—of Billy Pitt's men—concentrated upon his devoted head; and this hate soon made itself felt. In Mr. Walker's vast correspondence with the notable political men of his day, I find not only warnings against conspirators and spies, but intimations that it is necessary to be cautious in correspondence, because "the post is not secure or faithful." Foul machinery was at work to crush men of the popular Manchester merchant's influence and principles. Mr. Thos. Brand Hollis writes to him in 1793 to be discreet and cautious against a certain clever and accomplished Roman Catholic informer "who may be on his way to Manchester." "Do not expose yourself unnecessarily, but think of better times when you may be wanted!" Then a pleasant touch, "Franklin said of a person of whom you have heard, that if there warn't a hell there ought to be one made on purpose for such a villain." Again: "Too much caution cannot be taken with respect to speech, the temptations to information are so great and numerous." Mr. Walker's purse was open to Paine (as, indeed, it appears to have been to all with whom he sympathised), who writes to thank him for thirty guineas which went to advertise their publications in the county papers; and when Dr. Priestley suffered by the Birmingham riot, Mr. Walker was among the first who came to his help, in conjunction with his Constitutional Society. Whereupon the Doctor wrote: "As a sufferer in the cause of liberty, I hope I am justified in accepting your very generous contribution towards my indemnification on account of the riot in

Birmingham, and I return you my grateful acknowledgments for it. Your address is too flattering to me. It will, however, be a motive with me to continue my exertions, whatever they have been, in favour of truth and science, which, in thus patronising me, you wish to promote. And notwithstanding my losses, I consider myself as more than compensated by your testimony in my favour and that of others whose approbation I most value. Permit me to make my more particular acknowledgments to the member of the Church of England who joined in this contribution. Such liberality does honour to any religion, and certainly the rioters of Birmingham ought not to be considered as belonging to any Church whatever."

Thomas Paine (April 30, 1792) describes all his plans and business to his "sincere friend" Walker. "The first and second parts of the 'Rights of Man' are printing compleet, and not in extract. They will come at ninepence each. The letter on the 'Convention' will contain full as much matter as Mr. Macauly's half-crown answ[r] to Mr. Burke, it will be printed close, and come at 6d. of the same size paper as the 'Rights of Man.' As we have now got the stone to roll it must be kept going by cheap publications. This will embarrass the Court gentry more than anything else, because it is a ground they are not used to."

Mr. Walker was a marked man, not only on the Tory lists, but on those of his own party. The applications to the rich merchant for help were incessant. He subscribed to every fund, every publication that was of his side. Messrs. Sharp and Murray send him (April 26, 1793) "twenty prints of Mr. Payne's head, and five proofs with writing unfinished—it being intended Mr. Payne to have a benefit arising from the sale of this head." Three months later the generous merchant appears (as "Citizen Thomas Walker") on the list of subscribers for their edition of Thomson's "Seasons." In 1795 the same publishers were engraving Mr. Walker's "Head" after Romney's portrait.* "This day," writes Mr. Sharp, "I am with Romney, for his remarks, that no further delay may be in the printing. If you will be kind enough to get into a good scrape—it will make it sell wonderfully well." Jocose William Sharp! Surely Mr. Walker had been in scrape enough, only a year ago, to satisfy the greediest of publishers. A month later (March 3, 1795) Mr. Sharp reports that the engraving is finished: "It is finished under Romney's directions, submitting to him also your letter dated 11th February. The wrinkles

* In the possession of Mrs. Eason Wilkinson (of Greenheys, Manchester), granddaughter of Mr. Walker.

)rehead I have not attended to; they come and go until sixty
r seventy—according to circumstances, and make no part of
:acter."

Valker endorsed this letter with the remark: "There was *very*
:lay on the part of W. Sharp in finishing this engraving, which
) have been brought out twelve months sooner."

. was the subject of it in a very great scrape indeed!
ıd been preparing for a year or two. In 1792 Mr. Walker
o his friend Cooper that the aristocrats of Manchester were
)uring to prosecute him for talking "what they call treason"
: of his neighbours, in his own house. "Since which time,"
;, "Mr. Justice Clowes has been very busy taking depositions
purpose of prosecuting me; which depositions, I am informed,
:eady been sent up to Government."

(To be continued.)

Jerrold could hardly be expected to tell the story of "The
s" without taking the opportunity thus afforded him of
ıg his own well-known political views. The Editor, while
ing to his contributor perfect freedom in this respect, desires
lers to understand that Mr. Jerrold's opinions do not neces-
oincide with those of the *Gentleman's Magazine.*]

Our Athletics.

To have been an honorary secretary of an athletic club meeting, and to have "pulled off" not one but many of those meetings successfully, argue an amount of zeal and activity and a genius for administration in a man which ought to render him an object of admiration to, if it did not procure him offers of advancement at the hands of, the Right Hon. Edward Cardwell. But if an honorary secretary of a great athletic celebration is required to display an unwonted capacity for business and organisation, what shall we say of, and what praise bestow upon, a functionary of that kind who combines with the duties of his office those other and far more arduous ones of honorary treasurer also?

For be it known that though our club was only that of a large school, or college—if you like that title better, as did not a few of the parents of the *alumni*—our sports, from the uniform success that had invariably attended former celebrations, had assumed such colossal proportions as regarded the number of "events" to be competed for, and were held in such high repute by the inhabitants of the town, that the better part of two days was taken up before we could bring them to a conclusion. So interested, indeed, were the principal tradesmen of the town in the success of our sports, that many of the more enthusiastic among them actually closed their shops during the celebration; and, what was of far more consequence to us, sent us such a plentiful supply of articles from their stock as prizes for the "youthful athletes," that the treasurer found himself encumbered with an absolute *embarras de richesses*, and was sorely puzzled in the matter of the distribution of these costly presents.

Of course, the treasurer never refused anything gratuitously presented by an enterprising tradesman, but the misfortune was that the presents were all too frequently of a kind utterly unfitted for presentation to a youthful and successful athlete. One man would send a cornopean and case, but though the instrument was the undoubted manufacture of the most eminent makers, though a better could not be had for love or money, this particular kind of prize was never valued at its true worth, and its lucky recipient was almost always one whose savage breast music had no charms to soothe. Another tradesman would contribute a writing desk, a photographic album, or perhaps that now happily obsolete abomination, a postage-stamp

um. These articles, it is hardly necessary to remark, found no our among the stalwart competitors at our athletic sports, re-nding them as they did too strongly of those higher and more :ellectual pursuits from which they were enjoying a temporary lease.

No difficulty was ever experienced with the jeweller and the uddler; everything those gentlemen supplied, even down to shirt tuds and spurs and leathers, always found a conspicuous position n the prize list; and, as it soon oozed out, in spite of every precau-ion against such surreptitiously acquired knowledge, to what par-icular competitions prizes of such inestimable value would be awarded, the number of competitors for those events was consider-ably greater than for most of the others. For the grand steeplechase —a race, by the way, which for a long time, in deference to the wish of constituted authorities, we were reluctantly and foolishly compelled to designate and describe as "a race with leaps"—in addition to the gold-mounted cutting-whip and spurs and leathers, there was also adjudged a silver medal emblazoned with the school arms, and for this race there was always a large entry; but it is singular what little value was set upon the medal. It was quite impossible, however, to smuggle any other kind of prize into this race, the *pièce de résistance*, so to speak, of the entire meeting.

The treasurer—for upon him mainly devolved the selection of all the prizes and their adjudication—found himself much embarrassed in expending his subscription money impartially among all the trades-men who had been kind enough to send in contributions from their stock. Some of these troublesome, but enthusiastic, gentlemen would grumble unreasonably if due prominence had not been given to their display of generosity: but these difficulties were at last surmounted by the simple but satisfactory method of printing the names of these "contributories," as Lord Cairns might call them, upon the "correct card;" and thus giving them a wider advertisement than they ever could have obtained through the medium of the local papers, though these did circulate, according to their own account, through any number of the adjoining counties, the names of which were all duly set forth and specified at the top of the first sheet, with the additional announcement that the number of advertisements and consequent increase of circulation were gratifying facts incapable of dispute or contravention.

But the cricketing professional, after the manner of his brethren in that line of business, was a perfectly insatiable and always dis- solicitor of custom for his welcome wares on athletic occa

is true that he presented a brand new cane-handled bat, selected personally from the stock of one of the most eminent of the London makers, for competition in a hundred yards race by members of the eleven and twenty-two, and that he took great pains in measuring out the ground, starting the runners, filling up the wet ditch, and performing other necessary and arduous duties; but out of these he contrived to suck no small advantage, and went so far as even to charge the directorate no less than tenpence for a small bag of sawdust; and as he provided all the cricketing apparatus and material throughout the school, and to all the boarding-houses—charging sixpence for an infinitesimally small bottle of sweet oil, which he humorously denominated and duly labelled "bat oil," declaring that the same had been expressly manufactured by himself—and had in addition a fixed salary paid quarterly for professional services, it will readily be perceived by the impartial that he was not deserving of much extra custom, and that he could very well afford the presentation of a bat to his own especial pupils, though the article was selected from the stock of the most eminent maker in the world. But beyond bats, balls, leg-guards, and racquet bats, there was not much that could be bought from the cricketing professional, and it must be confessed that, as compared with the money laid out among other tradesmen, the sum spent in his emporium was unavoidably small. But let us do him the justice to say that after having made his perfectly respectful expostulation in vain, he bowed resignedly to the inevitable, and—to use a most expressive phrase, quite as English, at least, as that of Dr. Kenealy on a memorable occasion—"took his gruel like a man."

And then the press! Mercy, if the slightest partiality, or the merest semblance of it, was shown to the representative of any newspaper, notwithstanding the fact that the firm might have been the publishers of the card, there was certain to be an irritating and irreconcilable shindy that no eloquence, no matter how persuasive could appease on the part of the rest. Politics were supposed to be somehow inextricably intermingled even in athletic sports at a great school, and rival editors could perceive the cloven foot of the fiend of opposition in the smallest neglect of deference to their undeniable superiority of principles and persuasion. It is a tolerably well ascertained fact that most if not all of our public and great schools are eminently Conservative in their political tendencies. Ours was intensely Conservative, and the Conservative "organ" ground the *tune of* our praise to a tremendous extent so long as we patronised it *but when* we withdrew our patronage it was "all t'other." But the *editor* had only himself to thank for the withdrawal of our cus

and he made himself so obnoxious by the persistent use of the phrase "youthful athletes," that going over to the camp of the enemy became at last a sheer necessity. The last feather that broke the camel's back appears to have been an indulgence in a poetical effusion, or rather a poetical extract to this effect:—

> Forth, lads, to the starting—what boots it the weather?
> And if by mischance you should happen to fall,
> There are many worse things than a tumble on heather;
> And life is itself but a game of football!

The inapplicability of the quotation will become at once apparent, when it is remembered that football is never on the list of scholastic athletic sports at any school in the kingdom.

The election of the stewards was always a matter of ease, and was accomplished to the general satisfaction of the rest of the school; but it cannot be said that these officials were always zealous in the discharge of their duties, for they devolved nearly everything connected with the preliminary arrangements upon the devoted head of the indefatigable treasurer, and considered that they were chiefly concerned in escorting the ladies to their seats upon the Grand Stand, and in keeping the course clear during the races. We used to convene a meeting of stewards and treasurer to decide upon the adjudication of prizes and the races to be competed for, the selection mainly resting upon the judgment and taste of the treasurer, as being best qualified both to control the expenditure and to dispel the notion that special prizes which the stewards would most approve had been apportioned for the races in which they were likely to prove successful.

"Who is to give away the prizes?" was for a long time a most momentous query, and one that grew more difficult of solution every year, until it was decided that that was a duty which clearly fell to the lot of the Principal.

"How are we to get funds for the Grand Stand?"

Another poser, but solved by the resolution to charge so much for each ticket for admission. Thus we were enabled to erect a stand capable of holding about eight hundred persons, and it is needless to say that it was always occupied by the chief residents in the town, and by the friends of the boys. We used to have considerable difficulty about the number of tickets to be granted to one purchaser, and the masters sometimes waxed angry at being poked into holes and corners, but they became used to this after a time, and we treated all upon the "first come first served" plan.

"What is to be charged for the cards?"

"Oh, sixpence apiece, of course."

That was a motion always carried *nem. con.*, but their sale never realised the sum expected until the cricketing professional had the entire control over them, and was made responsible for the money. School stewards have so many friends who never pay. It was voted that the possession of a card gave a right of entry to the ground, and by this means a great many "roughs," who would otherwise have gained admittance, were kept out, sixpence being a sum of money not within the reach of the ordinary rough element.

"How much will the laying out of the ground cost?"

"Ah, you'll find that a heavy affair. What do you think, Jem?" This important question was put to the cricketing professional.

"Let me see," philosophically remarked this functionary. "Wet ditch, dry ditto, hurdles, rolling, ropes, furze, sawdust, flags, pipe-clay. The lot can't be done under fifteen pounds, or perhaps more, gentlemen."

"Oh; then the band?"

"The band will cost ten pounds, and the stand will pay itself."

"The bobbies?"

"Lots of beer and a fiver will settle their account."

"The engraving of the pewters, whips, and dressing cases will be a heavy affair?"

"No; for there's a little chap in the town who has volunteered to do that business for nothing if he may have the printing of the cards."

"Oh, he shall have that by all means."

And a very handsome card "the little chap" produced accordingly, and engraved all the articles splendidly. It must not be supposed, however, that he did not frequently make mistakes in orthography which caused vexatious delay, but he always rectified these willingly and without complaint; and in the matter of the card he was accuracy itself.

And the getting up of the card reflected great credit upon printer, engraver, and secretary alike. As for ornamentation, it was a perfect triumph of pictorial art; and as all the names of the competitors were numbered, so that after the race it was only necessary to chalk the figures opposite their names on the telegraph that the spectators might at once know the result, and as the programme of the music, with names of composers, was also printed, it may well be supposed that the credit bestowed was not undeservedly earned. The tickets for admission to the Grand Stand were all numbered and coloured, and the holders of them had only to look out for a steward, decorated

with a rosette or some other distinguishing badge corresponding to that of the ticket, to be assured of a seat. The occupiers of the stand were not accommodated with too much room, and the Principal upon one memorable occasion observed that though very commodious, it had found space "for a far greater number of ladies than, considering the fashions of the present day, he could for a moment have conceived possible; not that he considered there were too many present, for the ladies were the great inspiration and ornament of all the meetings of the boys." The stewards certainly looked upon the business of conducting the ladies to their seats, and of talking to them as opportunity offered, as the most pleasant and serious of their duties. Precious little else, indeed, did they care about.

But the devoted secretary was well nigh worried to death with these admissions to the stand, and it was not uncommon for him to have a whole wastepaper-basketful of "rejected applications" on athletic occasions.

"You may remember possibly that my son was in your form a year or two ago?" an anxious mamma would write.

"We are staying at the Royal Hotel for a day or two, and if you can find time to dine with us to-morrow we shall be happy to see you," would write the father of some distinguished pupil of a former day. But the secretary who caved in to any such requests was a lost man, and *ipso facto* disqualified for official employment.

The races were pretty much of the usual order, and among them was one which always drew a great number of competitors and caused much excitement. It was open to all, and as many as forty runners have been known to start for it. It was a kind of match, to take up and deposit in a basket fifty stones—the stones being represented by racquet balls—the first stone to be placed ten yards from the basket, one yard between each stone. The pole-vaulting and the running high jump, too, drew especial interest from the ladies, and as these contests took place immediately in front of the stand the number of entries might have been greater. But it is not given to every man to excel in pole-vaulting or to jump his own height, and in the former contests some lamentable accidents have been known to occur.

Every fellow with any pretensions to pedestrian excellence was desirous of distinguishing himself in the grand steeplechase, not only because of the value of the prize and the honour of the competition, but also and especially because the number of marks allotted to first, second, and third was greater than in other races, and gave the winners the best chances of carrying off the Ladies' Prize—a distinction

conferred upon the gainer of the greatest number of a graduated scale of marks throughout the two days. And be it observed that the Ladies' Prize, to say nothing of the honour of the thing, was ever a most valuable affair, well worth the putting forth of any fellow's physical powers.

The sack race was a most amusing exhibition, as many as fifty runners being "coloured on the card" frequently, bringing no end of entrance money to the funds. But the prettiest race of all was generally that for losers, commonly—one might say "turfily"—described as the "Consolation Handicap." "This was the prettiest race of the whole list," said the newspaper report, "for no less ("fewer" perhaps would have done better) than seventy of those who had before appeared, though unsuccessful, were started, and this time all at once, the elder boys having to take the leaps, and the younger ones to race on the flat. When they were going round the course, all the colours glittering in the sun, which had just appeared from behind the clouds for a few seconds, the scene was remarkably pretty. It would be impossible to describe the race itself, there were so many crossings and re-crossings."

Our newspaper report of the races was eminently graphic, and as the sack race always caused much emulation among competitors and amusement among spectators, it may be as well, perhaps, to make another "elegant extract." The report on a very successful occasion is as follows:—"If not the most exciting race, this was certainly the most amusing, and—as was the case last year—a larger number were entered for this encounter than for any other during the day—no less ("fewer" again would have been more correct) than forty-six competitors appearing in sacks in front of the stand at the time appointed. The whole number were then marshalled in front of the Ladies' Gallery, and the loud shouts of laughter as they appeared all in line—though evidently unable to stand at ease—may be more easily imagined than described. Twenty-four of the forty-six were then taken to the starting place—some on the shoulders of their school-fellows, others in wheelbarrows—to the infinite delight of the crowd of spectators who had gathered round the ropes, and when the word 'Off!' was given, a still more ludicrous scene was presented, for nearly two-thirds were rolling on the ground before twenty yards had been traversed."

The secretary and treasurer is expected to turn his rooms into a kind of exhibition shop, or show room, and to take his lunch in the kitchen, in order that the ladies who desire it may inspect the prizes before they are carted off for distribution. He is required to supply

the local papers with lists of the prizes and names of winners, and especially is his attention directed to the necessity of forwarding a glowing description of the sports to *Bell's Life*. For all these labours, and the anxieties consequent upon their due discharge, he is rewarded by a round of three cheers, after the greater luminaries and the ladies have received an ovation at the distribution; and, mayhap, an invitation to dine with some reverend Amphitryon who has taken an interest in the proceedings. Well might this great "dual" official exclaim:—

> 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
> But you do more, Sempronius, don't deserve it,
> And take my word you'll get no jot the less.

SIRIUS.

MINA BRETTON.

A STORY.

READING out of a tiny room fitted up as a library is a long narrow glass conservatory; one side of it is filled with a mass of blooming flowers, the other with simply twelve green boxes containing twelve orange trees just bursting into bloom. Standing in the room is a solitary individual —a young man about twenty-five years of age, nearly six feet high, with broad masculine shoulders. Of his face, the lower half is concealed by a short Italian beard, and the upper lighted by a pair of large grey eyes set very far apart. This human case contains the soul, heart, and mind of Frank Legget, who is now for the first time in his life gazing on the flowers in Mina Bretton's conservatory. He is fresh from Germany, laden with a letter for her from her brother. He wonders what the sister of his friend will be like. He congratulates himself that (as the man-servant has just informed him) Mrs. Bretton is out—he shall see *the* Mina (of whom he has heard so much) *alone*. "Girls never come up to a fellow's expectations," he tells himself as he stands there, half consciously, half unconsciously waiting to fall in love with her. Talk of "spontaneous affection," or "love at first sight," this sort of thing is generally predetermined on. *Love* is a science, that takes a certain time to learn, so if the process is not gone through after the preliminary meeting, it has taken place before it; unless, indeed, the man is of that flimsy material that any "human form divine" in the shape of a woman fails not to produce the same result. Now Frank Legget has gone through the first stage, and is all ready for action. The air is heavy with the sweet scent of lemon verbena, roses, and orange blooms. One last ray of the setting sun sends a golden glow aslant the flowers, and helps to dazzle his vision, as a quick, soft tread ascends the steps from the garden, and a tall pale form, clad in white, is at the top. Is this his ideal? He pauses not to consider whether or no—he but feels she is his fate. Scarcely does he know how he introduces himself and his letter to her—afterwards he cannot recall to his memory how they arrived at the degree of intimacy he feels they have achieved, ere Mrs. Bretton appears. Has he been there, seated opposite to Mina Bretton, ten minutes—ten hours—or ten

years? He knows not! Her mother is an interruption, but not altogether an unwelcome one, for does it not depend on her whether he shall ever see his divinity again? Joy unheard of! She invites him to stay to dinner, if he has not a better engagement; she is sure "Mr. Bretton will be delighted to hear of his son George, from the lips of one who has so recently seen him." What other engagement could he possibly have? He accepts without a moment's hesitation, perfectly oblivious of the fact that Jack Lawson is waiting dinner for him at his club, by appointment. In what a maze the dinner passes! He talks of George Bretton, he interests the father with sketches of their German student life, and he watches to hear Mina's soft low laugh at some quaint tale or other. He never thinks of what he is eating. The first time that he really regains his senses since he saw Mina in the conservatory is when she and Mrs. Bretton rise and leave the room. And, as one awaking from a dream, he hears Mr. Bretton say, "Try that port, Mr. Legget; it is a great favourite with George, and I suppose friends' tastes agree in wine, as well as in other matters—here's your very good health. I am delighted to have made your acquaintance, and hope as long as you are in town you will make this house your head-quarters."

Frank expresses a ready acquiescence to do as the old man proposes, and tosses off the wine with sympathetic alacrity.

When he and Mr. Bretton enter the drawing-room a quarter of an hour later he takes in the scene at a glance. Mrs. Bretton at the tea-table pouring out the tea, Mina seated on a low chair with an open book in her lap, and within a few feet of her is (a *fiend* in human shape) a young man about his own age. He is glad to observe that he is short and stout, with round black eyes, and short, crisp, curly black hair. He sits with his hands, which are white and fat, spread out on his knees, and his head thrown well back. This creature appears to be very intimate with the whole family, is patted on the shoulder by Mr. Bretton with "Here you are, John," and actually talks to Mina as if she were of the same flesh and blood as other people. The "beast" has a very good tenor voice, Frank is obliged to admit, and sings remarkably well; but why should he order Mina to play his accompaniments in that offhand way, and actually take her to task for not performing some bar to his satisfaction? Frank would like to punch his head.

"Don't you sing, Mr. Legget?" inquires Mina presently; "John is monopolising all the music." Poor Frank is fain to admit he does not. "Not a tiny, tiny bit? We will forgive you if you don't sing as well as John; hasn't he a lovely voice?"

"Yes, I suppose so," answers Frank, in a low tone, looking straight into her face.

"You suppose so!" echoes Mina; "don't you know?"

"I was not listening," says Frank. "I was looking at you, and wondering how and why you stood his corrections so meekly."

"John's corrections!" returns the girl in an amazed voice; "why, I have been used to them all my life—I should feel quite lost without them."

"And without *him* also?" inquires Frank, hotly.

"And without him also," laughs Mina—"I have never thought of that before. Here, John, Mr. Legget wants to know if I should feel lost without you."

"Yes, Mina; did you speak to me?" And John Elliot turns away from answering Mrs. Bretton and crosses the room—very like a black bear, Frank thinks. Is it something in the expression of Frank's large eyes that causes Mina to reply (with a hot blush), "Nothing of any consequence, John. Will you come and sing another song?"

"Not to-night, Mina, I think," he answers gravely. "You look warm; have I tired you with my music?" (This last remark in a tone too low for Frank to catch.)

"No, I am not tired of your music or anything—why do you ask? You are not generally of so inquiring a nature."

"Because you do not generally *look* as you do this evening," he replies; "I shall say good night, Mina," and he holds out his hand. Mina lays hers in it for an instant, and simply returns "Good night." Frank feels obliged to follow in his train; he too holds out his hand. "Good bye, Miss Bretton." Her eyes drop beneath *his* gaze; Frank feels his power—he is satisfied.

* * * * * *

A fortnight has elapsed since Frank's first visit to the Brettons.

He is again standing in the library alone—again waiting for Mina—but the scene is very different. It is nine o'clock in the evening, the room is brilliantly lighted, and the conservatory gay with many-coloured lamps, for it is Mina's birthday, and this is her birthday *fête*. During the past ten days Frank has been constantly in her society, and the intercourse has ripened his love. He has talked, walked, gardened, shopped, read poetry, fetched and carried, escorted her and her mother to tea-fights, theatres, routs, and balls; has quizzed all her female and covertly abused her male friends, and in short made himself as thoroughly, miserably happy as any young fool of his age could well do in fifteen days of love-making. The detestable

John has been absent, but Frank hears he is to be of the party that evening, although, as Mina observed at luncheon, "he didn't dance."

So there Frank stands, taking a last stare in the glass at his faultless "get up," and then examining a large bouquet of red and white roses (minus paper) in a jewelled holder, his birthday offering for Mina. He hears the rustle of her dress ere she enters the room; she does not know he has arrived, and starts with a glad surprise when she perceives him. Timidly he places the bunch of roses in her hands, without a word.

"For me!" she exclaims, pressing her face down over them; "how good of you! and what a lovely holder—it is the prettiest present I have had to-day."

Frank watches her pleasure. "Do you know the language of flowers?" he asks.

"No—tell me," she entreats, looking up into his face.

"Innocent yet," thinks Frank. "I can't now," he answers, turning away into the conservatory.

She follows him.

"Isn't it all pretty?" she asks.

"Yes," he replies. "If by *all* you mean yourself and your attire. Turn round, young lady; let's have a look at you. You have a white dress on to-night, I perceive, but it is not so pretty as that one I first saw you in, a fortnight ago—that looked like an angel's."

"And this?" she laughingly inquires.

"Is like a bride's; you only want the orange blossom. Shall I pick you a bit?"

"No, no, not for the world," exclaims Mina; "don't touch them."

"Why not? are they sacred? That reminds me, your mother told me these orange trees had a history attached to them—and I was to ask you for it. Come and tell me now; there is plenty of time before anybody comes; here is a seat; now begin."

Mina seats herself, and murmurs "You ought to know, I suppose. If I tell you the story of my orange flowers, will you tell me the meaning of your roses?"

"Yes, I promise," answers Frank firmly. They have both turned a little paler than usual. She lays the roses by her side, clasps her hands on her knees, and with half averted head and cast down eyes commences (as a child would say a lesson, hurriedly and monotonously): "I was born in Sicily. It is the custom there to plant twelve orange trees the day a girl is born—the flowers to form her bridal wreath when she shall marry. We came over to England when I was five years old, and papa brought the trees he had reared wi

As a child I called them mine, and watched as year by year my bridal garland grew. I laughed and joked; and wondered when the trees would bloom, and when I should wear their blossom. And my kind cousin John teased and coaxed, petted and spoilt me, until this time last year—then, as I stood idly counting the buds upon the trees, he came and asked me to marry him. Papa and mamma both wished it, and so I said I would. I promised that this year's flowers should make my wreath—and that is all."

"*All*, Mina! all! You have left out one thing in your tale altogether—you have never mentioned the word *love*. You want to know the meaning of my roses—they mean that word love. In these days I suppose it is an exploded notion to join love and marriage together, and a girl can make her bridal wreath of orange flowers alone, and have not one rosebud in the whole wreath." Frank raises his voice as he finishes. (And they are both too much occupied to observe that John Elliot has arrived on the scene of action before the close of Mina's narrative. He stands in the library concealed from view, overhearing the conversation between his affianced wife and a man who a fortnight since was an utter stranger to her. He also has his floral offering—a huge bepapered Covent Garden affair, all colours of the rainbow. Poor fellow! it is never offered.)

"Why did you not tell me this before?" asks Frank excitedly.

"I did not know—I did not feel," Mina answers incoherently, standing up and grasping her roses tightly.

"You will keep my roses," he exclaims. "Mina, have I taught you their meaning? (grasping her hand) tell me."

"I hear some one coming; let me go," she entreats.

"One word—if you were not going to marry your cousin—would you throw away my roses?"

For answer Mina presses her lips on to the flowers, pushes them back into his hands, and says, "I give them back to you—and all my happiness goes with them; but John loves me; and now I know what that word means; I cannot ruin his happiness to make my own."

"And am I not to be considered at all, then?" asks Frank, sadly.

"I can't help you," she answers. "I have promised John, papa, mamma, and everybody." Then suddenly, as he turns impatiently away, she cries out, "Oh, my love! my love! are you not satisfied? Don't you see my heart is breaking?" And she passes bewildered through the library, her dress almost brushing the concealed lover.

The guests arrive; stout mothers and slight daughters, sweet seventeens and girls of seven seasons; tall dark Young Englanders, with beplastered hair carefully parted down the middle of their

craniums, and liliputian specimens of every known flower carefully arranged in their button holes; fair bearded men, from the War Office, who loll at the doorways, and tumble the artificial flowers and bows that loop back the muslin curtains—men who "don't dance," and make themselves particularly disagreeable to their hostess, when she dives through the crowd in a vain effort to look up a partner for a girl unable to find one for herself. Flirtations—valses—ices—nonsense—champagne—supper—and thump, thump, thump on the piano by the hired musician, with more coat sleeve and knuckle than "touch," as the cornet waxes louder and louder, and the evening progresses.

"What a jolly valse!" remarks Angelina to Edwin as they pause in the dance—hot, giddy, and excited. Amongst all this moves Mina, the queen of the *fête*. Her crown seems to hurt her though, if one may judge by the occasional contraction of her brow. She dances the opening quadrille with John, as in duty bound; then in five minutes fills up her programme promiscuously to the very end. Frank also dances away industriously. His partners find his manners do not come up to his appearance, and "awfully slow!" is one girl's verdict to another, in after-supper confidences.

"Your birthday, Mina," observes old Mr. Lucas, "and no one brought you any flowers! What have your young cavaliers been thinking about? Here, John—Mr. Legget—how came you to be so neglectful? I would have provided my niece with some myself, but I thought she would be overwhelmed with bouquets." (Are there not two withered bunches lying neglected at the foot of the conservatory steps? Yet both the young men look as guilty as if the accusation was true.)

At half-past three it is over—the last "Good night" is wished—the last carriage rolls away, and Mr. and Mrs. Bretton, Mina, Frank, and John, stand alone together in the deserted drawing-room. "Well, it all went off capitally," observed Mrs. Bretton with hospitable pride. "But I don't think Tompkins's jellies were quite as clear as usual. Come, young people, it is time to think of bed. You all three look wofully tired—not a touch of colour in the cheeks of the whole of you. You must show John your presents to-morrow morning, Mina."

"Yes, mamma," answers Mina wearily. And she rises to say "Good night." "Stay a moment, Mina," says John, "I have not given you my present yet—will you come into the library with me?" Mina silently acquiesces, and passes from the room with him.

"We'll go to bed, my dear, if you have no objection," remarks Mr. Bretton cheerfully—"and see the present in the morning. No use

waiting up; lovers keep no count of time; they may be half an hour. Ha, ha, ha! Take my advice, Frank, and follow our example." Frank mutters incoherently something about having a smoke before he turns in; and as Mr. and Mrs. Bretton leave the room, throws himself upon the sofa and buries his head in the cushion. John leads the way, followed by Mina, silently along the passage, through the library, and into the conservatory. With two or three exceptions the coloured lamps are all burnt out, and the orange flowers are dimly seen, like shadowy white flakes, resting on their shiny leaves.

He takes her hands and places her on the seat she has occupied once before that evening, when Frank was her companion. (She notes the coincidence.)

"I have brought you here, Mina, to give you a birthday gift; but before I do so I want you to listen to something. A great, awkward, stupid fellow was foolish enough to fancy that he could make his cousin happy if she married him. He thought his love would smooth the pathway of her life, and shield her from all harm. He gained her parents' consent to woo her, and in the end she promised to be his. And then—then another fellow came and stole her heart away. But still she remained loyal to her cousin, and thought—poor child!—he would accept her sacrifice. One evening he overheard a conversation between her and the—the other man. Not much of it, but yet enough to show"——

But Mina starts up and interrupts him. "Enough, John, enough. Do not be so cruel."

"Cruel, child!" he replies calmly. "I shall never be cruel any more. *My* birthday present to you, is—your freedom."

Mina stands before him with dilated eyes, and gasps out, "You are not teasing me, John? Do you mean it? is it true? *true* that I am free?"

"Yes, Mina, it is true." He presses his lips upon her forehead calmly, almost coldly, stern resolve in every movement. "And *you*?" she murmurs inquiringly.

"Never mind *me*," he answers, as he stoops to pick a tiny sprig of orange blossom, and turns away—a smile so sad upon his face that Mina puts her hands up to her eyes to shut it out.

He meets Frank in the hall, and quietly says, "Mina wants you in the library." Then takes his hat down from the hat-stand, opens the front door, and steps out into the cold pale morning light—the scent of the orange blossom in his hand the transient memorial of his happiness.

ALICE LEE.

For Music.

I SAID to my sorrow, vanish,
Too long hast thou lingered here!
At last from my heart I banish
A guest I have held too dear.

I prayed to the years to hasten
My youth that it might not stay;
But the shadow did not lessen,
And followed me night and day.

I summoned the winds to bear me
To isles of the farthest deep;
But ever Grief hovered near me,
And ever it bade me weep.

I tried to fulfil a mission,
And toil in the haunts of men;
As soon as I lost that vision,
I longed to see it again.

I called upon Love to nestle
Within my bosom secure,
But Love was afraid to wrestle
With a foe so strong and pure.

I called upon Faith to save me,
To lead to happier years;
But a tear was all she gave me,
As she pointed to the spheres.

Then I bade my soul surrender,
And fight no longer in vain,
When Music, divine and tender,
Had pity upon my pain.

With Music my grief was mated,
With Music my grief took wing;
My sorrow was all translated,
As winter is changed to spring.

MAKING THE WORST OF IT.

BY JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XXV.

A CLUE TO THE MYSTERY.

THIS is the age of unrest. In the olden time men worked for competence, and having gained it retired to pass the evening of life—or shall we not say the twilight, the dawning of the better life?—in repose. Nowadays there is no thought of retirement. Much toils for more. Success is a call to greater exertion. We work without ceasing until the hour of death. Look around the House of Commons. There are many men who did not enter Parliament until they were fifty years old, until they had made a fortune by trade. And at fifty, when they might enjoy the fruits of their industry, they plan and conduct new ventures, and sit on committees, and are civil to hungry or exacting constituents. This unrest may not be good for us, but it is in vain to admonish. The spirit of the age is mighty, and commands the Reason.

Mr. Stot was elected M.P. for Mammonton, after a costly and exciting contest. The former member, who was under considerable obligations to Mr. Stot, took the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds to oblige his financial friend, and the affair was so well arranged that Mr. Stot had the field to himself for two days. Still it was not easy to keep the advantage, because the other side started the eldest son of a peer, and heir to a rent-roll of £60,000 a year. Mr. Stot swallowed pledges as a glutton bolts green peas, but the eldest son was dainty and scrupulous. Mr. Stot was chaffed about his career, and on the hustings the eldest son, who was young and inexperienced, sneered at his opponent because he had been a policeman. That was a fine opening for Mr. Stot. He was not ashamed, he said, of his humble origin. He rejoiced that he did not inherit lands filched from the people by the favouritism of a degraded monarch. It was no disgrace to have honourably served in an honourable service. But it was not what he had been, but what he was. Well, he had done as much for the trade and industry of the country as any living man, and he was proud to have made a fortune

Mrs. Stot was not mollified. If people cared for Alice as she did a clue would have been discovered long ago, and she did not believe that Doloski and Gouger had more sense than tom-cats. As Mr. Stot conducted the investigation, and Doloski and Gouger acted under his orders, the murmurings of Mrs. Stot were unpleasantly personal.

When Mr. Stot arrived home, intending to devote the hours before dinner to correspondence about the loan, he was met in the entrance hall by his wife.

"I have been looking for you ever so long. They are waiting in the study. I suppose I can go in with you?"

"Who is waiting?"

"Oh, I forgot; you don't know. But I am so excited. It is poor Mr. Clayton and a clue. I am sure he is a clue."

"I am fagged as a fox after a fifteen-mile run. Give me a glass of beer, which is meat and drink combined."

"It shall be sent to the study. Shall I come in?"

"No, my dear. Most likely it is a false scent, and if not, the fewer present the more we shall get out of the clue."

"Stot, you will not let me have even an hour's hope."

"Nonsense. I won't lose the game by following false scents. Send in the beer."

Mr. Stot went into the study, shook hands with Henry, and was introduced to Mr. Coley, who would be described in advertisement language as a young man of gentlemanly appearance.

"Mr. Coley thinks he has some clue to the fate of Alice. I thought it best for him to see you, though I fear his information will not help us."

"We shall see about the value of the information. Well, Mr. Coley, you think that you know something about Alice Clayton? Business is business, and any information that helps us will be handsomely paid for."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Coley, "I do not want money. I agree with Mr. Clayton that what I have to communicate is not likely to be of use, but I thought it a duty to see you."

"You are right, sir. You do not live in England, I presume?"

"I have not done so for some years."

"Exactly. I always said that our clue was to be found abroad. Please tell us what you know."

Mr. Stot busied himself in rubbing his elaborate watch-key with the cuff of his coat-sleeve while Mr. Coley spoke.

"About six years ago I was staying in Paris, and I became acquainted with a girl who was, I think, seeking an engagement at a theatre."

"What was her name?" asked Henry.

"Clayton, do not interrupt Mr. Coley."

"I called her Marie, and I have forgotten her name, if I ever knew it. We were walking in the gardens of the Tuileries when Marie stopped to speak to a girl who was seated, and whom I knew to be English by the accent. The English girl was whispering to Marie, when a middle-aged man approached and roughly told her to come with him. Marie said that the girl had been at school with her, and that she had run away from school to Paris, had changed her name, and was to marry the Englishman. I asked her name, and she told me it was Alice Clayton, but it was a secret, and that even the Englishman did not know her real name. I did not believe the story, and should soon have forgotten it, but two or three days afterwards I met the girl and the man in the same place. I began to think about what Marie had told me, and wondered if it could be true. The man left the girl on a chair while he crossed the path to speak to some persons on the other side. I walked to where the girl was sitting and said, 'I hope Miss Alice Clayton is well.' I was immediately sorry for what I had done. I could not speak to her again, for her companion came up, and she said, 'Frank, I feel ill; take me home.' They left, and I did not meet them again."

"The man's name was Frank?" asked Henry.

"Yes. The terror of the girl impressed all the circumstances on my mind. I remained for a week in Paris, but though constantly on the look-out I did not see her again."

"What sort of man was Frank?" asked Mr. Stot.

"I should know the girl, but not the man. All I remember is that he was rough to the girl."

"Did you see Marie again?"

"No. I called at the house where she lodged, and I was told she had gone away."

"You know, then, where Marie lived? Write it down," said Mr. Stot, pointing to the writing materials.

"I am sorry that I can give you no better help."

"Thanks, Mr. Coley; your information is clear, and it may be a clue, though we cannot catch hold of it at the moment. Where do you dine to-morrow?"

"I have no engagement."

"Then dine here at seven—and mind it is seven, Greenwich time."

Henry seemed overcome by the narrative, and when he departed could only press his hand.

"Clayton, if we can track this Marie—and it is not improbable—we may find Alice quicker than we expect. By the whispering it is clear that Marie knew something about her movements."

"We may be sure that the worst that could befall any girl has befallen my child. Frank was the name of her companion. That man was my enemy. The misery and shame of the father, the affliction and death of the mother, did not satisfy him. He had heard, perhaps, that I loved the child, and he has destroyed her."

"There you are, Clayton—plunging into speculations instead of plodding at the facts. Frank is not such a very uncommon name."

Mr. Stot could not change the opinion of Henry, and indeed had arrived at the same conclusion, though he would not avow it to the father of the lost girl.

Mr. Doloski came in the evening, and was told about the information of Mr. Coley.

"You will be off to Paris and try to hunt down this Marie. I would go myself, and let the loan go bark, but you will do the business better. I am sure poor Clayton is right, and that that scoundrel Mellish trapped the poor child. Doloski, I am not much in favour of revenge, but I should like to wring the neck of that murdering villain."

"An artful dog. How he cleared out of the way," said Mr. Doloski.

"I connect him with Alice in this way. He had his knife in Clayton, that is clear. He knew where the Claytons lived, for the scoundrel confessed to me he had written a letter to the schoolmistress of the child. We made no secret to the woman in charge of the house that Alice was going to a school in France, and I posted a letter to that woman—gone, Doloski, no one knows where—from Alice. Thus the scoundrel could get to the whereabouts of the child. Then, Doloski, the child was unknown; and what other man could persuade her to leave her school and her friends? He could. He terrified her about her father, and, as Coley says, treated her roughly. Why should she forsake us, for she had clung to Mrs. Stot as if she had been her mother ten times over? Mellish tempted her into hiding away from us for ever. And you know that it was not long after there was that to do about the death of Mrs. Mellish. It might not have been murder, but it was cruel manslaughter. Do you remember at the inquest that there was evidence that Mrs. Mellish had provoked him by getting jealous? Who was she jealous of? Depend upon it, Doloski, she had learnt something about Alice."

This long speech, like other speeches, was not delivered as

appears in print, but was divided into paragraphs by puffs at a cigar and sips at a glass of grog.

"It's Mellish," said Mr. Doloski, "but he is long past finding."

"Perhaps not if he is alive. What we want now is to find Alice, and if we do that, we may give Mellish a taste of the hulks before he dies. We can prove forgery, and there is the verdict of manslaughter against him. But we must not bother about Mellish now. Look up Marie, and, Doloski, don't lose a chance for the sake of sparing the coin."

CHAPTER XXVI.

CITIZEN DELORME.

"So far, the smallest of boys could have done the business. I go to the house in the Quartier Latin, and, thinks I, they will not remember Marie here. But I was wrong, as most people are who think first and inquire afterwards. I saw a woman—the concierge—and introduced myself. Had she been there long? For ten years. Did she remember Marie lodging with her? Did I mean Marie Belloc? Perhaps. Oh, yes, certainly. She was with her for nearly six months. When? About six years ago. Was Marie visited by any friends? Only by the lover who married her. Not by an English girl? Ah, my stupid head. Yes, twice. What was the name of the English girl? Ah, that was a secret. She had run away from school and was very *triste*. You never heard her name? Three times *jamais*. And Marie? She married Auguste Delorme. Where are they? What, I come from England and not know about Delorme? No. Delorme was leader of a grand society to found a Republic. He was betrayed, and escaped to England. And Marie? They were long separated. Where is Marie? At Baden, playing with the French company. That is the information I get here. I shall set off for Baden. Would it not be well for Gouger to look up Delorme?"

"My dear," said Mr. Stot to his wife, "this looks like getting out of the wood. I am not a sanguinary man, as my old friend the Colonel says, but I would take short odds that Coley has set us in the track. We are not likely to get a word out of Delorme, and Marie is the well for us to pump. However, Doloski is right. We must try the unlikely as well as the likely. I'd look after the frog myself, but it won't do for a finance swell and M.P. to do any detecting. But, my dear, I often long for the old work."

Mr. Gouger ascertained that there was to be a public meeting in favour of the Universal Republic and the Equality and Elevation of Mankind, at which Auguste Delorme, patriot and exile, was to be present. Mr. Gouger resolved to attend the meeting and have a look at Delorme. He was accompanied by Henry, whose resignation and patience were not proof against the thought that his child had been the victim of his relentless foe. The passions that had slumbered for years were awakened, and again Henry hungered and thirsted for revenge.

The meeting was held at the St. Giles's Hall of Free Thought and Human Progress.

The hall was a dark, dismal room, into which two hundred people might have been wedged by skilful packing. However, as not more than fifty persons responded to the invitation of the committee, there was ample space. The chair was taken by a Polish refugee, who called upon the men of England to strike for freedom, happiness, and progress; and he painted a glowing picture of human regeneration and the equal distribution of wealth, when everybody will be rich and have leisure to enjoy the bountiful gifts of Nature, which are now monopolised by the band of thieves called the property class. Citizen Delorme moved a resolution in favour of the Universal Republic, and, though he spoke half French and half English, his speech was applauded. The French Revolution began with the destruction of the Bastile, and the Universal Revolution must begin by burning the gallows and razing the prisons. Why were men sent to prison? For trying to take a little of their own from greedy thieves. As for other pretended crimes, it was not the prisoners, but society that was guilty. Every man was entitled to health, plenty, and happiness, and if he had these things, which were the universal birthright, he would live at peace with the universal brotherhood. Ah, citizens, let us never forget that the prisoners and the slaves of the hulks are our brethren, and suffer for the wickedness of society, and for our apathy. The clanking of their chains is a prayer for deliverance. We hear the prayer. We could deliver them, and we do not. Citizen Delorme was followed by Citizen Scraggs, who remarked that the poor were many and the rich few, and that numbers must win if there was equal organisation. Why had there not been that organisation? Why had the conspiracy of wealth against the rights of man been successful for century after century? Because the many were in the bonds of ignorance. But what was now happening? Alarmed at the clanking of the chains of their victims, the tyrants were striking off the chains. The people were

to be educated, were to be relieved from the bonds of ignorance; and when that was done, the people would organise and seize their rights. He did not agree with Citizen Delorme that the prisons should be razed. They should be kept for the tyrants. Citizen Delorme observed that there were plenty of lamp-posts, and, therefore, prisons would not be needed for punishing the oppressors. This remark was greeted with laughter and loud cheers.

While the Universal Republicans were speaking Henry looked at a man who sat before them, and who frequently applauded Citizen Delorme.

"Gouger, that is the fellow we saw in the public-house, and who was run over. I'll ask him about his daughter."

"Every one to his taste, but I would not speak to such a hang dog scoundrel for the sake of fifty interesting daughters."

Henry touched Dick Feckles on the shoulder. Dick turned and scowled on Henry.

"Don't you know me?"

"No, and I don't want," snarled Dick.

"I helped you home after that little accident. How is Ruth?"

"Blazing for all I care; and will you just leave me and her alone?" snarled Dick, as he shuffled higher up the bench.

"Ah," said a woman who was snuffing freely, "Dick has temper enough for twenty devils, and is a good bit teased. He can't abear being spoken to by a gent, because, as the saying is, he were once a reg'ler tipper-topper hisself."

The resolution and a vote of thanks to the chairman concluded the business of the meeting. Mr. Gouger stepped up to the platform, and asked Citizen Delorme for the favour of a minute's private conversation. With the grand politeness that is peculiarly French, Citizen Delorme assented, and was moving to a corner of the platform when Citizen Scraggs warned him in an audible whisper to beware of spies. Citizen Delorme smiled a defiant smile.

"That gentleman is needlessly alarmed. I am not a spy; my business relates to private affairs."

"Pardon for the error of the Citizen. He knows how I am hunted and spied by day and night. Your Government would surrender me but for the fear of the people."

"A friend of mine is seeking his daughter, who has been missing for years. She was known to Madame Delorme, and we thought you might give us some information."

"I know not, sir, about Madame *ma femme* or her friends. Good night, sir."

"Stop," said Mr. Gouger, putting his hand into his pocket

might remember about the affair, and we will pay well if you will take the pains to think it over."

"Ah. Not here. These citizens would ask for participation in what I get."

"Good. Have a little supper with us. You know Temple Bar. We will wait for you there, south side."

"I will be quick there. I will tell the citizens you want my speech for a journal."

While Henry and Mr. Gouger were *en route* for Temple Bar, the latter remarked that the Universal Republicans would be dangerous if they had power.

"But they have no power," said Henry, "and the scheme is absurd."

"Perhaps, but Scraggs made a point about education. If the many had education they might organise, and they could then fight, though I don't think they would win. If I were one of the outcasts I should go in for revolution. In my opinion, Mr. Clayton, we should look after the bodies as well as the minds. Education makes poverty dangerous."

Citizen Delorme did not keep them waiting. The trio went to the private room of a tavern, and were speedily supplied with a substantial supper. The eating of Citizen Delorme was not creditable to the cheap restaurant dinners supplied to the Leicester Square exiles.

When the meal was over, and the party had lighted their cigars, Mr. Gouger succinctly explained the circumstances to Citizen Delorme, omitting names.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Citizen, "I do know of that affair. With *ma femme* I met them. Marie spoke to the girl. The man was rude. I told him in English, which I spoke perfect then, for my father was in exile here, and I was in English schools for many years. I tell that he must be polite to Madame *ma femme*, or I should slap in the face. The ladies scream. Marie took me, and the girl the man, and we were parted."

"What was the name of the girl?" asked Mr. Gouger.

"It is gone. I cannot say."

"That is a pity."

"Ah, but the name of the man I do not forget. The girl call him Frank."

Henry looked hard at Mr. Gouger.

"The girl I did not see again. The man many times."

"Where?" asked Henry.

"In London."

"When?"

"It may be one month or one and a half. It was in Restaurant Potage. He was writing a letter. I spoke to him and make *amende honorable* by telling him I was too quick when I met him in Paris with Madame *ma femme*, and I ask him how is Madame Frank. He look red and white, and said he did not know me. But his face say to his tongue, You lie."

"In London! We may yet find him, Gouger."

"Find?" said Delorme. "Yes. I have seen him often in the street."

"When next you see him follow him at any cost. We shall give you fifty pounds for your trouble. Here is a trifle for your information." And Mr. Gouger handed the Citizen a five pound note.

"I take it because my property is confiscate, and the people do not give what they should to those who are martyrs for them."

"Do not divide that with the citizens," said Mr. Gouger.

"No, no. Unless all divide one cannot do so."

Citizen Delorme departed with many protestations of friendship.

"Gouger," said Henry, "we shall find that villain."

"Yes; but you had better not join in the pursuit."

"Why not?"

"Because the first thing is to find your child, and your revenge might shut his mouth. There will be time enough for that when we have got our information."

"As you will, Gouger. If I met him I think he would have lived his last hour."

CHAPTER XXVII.

ROSE GETS WORK TO DO.

MRS. THOMPSON leant against the chest of drawers. Rose sat in a low-seated, long-backed chair that was perhaps easier than it appeared. Mrs. Thompson, coarse, ungainly, and her face the colour of the fire over which she stood for hours daily to cook for her customers. Rose, wrapped in a shawl, pale, delicate, and downcast.

"It's a fancy I've took to you, my dear, and I wish you had done the same by me. But it's no good wishing. I might take to liking the beautifullest thing in this wide world, but the beautifullest thing might feel otherwise towards me."

Rose, without raising her eyes, replied that she was very grateful for Mrs. Thompson's kindness.

"It aint gratitude but liking me is what I spoke of, my dear. But lor, you have too much on your poor heart for any liking, even if I

was an angel. But, leastways, dear, stop here you must till you have a finer home, and as you won't take my bread, which you are welcome to, I've got a place for you which was settled about yesterday when I was in the City."

"Why do you take so much trouble about me?"

Rose was possessed by an evil spirit, and she almost resented the loving kindness that sought to save her from perishing.

"There's no trouble, dear. If I was you and you was me you would do as much and more for me. For going into a situation you are not fit now, so, my dear, this is how it's settled. A cousin of mine who goes by my name is in Briggs and Co., in Milk Street, who make pretty well all the finery and frip that is worn. Well, my dear, he is agreed to give you out work enough to bring you in one pound a week. On twelve and sixpence I can keep you with a profit. So there you are, my dear, with no favour from me, but the other way."

"You are kind indeed!" said Rose. "When shall I begin?"

"At once, my dear; that is, as soon as we can get home the work."

"Can I go for it?"

"Yes, and the journey will do you good after moping up here for days."

"Perhaps I shall not be able to do the work."

"Lor, my dear; any one can whose fingers aint swelled and hard by reason of scrubbing and cooking."

Rose set off for Milk Street, somewhat relieved at the prospect of not being dependent on Mrs. Thompson; and Mrs. Thompson broiled chops, fried eggs and bacon, and brewed coffee in the best possible spirits.

Yet Mrs. Thompson had deceived Rose and her cousin. The cousin told her that if Rose was very quick with her needle, and worked ten hours a day, she might earn from twelve to fifteen shillings per week.

"My dear soul, that won't do. Mrs. Simpson is not quick with her needle, and can't work ten hours a day, and she must have a pound a week."

The cousin shrugged his shoulders.

"Lor, Tom, I aint a fool. I didn't suppose that Mrs. Simpson was going to take a pound a week out of this or any other house. Give her light work and pay her the pound, you looking to me for the difference."

"That is very fine; but why should you, with a daughter of your

own, and relations, and working hard as you do, give away all fifteen shillings a week?"

"Lor, Tom, I don't believe you can see to the end of your nose, though it is a snub, leave alone an inch beyond it. What I gives I gets, and with a profit. Only Mrs. S. is that peculiar that she won't take nothing from her friends if she thinks it is free gratis."

"I twig. It shall be managed," quoth the cousin.

Deception and falsehood! And the woman is light-hearted and rejoicing in the success of her little plot. Now, stern moralist, will you stone her? Why should you and I be extreme to mark what is done amiss? We are not the accusers, or the witnesses, or the avengers. We are not sinned against. We shall stand in the dock with Mrs. Thompson. Will our indictment be as light as hers? It is wrong to do wrong for a good end. Are we better because we have done wrong to compass an evil and selfish end?

When Rose arrived at the Milk Street warehouse the cousin was prompt in his attendance, and, in City slang, he reckoned her up at a glance. The survey was satisfactory. Mr. Thompson was afraid of his cousin's money going out of the family, and he was glad to note that Rose was genteel as well as poor, for that was evidence of her having friends able to help her. He tried to converse about Mrs. Thompson, but Rose would not talk. Sulky temper, thought Mr. Thompson. He gave her a small parcel of work, with a pattern. Her earnings will be about a shilling a week, thought Mr. Thompson. It must be admitted that the manner of Rose was not winning.

Rose entered the wrong omnibus and did not discover her mistake until she was near Charing Cross. She alighted, and inquiring the way to Oxford Street, was directed to cross Covent Garden Market.

Covent Garden! One of the dear anomalies of England. The vegetable, fruit, and flower market of the metropolis of the British Empire, and scarcely large enough for a first-class provincial town. Not only small, but patchy and ill-arranged. Yet let not the hand of Progress and Improvement touch the place that is crowded with most cherished memories!

As Rose walked through the central avenue she lingered to look at the flowers and the fruit, and even returned to the west end to gaze at the bouquets. Could she help thinking of the time, only a few months ago, when the choicest flowers were cast at her feet, and now she was friendless and an outcast? Absorbed in these reflections, she did not notice the eager scrutiny of an elaborately-attired gentleman who followed her out of the market, and when she was in Long Acre came up to her and said:—

"Why, Rose, Miss Dulmaine, what does this mean?"

She stopped. Mr. Blewlite stood before her.

"There, now, don't be alarmed. It was cruel to leave me as you did and to shut up the theatre; but I don't blame you. I know all about it. You should have come to me when the fellow left you. I should have been your friend, and I will be your friend now."

"Please to let me go, Mr. Blewlite. I am ill."

"You look ill, poor girl. I could wring that fellow's neck. Come and sit down with me whilst I talk to you."

"Pray let me go, Mr. Blewlite."

"What do you fear? I forgive the past. Is it that Shamvock? Bah! my lord is in too hot-water to interfere with you or anybody else. Boliver, he is gone. He has done with you. I know all about it. Boliver will not bother you again."

Rose did not speak. The words of Mr. Blewlite confirmed the impression about Frank that had been on her mind since the visit to Malvern. Her husband had deserted her, and it was known. She now saw why he had been so cheerful and affectionate when he parted from her. It was his farewell. It was not from affection that he had left her such an ample provision. He deserted her, and did not choose to leave her without the means of living till she could find an engagement. Grief for a moment was subdued by indignation.

"Yes, I know all about it, Rose. Men are often like it; dogs in the manger. Why could not Boliver let you keep at the theatre? Jealous of Shamvock. Why before he bolted did he not tell you to see me? It is a case of dog in the manger. He has done with you himself, and he wants all the world to be ditto."

"Please to let me go now, Mr. Blewlite."

"Business, and then adieu. The theatre opens next week. My stars won't twinkle for more than thirty nights. Come to me at the end of the month. I'll say fifteen a week, with an advance from the start. I know all about it, and if you will sign you can have five a week till you open."

"I will come to you or write to you in a few days, but pray let me go now."

"Yes. What is your address? You would rather not tell me. I know all about it. Quite right, Miss Dulmaine. You will write to me. If you want a pound or two now have the money and welcome."

Rose refused the money, and after shaking hands with the manager, walked away quickly.

"I won't follow her," thought Mr. Blewlite, "that might offend her,

for she is the oddest temper ever manager had to deal with. But I must have her, and she is the best star out. When she is back I'll look after her myself."

Rose, having walked for a few minutes, stopped and turned round to see if she was followed. No. She was alone in the busy street. The indignation that had sustained her gave way to grief. Frank had deserted her, and she loved him none the less.

She turned into one of the dark narrow streets that led from Endell Street to the dank, noisome abodes of the wretched and the guilty, the dens of fever and of moral pollution that lie between the two great thoroughfares of London. She walked on, not heeding whither she went. At length she paused and looked about her. The doors of the black, tumble-down houses were open, and round them were groups of women and children, the latter half-clad and sickly, the former ragged and evil-looking. There appeared to be no exit from the street, and she stopped with the intention of inquiring her way.

"What do you want? Where are you going?" asked a sweet voice.

It was Sister Ruth who spoke to her.

"I am going to Paddington."

"Paddington! I cannot take you there. The angels will not let me go to the right or to the left. But come, I will bring you out of this place."

Ruth took Rose by the hand as if she were leading a child.

"Why did you come here?"

"I lost my way."

"No one will harm you, since I am with you, for they love Sister Ruth, and I shall not be long with them. I am going away, but I shall try to come back to them, though they will never see me again."

Rose looked at her companion, and her look showed that she was alarmed and did not understand what had been said to her.

"Do not fear me," said Ruth, "I am the sister of those who mourn, and you mourn. I shall very soon be always with my mother. I am weary with waiting, but the waiting and the watching will soon be over. My mother died, but I don't know when, for I never saw her but when I sleep or when I pray. Where is your mother?"

"She is dead," said Rose.

"And your father? Gone too! Poor sister! Was your mother good? Is she with the angels?"

As Ruth asked this question they entered a narrow street.

"Here they will tell you how to get to the place you want. What is your name?"

"Rose."

"Rose, Rose. I shall remember that for a little while. Poor Rose! No mother with you, and the angels not with you as they are with Sister Ruth. When my mother comes to me to-night I will ask about your mother and she shall come to you when you sleep. I wish you would not go from me. Be my sister, and remain with me till I go away. How we should love each other! But no, you must go from me. I must be alone till I go to my mother."

Ruth kissed Rose and still seemed loth to leave her.

"I may see you again, though I shall soon be with my mother. If I do not, I will come to you when I am an angel. Your name is Rose. That is the only name I have remembered. *Pax vobiscum.*"

Ruth held her cross to Rose's lips.

"Yes, mother dear, I will not linger. Farewell, Rose. Farewell, sister. The day is passing, and there is much work to be done before night, and if it is not done I shall not sleep in her arms. Rose," she continued in a whisper, "I so long for a sister to be with me, but it must not be. I will be your angel."

Before Rose could utter a word of thanks or farewell Ruth disappeared.

At the door of the coffee-house stood Mrs. Thompson.

"Lor, my dear, I am that glad to see you! for my heart has been up in my mouth about you for hours. What has kept you, dear?"

Rose explained that she had got into the wrong omnibus and then missed her way.

"I ought to have gone with you, but there is no leaving business. Lor! you do look fagged out. Come into my room and take something, there's a dear soul."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LAURA AND FLORA.

"It is provoking. Past twelve on Monday, and my nails not cut."

"Well, my dear, you are regler to be sure," said Mrs. Flora Mabel Macgregor.

"It aint that, my dear," replied Mrs. Laura Marshall, "for there's nothing old maidish about me; but cut your nails before noon on Monday, and a present before the end of the week; and it is so unlucky not to do things that are lucky, and I want all my luck this week."

Great and pure minds are sometimes the slaves of great super-

titions. Mrs. Marshall was the slave of petty superstitions. She would not look at a new moon through glass. She would soil her delicate kid in picking up a pin, because to pass a pin was to pass her luck. She slept with a dream-book under her pillow. She kept a pack of cards for fortune telling. She believed in these and other paltry stupid superstitions because she was little-minded and depraved.

Mrs. Marshall was disappointed and perplexed about Lord Shamrock. The story of that imaginary son had entirely changed his lordship's views. The one object of his life had become the recovery of his son. So far from opposing the dissolution of his marriage with Miss Hawes, he had done what he could to further it. He had given the solicitor of Mr. Hawes information for the completion of the case. He had made a declaration on oath that when he married Selina Hawes he believed that Laura Lady Shamvock was dead, not having seen or heard of her for nearly twenty years, that she had now reappeared, and that the said Laura was his lawful wife. One result of this change of purpose was that he no longer had any motive for bribing Mrs. Marshall. Great was her disgust and annoyance at finding that a thoughtless and impromptu lie had cost her a thousand pounds. She wanted the money. Like all women of her class, she always wanted money, for the wages of vice are never equal to the foolish extravagance of the vicious. Her duns were rude and threatening. When the thousand pounds was in prospect she made a list of her debts, and to her surprise found that they amounted to over five hundred pounds. She thought they were not half that amount, for debts always seem less than they are until set down in black and white, and the debtor boldly faces the total. The five hundred pounds did not distress Mrs. Marshall. The thousand pounds would pay her debts, and leave her five hundred pounds to spend. She had visions of renewed and extended credit, of sumptuous dresses, of a new set of furs, of more jewels, of an autumnal visit to a swell watering place, and of taking horse exercise, attended by a groom. Lord Shamvock appeared on the scene, and in a moment the sweet apples of promise became dust and ashes. Her lie, her unpremeditated, objectless lie, had cost her a thousand pounds, and the ease and the pleasures that were to be bought with the thousand pounds. In vain she declared and swore that she never had a son. Lord Shamvock believed the lie, and he would not believe the denial thereof. That was another drop in Mrs. Marshall's cup of aggravation. Now and then it suits the liar to speak the truth, and great is the rage of the liar that the word of truth is not

believed. Lying is not only the worst of vices because without lying a continuous career of vice is impossible, but it is also impolitic. It involves a total loss of credit, and the liar is given over to believe his or her lies, and becomes their dupe. Lord Shamvock was confirmed in his belief by the sworn denial of Mrs. Marshall, which he attributed to fear of being punished for the desertion of the child.

Mrs. Marshall had sent for her dear friend Mrs. Flora Mabel Macgregor for consultation and advice. Mrs. Marshall had first known her friend as an assistant in a millinery establishment, passing under the name of Martha Stubbs. The said Martha Stubbs disappeared, and after a few years reappeared as Mrs. Flora Mabel Macgregor, the daughter of a deceased clergyman, and the widow of an Indian officer. For the present she lodged in parlours in Camden Town, though a fortune of about £90,000 was settled on her little girl. If any one ventured to doubt the autobiography of the metamorphosed Martha Stubbs, her bosom friend, Mrs. Marshall, said and swore that she had seen the marriage certificate, and the will bequeathing the £90,000 to the juvenile Flora Laura Mabel Macgregor.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Macgregor, "what a fortune to be a genuine lady of title, and to have it put in all the papers! Why, my dear, you will be known everywhere, and quite run after."

"I've calculated all that; but, my dear Flo, don't you see that I should have had the title and the money into the bargain. Of course I should have been put on my oath, and of course I was not going to do such a thing as to swear false and to perjure myself out of a title. Lord Shamvock has not a sixpence, but as sure as you are alive he would have found the thousand if I had not told him that cram about the child, which the old fool won't be persuaded out of. And, Flo, I really want the money."

"Can you not get something out of the other parties?"

"My dear, I should have been well paid for my evidence, but now they can do without me. I wish my tongue had been blistered before it had told that cram to the old fool."

"Don't upset yourself, my dear. Depend upon it, being a genuine lady of title, and talked about as you will be, is equal to a fortune."

"I must put up with the loss; but, Flo, when the old fool comes here snarling, drivelling, and praying me to give a clue to his son, I can hardly keep my hands from strangling him."

"Why, my dear Laura, I see how you may have him now. Pretend the story is true, and that you will give him a clue when he comes down with the money."

Mrs. Marshall jumped up and affectionately kissed her friend.

"Well, Flo, what a clever little head yours is! I should never have thought of it. The toddling stupid will be with me to-night, and I'll work it."

"The only difficulty is, dear, whether he can find the money, if he is so hard up as you say."

"Fellows like him, with a title, can always plunder somebody if they choose. Why, he spent thousands over that doll, Rose Dulmaine. You know the girl I mean. She went off, no one could tell where."

"To be sure, my dear. And, Laura, if he would not part with the coin without some evidence, why I could be Mrs. Smith, and you know, darling, I would do anything for you."

"My dear Flo, you are years too young to pass for a woman who took charge of a child ever so long ago."

"My dear Laura, I could make up to look any age over ten. I can dress down to nineteen and up to ninety."

"That would not do; but I tell you how we could manage. You might be the daughter of the woman."

"So I could, dear. And I could be corresponding with the son and produce a letter from him."

"It must be in a man's handwriting."

"Oh, my dear, there are lots of fellows who will write anything for me."

"I may not get the thousand, but I will get something out of him, Flo, and then we'll go away together and have a jolly week or two. He will be here about eight. We shall have time to go to the Restaurant Sultan and have a good feed."

"You are an extravagant dear."

"I shall not be equal to my task unless I get something nice and a bottle of Cham. Besides, dear, if the money goes, it comes; and what is the use of hoarding it?"

So Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Flora Mabel Macgregor went out, got into a hansom, and drove to Regent Street. Mrs. Marshall never entered a hansom at her door. Such a proceeding would have shocked the respectable dwellers in the square, and Mrs. Marshall was very particular about appearances. The tomb that covered her iniquities was carefully whitewashed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DICK'S KITES WON'T FLY.

On the one side two women, cunning, shameless, and unscrupulous. They assail a creaking wreck of humanity—a man whose body and mind are enfeebled by a life of profligacy. When the combatants are so unequally matched, the result is certain, and the fight is not worth watching.

Mrs. Marshall and her worthy ally, Mrs. Flora Mabel Macgregor, readily fooled Lord Shamvock, though his lordship displayed more prudence than might have been expected. He would not pay £1,000 for information. He would do nothing on the unsupported word of Mrs. Marshall. Then Mrs. Macgregor appeared on the scene as Miss Smith, and produced a letter, the address torn off, from Henry Marshall, the imaginary son. Lord Shamvock turned on his tormentors. They would not give the address unless he produced a large sum of money. He would bring them before a court of justice and compel them to do so. Mrs. Marshall laughed merrily. What did she care? She would take her oath she never had a son. After fencing and higgling, Mrs. Marshall agreed to accept £500. When that money was forthcoming, Lord Shamvock should have the address of the son.

His lordship had spoken the truth when he told Mrs. Marshall that he had not fifteen hundred shillings. His banking account had collapsed by the refusal to honour a five-pound cheque. His jewellery was in the strong room of a pawnbroker. Hitherto he had kept a small annuity, but on the strength of his marriage he had sold it and lost the proceeds at unlimited loo and chicken-hazard. His connections had long since disowned him and would not lend him a sixpence. His name figured conspicuously in a "Trade Protection List," and his credit was gone. He had been ejected from the hotel, and was fain to put up with a first-floor on Paddington Green. He existed for a while by begging from his former associates, but how was he to get £500 for Mrs. Marshall?

He again invoked the aid of Dick Feckles, and Dick, like his noble patron, being without money or credit, was glad of another job. Bills to the amount of £900 were drawn by Lord Shamvock and accepted by Mr. Hawes by Dick's versatile pen. They were taken to the gentleman who had discounted the former batch of bogus bills. His lordship explained that he had agreed to terms of separation, and that the bills were part of the consideration he was to receive.

"Odd fellow is old Hawes," said his lordship. "Hates to part with his coin until he is obliged."

"Wonderful!" said the gentleman, looking at the bills. "A lithograph could not be more exact."

"A lithograph!" observed his lordship.

The bill-discounter carefully folded up the documents, and handed them to Lord Shamvock.

"This game is played out, Lord Shamvock. We have all had notice about the Duncan, Forbes, and Co. affair, and instructions to detain any bills offered by you for inquiry. I shan't do that, and you are lucky to have come to me first. Burn them as soon as you can. Shall I light my taper?"

Lord Shamvock muttered something about being deceived, and that the bills would be all right.

"Nonsense. How can they be all right after notice? Hawes and Stot would be delighted to nab you. As a matter of business I decline the bills. As a friend, I say, burn them. Shall I light my taper?"

Lord Shamvock handed over the bills without speaking, and saw them slowly reduced to tinder.

"Fire is a quick master, but a slow servant. Cut this game, Lord Shamvock. Another attempt may put an end to your career."

"Yes; but the pressure has been awful. Not duns, but worse."

"Not in want, surely," said the bill-discounter, observing that his lordship, who had been noted for wearing jewellery, had not even a watch-chain.

"I have not even thought of that. I have lately heard of a son by my first marriage. He is living, and his mother wants money before she will tell me where he is."

The bill-discounter sneered at the story, but pitied Lord Shamvock's feebleness of mind.

"Don't seek him. Long-lost sons don't care about being found by fathers who have nothing to give them."

"I suppose you would not be my banker for £10?"

"Business don't run to it. But you are welcome to a fiver. And mark what I say: no more of the game that brought you here."

Lord Shamvock shook hands with the bill-discounter, pocketed the note, and departed.

"I never grudge a fiver to a poor devil I have done business with."

The bill-discounter spoke the truth. He did not grudge a fiver to a beggared client, but the first donation was also the last.

Lord Shamvock entered a tavern, drank some brandy and water,

lighted a cigar, changed his note, and then took a cab to Camden Town.

He appealed to Mrs. Marshall to forego her bargain and tell him the address of his son without the payment of the money. He explained to her what he had done to get the money, and how he had failed. Laura laughed.

"You should tell a tale like that to those who don't know you. A hundred such lies will not cheat me out of my money. So don't come here again unless you are ready with the coin."

Though Laura laughed and did not believe the story about the forged bills, she feared that his lordship was well-nigh as poor and helpless as he represented, and the thought of not getting the five hundred irritated her.

"Why don't you do a burglary or a robbery? You might get off, and if you were caught it would be no matter. You may as well end your days in a prison as in a workhouse."

This taunt roused his lordship, and he rose from his seat saying that she should hear from him.

"By the way, if you write to me or come here, call me by my right name."

"Your right name?"

"Yes. I am not Mrs. Marshall. I am Lady Shamvock."

"You have to prove that yet."

"It is proved—I have seen the solicitor of Mr. Hawes. He has shown me your affidavit, and he told me to take my right name. When your last victim is shot of you I shall get a separation, but I shall still be Lady Shamvock, and a title is worth something. I may make a first-rate marriage when you are dead."

Laura was a fiend to the man whom she hated, and who had deceived and betrayed her. It was her delight to insult him, to jeer at him, to torture him.

"I shall wear weeds that the fellows may know Lady Shamvock is open to an offer. I quite long for a swell wedding."

"Devil!" muttered Lord Shamvock.

"You are rude. You are so spiteful. You are savage because I shall be so well off and jolly when you are dead."

Lord Shamvock clenched his fists. Laura rang the bell.

"Go; unless you want to be thrown down the steps."

His lordship called on Mr. Feckles. Dick was in his dingy second floor front, and, as usual, smoking.

"Are you alone, Dick?"

"Yes, I am always alone. Do you see anything in that corner?"

"No."

"Would you dare go close up to it and look?"

Lord Shamvock took the light from the table and inspected the corner.

"What is this foolery, Dick?"

"Ah, it's gone at last. There's been such a dreadful creature there staring at me, and ready to spring on me if I moved."

"Why, old man, you have a touch of the delicious trimmings. Have you been drinking?"

"Not a drop. They refused me at the Castle for half a quartern."

"You want a drop. So do I? Here, go to the Castle, and get a bottle of brandy. You can keep the change."

Dick took up the sovereign with tremulous eagerness.

"I won't be long, but I can't go to the Castle. I owe a score there, and they would stop it out of the change."

Prudent Mr. Feckles. Imprudent Castle. A small credit not only makes a bad debt, but also keeps a customer from the shop. The Feckles tribe—and it is a mighty host—never take their ready money to the tradesmen who have trusted them.

After a tumbler of brandy and water, Dick ceased to shake.

"That is an awful pipe of yours, Dick. Will you try a cigar?"

"Thank you, no, my lord. I can't do without the pipe. I feel quite lost without it."

"Well, Dick, our adventure has not succeeded. For the second time I have had the honour of seeing your writing burnt in the flame of a taper."

Dick gulped down about half of his second glass of the stimulating moisture, and his visitor gave an account of the fate of the bills.

Dick gulped down the rest of the grog, and was about to refill his glass.

"Not yet, Dick. You must keep right for a while. Nothing can be done with bills. How can I raise a few hundreds?"

Dick smoked in silence.

"You have no plan, Dick? I have. Old Hawes opened an account at his banker's for his daughter. I have her cheque book. Suppose you fill one up for Thomas Hawes, and cash it? Eh, Dick?"

"Fill it up, yes. But not cash it. Sure to be stopped. You are best for cashing it."

"I am known there. Besides I will make it easy for you. I have had three bankers, and I have some cheques. Confound it, I never had the chance of using up a book. We will fill up three cheques

to a handsome tune. We shall pay in for old Hawes, and then draw out. Eh, Dick? That will make it straight."

"I will write. Get some one else to cash. I am nervous. I could not do it."

"Have a third party in the hunt? Not if I know it. You will have a good share of the profit, and you will never be found out. Who would suspect you?"

"Let me think it over for a minute."

"For two minutes if you like."

Dick's thinking lasted for five minutes.

"I'll do it if the cheque is not a big one."

"Say £500."

Dick shook his head.

"Why not, Dick?"

"They will never pay it without looking and questioning. I won't take it if it's over two hundred."

"You may be right, Dick; but what is the use of two hundred to me? You know why I must have this money."

"Put fifty sovereigns before her, and she will tell you about your son rather than let them go."

"Again I believe you are right, Dick. The fifty sovereigns before her will, I dare say, do the business, and if not, I can try another fifty. We will draw for two or three hundred."

"Not over two hundred."

"Well, two hundred then, first paying in over double the amount. Dick, I am a genius. Splendid idea, blinding them by paying in hocus-pocus cheques. When shall it be? To-morrow is Saturday, and a lucky day."

Dick held up his hand.

"Can't steady it before night."

"We will do the work on Sunday at my rooms, and draw on Monday. To throw them off the scent I will wait here for the cash."

Dick agreed, and put his hand upon the bottle.

"Very well, Dick, another nip and I will be off. Do not forget Sunday at eight sharp. It is twenty-five for you. Is that your daughter?"

It was Ruth who entered the room, and did not heed her father or his visitor. She crossed to the window, opened it, and holding her cross in both her hands, gazed at the starlit sky.

"'Though the darkness hide thee.' Ah me, I forget the hymn, but the angels will sing it with me when I sleep. The stars say 'Come,' behold I will not tarry. The angels say 'Come,' and behold I t tarry. My mother says 'Come,' and I will come. Oh, I will

not tarry. Oh, earth, earth, earth, hear the word and let me depart, which is far better."

"Ruth," said her father.

"The angels flee at his voice, but they will come to me when I sleep."

She turned from the window and saw Lord Shamvock.

"Who is it, father?"

"Do you forget me? I am Lord Shamvock. I promised to take care of your father, and you promised to pray for me."

"I have forgotten. I will pray for you now."

She knelt by the side of the bed, and presently rose with a sigh.

"You are lost, and my father is lost. I cannot pray for you. I tried, and I cannot. Those I can pray for, I see with the angels. I can pray for the sister I met yesterday. I forget her name, but I saw her with the angels when I slept. And my sweet mother, I see her with the angels; but you are not with the angels, nor my father."

Ruth beckoned Lord Shamvock to the window, and looked in his face.

"No, the stars will not shine upon you. What have you done? What has my father done?"

"Stop it, Ruth," shouted Dick.

"Father, I remember it now. To-night a man asked me who you had been, and I forget what. Also one of my poor said I should warn you of it."

"Fool, you told me that story last night."

"Was it last night, father? Yesterday is to-day with me, and to-day is a yesterday ever so long ago. Whatever I do I remember doing it before. I can tell what is to come. Something will happen to my father and to you. What have you done?"

Dick raised his arm and was about to strike her. She smiled a weird yet sweet smile.

"Poor father, you cannot. My mother will not let you. The angels are with me."

Lord Shamvock nodded to Dick and went away.

"Ruth, what sort of man spoke to you? What did he say?"

"What man? I do not remember now."

"Try, Ruth."

"Hush, father. Do you not hear the music and the call? Poor father, you have not ears to hear the music and the voice of the angels. They call me to sleep, to heaven, to my mother. Good night, father. I am coming, mother. Your child will not tarry when the angels call."

Dick set up another candle.

"That will burn till daylight. They are after me, but I will get away from them. Twenty-five pounds, says Lord Shamvock. I must have more, and I must get away."

Dick shuffled into bed, all the while keeping his back to the corner of the room that he had asked Lord Shamvock to examine.

"Ah, it has not seen me. I will get away from it, and from those who are after me. I'll get away. I must have more than twenty-five."

CHAPTER XXX.

CITIZEN DELORME TRAPS HIS FOX.

EVERYBODY was out of humour or dispirited. Mr. Doloski found the memory of Marie a blank about Alice Clayton. She was too polite to confess forgetfulness, but she could not deceive her acute questioner. Mr. Doloski did not like being foiled, and he was vexed at not being able to serve Mr. Stot, his good and constant friend. Henry Clayton was not disappointed by the failure, for he had not hoped for success; but the non-success of Citizen Delorme in finding Mellish vexed him greatly. Every day he saw the international patriot, to hear the same tale.

"Be content. My eyes are not shut, and I am *qui vive* always. I will bring you to Monsieur Frank." The international patriot was well paid for his promises, but his dress did not improve. If he had put on clean linen and unbroken boots he would have been denounced as a renegade and an aristocrat. Mrs. Stot fumed and fretted about Alice, and worried her husband at all hours with questions and suggestions. Sometimes she called Doloski a fool, and declared that if she had had the management of the business she would not have been baulked; which was an indirect reflection upon the zeal and ability of her husband. Mr. Stot, a paragon of patience, became irritable, and the more so as he was obliged to conceal his growing conviction that Alice would not be found.

"It's throwing away the money," said Mr. Doloski.

"We must not think so," replied Stot. "We must keep up the hunt, whatever the cost."

To add to Mr. Stot's long list of worries Frank Boliver returned from America. A letter informing him of Rose's disappearance had been sent, but not received. He hastened to the Holloway lodging, and was startled to find the house shut up. It occurred to him that

he had changed her abode by the advice of Mr. Stot, and he rather esented the interference.

As he stood before the house he was accosted by the ever vigilant eighbour.

"Do you want to see it, sir? I am the next door, where the key s. Thirty rent, taxes low, good repair, and a nice little bit of garden t the back which grows vegetables splendid."

"I came to see some one who lived here."

"Oh, indeed! I am sure you aint a friend of that there Gibbs."

"No. I came"——

"Ah!" said the quick-tongued matron, interrupting him, "them Gibbses were a pretty lot. They made a flit of it, owing just two quarters, with a score everywhere they could run it up, and even letting the cat's meat man in for just on three weeks. I don't grudge a cat its ha'porth of meat a day, for in a small family the bits are nothing to a hungry animal, but people who can't keep themselves should not keep a cat."

There was a pause for breath.

"It was Mrs. Simpson I came to see."

"Ah, poor dear deserted soul. You aint the first that's been to look after a horse that is stolen. Why, them Gibbses robbed her of every farthing of the money that was left her by the party as passed for her husband, poor thing, and then turned her out with just what she stood upright in. It was three weeks after she came back, and the Gibbses were gone, and had took the letters she were expecting. She were awful ill, and lodged with me for nigh a fortnight, and set out one morning and never comes back. Next day comes Mr. Stot, and cut up he was when he found her gone, and he paid me what was due, which was not much, and I did not look for it. But bless me, sir, you do look bad. Surely you aint the party as she was a looking up to! Just walk in and rest a minute."

"No. I cannot stop now. I will see you again."

Alarmed and bewildered, Frank drove to Russell Square. Where was his wife? What had become of her? He felt for the first time the full force of his love, and he remembered his unkindness with shame and stinging remorse.

Mr. Stot could tell Frank no more than he had heard, except that a carefully conducted inquiry after Rose had been abortive.

"I understand, Boliver, that your wife was Miss Rose Dulmaine?"

"Yes."

"That is a twist in the case. It's clear as daylight that, come

what might, she need not starve. She could have gone to Blewitt or any other manager and was sure of an engagement."

"It was my wish that she should never again appear on the stage."

"Yes, yes; but when it's a choice between destitution and obeying the wish of a husband out of reach, the obey is likely to be shirked."

"Mr. Stot, she was the best of wives and I the worst of husbands."

"Well, Boliver, we must find her. I am worried enough with a like affair. An only daughter of an old friend, who was Mrs. Stot's adopted, has disappeared, and without any other business one such hunt is enough, leave alone having a private feeling in the matter."

"I must not trouble you with my sorrow."

"Yes, you must do so, Boliver. Your loss is to some extent my fault—that is, my innocent fault. It was by my advice you crossed the Atlantic and kept your going dark, though I did not know you were married. Then if I had gone to Holloway the day I got your letter I should have seen Mrs. Boliver. You go and have a talk with Gouger, of Doloski and Gouger. He is the best man in the world barring Doloski, who is equal to him. Don't trouble about the expenses. I will find the shot, and you can repay me when you are rich."

"I am now rich enough. My uncle is dead and has left me the bulk of his fortune. He had given instructions for a new will, but died before it was prepared."

"I congratulate you, Boliver. Fortune comes to you at the right time. You are young enough to enjoy it. You are too old to waste it."

"I fear it comes too late for happiness."

"You will be happy by-and-by. But mind you, Boliver, I don't believe the saying about a fat sorrow. All the gold in the world can't cure heart-ache, and with heart-ache it is misery whether you are in a palace or in a workhouse. But be off to Gouger. He is coming here this evening, and we will consult about your affair."

Mrs. Stot was not very complacent about Frank's trouble.

"I think, Stot, you have enough to do without minding everybody's business. Why did he leave his wife like that? Why did she go away like that? No fear about his finding her when she hears that he has a fortune, and I suppose whilst that woman is being looked after there will not be a thought about poor Alice. I wish I could be you for a week, and the child should not perish for a hundred runaway wives."

Mr. Stot is a wise and model husband. His wife was angry, and he did not attempt to argue with her or even to soothe her. He had a pressing engagement in the City, and he was about to leave when the servant put a card into his hand.

"Gouger, with Clayton and Delorme! What do they want?"

"I suppose you can spare a minute to see them in spite of that runaway wife and the City."

"Show them in," said Mr. Stot to the servant.

"Stot, I'm a cross-grained wretch. That's what I am, and I deserve I don't know what for worrying you when you are doing your best."

Mr. Stot gave his wife an audible kiss.

"Nonsense, my dear, you are a woman, and a woman with any go in her must let off steam sometimes."

Mrs. Stot returned the audible kiss, and at that moment Mr. Gouger, Henry, and Citizen Delorme entered. Mrs. Stot was confused. It is not etiquette for husband and wife to manifest any affection for each other, particularly if they have been married for several years.

"Just in time. I was off to the City. How are you, Clayton? When you get back to the office, Gouger, you will find a new client waiting for you. Take a chair, Mr. Delorme. Is my wife one too many?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Gouger; "Mrs. Stot knows as much about the business as any of us. The excellent Citizen Delorme has found the fox."

"Yes. As I said I would, so I have him. Meet him, follow him, trail him to his den, and trap him. I will bring you to him this very night."

"Are you sure that it is the right man you have followed?"

"Sure! Am I Delorme? Are you Monsieur Stot? Sure! I have spoke with him."

"After defying law and prison for year after year, it is well that the scoundrel should be caught. Monsieur Delorme, we double the reward."

"Good; that is very good. But I am so pleased, too, to catch this Monsieur Frank, who treats me as I were not gentleman."

"Mr. Clayton wishes to go with us," said Mr. Gouger.

"I will see him, but you need not fear any deed of violence."

Mrs. Stot put her hand on Henry's arm.

"For Alice's sake be calm. We care only for the hope of finding the child."

"Clayton shall be with us," said Mr. Stot. "Mellish is a coward, and the more he is terrified the more we shall get out of him. But, Gouger, he must not escape."

Mr. Gouger smiled.

"I have provided for his safe custody. When Citizen Delorme told us that the fellow was alive I got the warrant renewed. We have him safe for manslaughter and forgery. An officer will go with us, but will remain outside till we have had our say about Miss Clayton."

"What is the time for seeing him?"

"Well," replied Delorme, "it should be dark. Eight o'clock will do, but it may be hours that we will have to wait for his coming."

Mr. Gouger," said Mr. Stot, "do you think we shall hear of Alice? I only care about that, for the rest is nothing."

"I hope so, and we shall be sure to get at what he knows by having him in safe custody."

"We will meet at the office at seven. Eh, Gouger?"

That was agreed to and the party separated, each one anxious for the night. Clayton was the most excited. He repeated his promise not to act violently, and added that he would not have trusted his temper to meet Mellish alone.

Mrs. Stot implored her husband to think only of Alice, and to come home with the news as quickly as possible.

"As it is, Stot, I am obliged to pinch myself to keep quiet, and when the time comes that you are face to face with the man who knows the fate of our poor dear girl, I shall be on thorns every inch of me."

At eight o'clock the party, under the conduct of Citizen Delorme, and accompanied by two officers, arrived at a house in one of the quiet streets that lead from the Strand to the Thames. Delorme knocked at the door, and when it was opened asked for Mr. Mellish. No such person lodged there. Did Mr. Frank lodge there? No. Mr. Gouger asked the girl if the gentleman who lodged there was at home? Yes. Was he in the parlour? No; on the first floor. Mr. Gouger gave the signal and the party pushed past the girl and went upstairs, the officers remaining below. Delorme opened the door.

"Bravo! Here is Monsieur Frank. Here is the Monsieur Frank."

But the gentleman was not Frank Mellish.

"What does this mean?" said Frank Boliver.

"A mistake, and a stupid mistake," said Mr. Stot.

A confounded bungle," said Mr. Gouger.

I do not understand," exclaimed Delorme.

"You have traced the wrong man, that is all," said Mr. Stot.

"I swear that is Monsieur Frank."

"Yes, but the wrong Frank. Mr. Frank Boliver, not Frank Mellish."

"I swear that this is the one Monsieur Frank that was met by me and by Madame *ma femme*."

Mr. Stot explained the circumstances that had led to the unceremonious visit.

"Likely enough this person may have seen me and my wife in Paris. As you are aware, my wife was Miss Rose Dulmaine. She was an orphan, and her father died when she was in infancy."

"Coley's information was worthless," said Mr. Gouger.

"No, Gouger. Coley, I think, was right, but the Citizen has brought us on the wrong track."

The officers were dismissed. Delorme, who had anticipated having a large sum of money—for a hundred pounds looks very large in francs—could not restrain the expression of his vexation.

"Never mind, Delorme," said Mr. Stot. "These accidents are common enough. You have done your best. Call on Mr. Gouger. We will do something for you."

"There is no longer any hope of finding Alice," said Henry.

"I don't say that; we must try back. We must work the Coley clue in another way."

Mrs. Stot was altogether unreasonable and provoking. She wondered that men could be led by a stupid and designing Frenchman. She hated Mr. Boliver and his runaway wife. If it had not been for that woman poor dear Alice might have been found.

Mrs. Stot was still bemoaning the fate of Alice, and denouncing the Bolivers, when Mr. Stot fell asleep. Let us be veracious. Mr. Stot was deaf on the left side, and when he wanted to stop a matrimonial lecture he turned on his right side, breathed heavily, and pretended to be in a deep sleep.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DICK DISAPPEARS.

THIEVES are proud of their achievements, and honest men foster the vicious and foolish vanity. The ingenuity of criminals is a favourite topic with some writers. As well talk of the skill of the chess-player who checkmates his opponent by false moves. Criminals, with rare exceptions, are men of inferior mental capacity. Lord

Shamvock and Mr. Feckles are not clever, but they are cunning enough to perpetrate a fraud.

Dick kept his Sunday night appointment. Lord Shamvock had three old cheque books by him, and three fictitious cheques amounting to over £800 were drawn by Dick in three several names. These were to be paid into the bank to the credit of Mr. Hawes. Then came the more delicate operation of drawing a cheque in the name of Mr. Hawes. How did he sign his cheques? Did he subscribe his full name, or was the Thomas represented by an initial? His lordship did not know, and Dick refused to proceed with the business until he had seen the banking signature of Mr. Hawes. Dick suggested several schemes for getting a genuine cheque, but they were difficult, if not impracticable.

"I have a plan, Dick. Call to-morrow for the pass-book. If you get it we shall have plenty of genuine cheques for your information. If you do not, then they will only tell you it is not made up."

"Ever tried it on before?" asked Dick.

"Yes; but not for drawing purposes. Only to find out what a fellow had got in the bank."

Mr. Hawes's pass-book was made up and handed to Dick, and on the Monday night a cheque was drawn for two hundred pounds that would have deceived an expert. There was a stiff balance to the credit of Mr. Hawes, and Lord Shamvock was angry with Dick for refusing to draw a larger cheque. But Dick was not to be persuaded. He said it would spoil the game to draw for more, and little-minded, cunning people do not change their opinions, for to do so requires mental vigour.

"Well, Mr. Feckles," muttered his lordship, when Dick had left the room, "you will not get twenty-five out of that lot."

Next day the well assorted confederates met in the City at three o'clock.

"I shall go to the bank a little before four," said Dick, "for that is the busy time."

They went into the parlour of a dingy public-house, in a dingy street near the General Post Office. His lordship drank brandy and water; Dick stimulated with gin, and at half-past three set forth to the bankers.

"When will you be back? In ten minutes?"

"By four; it looks queer to be too fast."

"As quick as you can, and if there is any one in this hole when you return not a word till we are outside."

It was a dreary half hour for Lord Shamvock. He ordered another

glass of grog, and paid the waiter so that he might be ready to start when Dick returned. He tried to read the newspaper, but could not divert his thoughts from Dick. A customer came into the parlour, lighted a pipe, and began to talk. Lord Shamvock wished he had waited in the street. The half hour passed. It was four o'clock, and Dick did not appear.

The talkative customer left the parlour, and Lord Shamvock rang the bell to ask the hour. It was a quarter past four. His lordship thought that Dick had been stopped and taken into custody. The scheme had failed.

The first pang of disappointment was succeeded by a thought of dismay. Would Feckles betray him? If he did, how could his guilt be proved? He had still the cheque books at his lodgings, and they the only witnesses to his guilt, should be destroyed.

On his way to Paddington his spirits revived. The scheme was too well planned for detection. Dick had forgotten the way to the public-house and would bring the money to his lodgings. He hugged this pleasant explanation, and when he entered the house asked if any one was waiting to see him.

"I expect a person here soon; show him up when he comes."

He was disappointed. Dick did not arrive. What was the meaning of it? Perhaps Dick had at length found the public-house and was waiting there. Cursing the folly of his confederate he went out as soon as it was dusk and returned to the City. He looked into the parlour of the dingy public-house. Half a dozen men were smoking, but Dick was not there. He determined to call at Winsor Court. If Dick had been arrested it would be a risk, but any risk was better than the suspense.

He could see from the court that there was a light in Dick's room. He went up as noiselessly as the creaking of the old stairs would allow, and listened at the door. There was no sound of voices. He knocked. There was no answer. He entered the room.

Ruth was sitting at the table working. She did not turn her head or look up from her work.

"Why, father, you are not gone. It must have been a dream."

"Ruth, I am not your father. Where is he?"

Ruth arose, took up the candle, and gazed at Lord Shamvock.

"Poor father! I am sorry he has gone. For him there is no angel. If my mother would look upon him, he might be with us in the sky. I wonder what he did to her. But I must work. Who are you?"

"I am Lord Shamvock. Where is your father?"

Again Ruth took the candle in her hand and gazed steadfastly at Lord Shamvock.

"You are not one of us. I must work."

And she sat down and began to sew.

"Come, Ruth, I want to see your father. Tell me where he is."

She looked up and her eyes flashed.

"Who calls me Ruth? I am Sister Ruth, and lords and queens are not as I am. Angels with flaming swords guard me. I am Sister Ruth."

"Will you tell me, Sister Ruth, where I can find your father?"

"Ah. Who are you? Why did you take him from me? Poor father, he should have been with me till I slept for ever and ever."

"I am your father's friend. Has he gone, Ruth?"

"Yes; I remember now. You are his friend. I will try if I can see him."

She bent her head over the table and covered her eyes with her hands.

"I have seen thousands in my vision, yea tens of thousands, but not my father. Only the blessed are seen in visions. Poor father! Do you know what he did to my mother?"

Lord Shamvock, finding that no information could be obtained from Ruth, was about to leave, when he heard the sound of people coming up the stairs.

"It is not Dick," he muttered, "and it may be police to search his lodging. I must swear I am here as a charitable friend to this girl."

The visitors were not the police, but Mr. Gouger and Mr. Frank Boliver, who had found out Dick's address, and came to see if the ex-stagedoor-keeper of the Lion could give any information as to Rose.

"Is Mr. Feckles at home?"

"This great lord," said Ruth, "also came for my father. But he is gone."

Lord Shamvock had his hand upon the handle of the door. Frank seized him by the arm and threw him back.

"Gouger, that is the villain Shamvock. What does he want here?"

"Truly a surprise," said Mr. Gouger. "Good evening, my lord. Would your lordship mind gratifying Mr. Boliver's curiosity?"

His lordship made an unsuccessful attempt to sneer.

"We find this lord associating with Feckles. Does that explain the robbery? Has this lord persecuted my wife, and driven her from place to place?"

Lord Shamvock did not try to sneer. Frank looked dangerous.

"I have never seen or heard of your wife since she left the theatre, and that I swear. Mr. Gouger can tell you I have had too much to do."

"I am honoured, my lord, to be your reference, and can assure my friend Mr. Boliver that you have been pressed by important business. Mr. Feckles, I believe, acted as a kind of secretary for you just before your late auspicious marriage. But until to-night I did not know that your clever penman and Feckles the door-keeper were the same person."

"I knew Feckles at the theatre. He was in poverty, and I helped him. That poor girl could tell you the same."

Ruth was working, and did not heed the remark.

"There is one thing you must set right before you and I part," said Frank. "You have reported that my wife had a large sum of money from you. So she did, and by my direction. It was about £200 in jewels and £500 in cash. Why did I get the money from you?"

"I owed it to you," said Lord Shamvock, sullenly.

"That will not do. You must be more precise."

"I fairly owed you the money, and more too."

"I will help your memory. You made me your innocent tool and dupe in a fraud. Did you not?"

Lord Shamvock gave a gesture of assent.

"Answer the question."

Lord Shamvock looked at Mr. Gouger.

"You had better answer," said that gentleman. "I shall not be a witness against you."

"I did not use you fairly in that affair."

"Was I not your innocent tool and dupe?"

"Yes."

"Then, to save myself from disgrace, I sold all the property I had and gave you the money to pay the forged bills. You used the money and did not pay the bills, and when I remonstrated you threatened me with a false charge. Is not that true?"

"Yes," said Lord Shamvock. "Have you done?"

"I ought, perhaps, to punish you for your villainy, but it is not worth while, since the world knows you [illegible] thief and a forger. You can go, and, if you are wis

His lordship departed without a word. He returned to his lodging. Dick had not been or sent to him. He concluded that his confederate had been taken into custody.

"The miserable, hateful fool will not betray me, and if he does, I must play the game of brag and face it out. There is no evidence against me. I could not help Feckles stealing the cheques from my room. I did not forge the cheques or present them. My word will answer any charge brought by Feckles."

But his lordship was very uncomfortable, and he had to repeat to himself over and over again that there was no evidence against him before he could think of any other topic. Perhaps the long night, unrelieved by sleep even for a minute, would have been less terrible if he had thought only of Dick and the forged cheques. The interview with Frank enraged him and mortified him. To be seen in such a place by the man he had wronged and hated! To have to confess before such a man as Gouger! To be so spiritless and cowed that he could not reply to the rough threat of Frank Boliver! His face flushed as he thought of these things, and in his impotent rage he clenched and shook his fist. And he felt that he was impotent. Even the ghastly lurid light of the hope of revenge did not brighten the black darkness of despair.

What of his son? Oh, if he had some one to love him he could bear with his trouble. But how could he find his son? That fiend Laura would not tell him his son's address without money. If Dick had returned with the money he might then have known the address of his boy, and have been travelling to see him, to own him, and to embrace him. He could get no money. His son was lost to him.

Several thoughts at the same moment disturbed his mind. He sprang from the bed. He paced the room. He reeled. Was he going mad? Was he dying? He took a jug of water, drank deeply, and bathed his head.

"I must try to pray," he muttered.

He knelt by the bedside for a moment. He rose in haste.

"That will not do. That would make me mad or kill me."

He could not pray, but he cursed. He cursed his own folly. He cursed Dick, Laura, Boliver, and Hawes.

All the long, long night he tossed about the bed groaning, lamenting, fuming, fearing, and cursing.

In the morning he was shocked at his haggard face, and covered the glass with a towel so that he might not again see himself.

(*To be continued.*)

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

THE question of the burial or burning of our deceased friends is one that crops up every now and then. Mrs. Rose Mary Crawshay is reviving it in some newspaper correspondence, and Joaquin Miller expresses himself favourable to burning in "Life among the Modocs." A recent number of the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* will be specially interesting to those who are troubled about these things. It contains an illustration of the head of a Macas Indian after death, upon which Sir John Lubbock relates some curious facts. These Macas Indians of Ecuador, when a friend or relative dies, preserve his head. It is severed from the body, boiled with an infusion of herbs, and the internal parts removed through the hole of the neck. Heated stones are introduced into the cavity for the purpose of drying up the skin of the head. A string is attached, by which the head can conveniently be hung in the hut. The head is then solemnly abused by the owner, and its mouth at once sewn up to prevent any possibility of reply. There is a fine touch of cynicism in this sewing up of the mouth.

THE Early English Text Society, which has done so much good work, has received an important concession at the hands of the Marquis of Lothian, who has given the society permission to print his unique Anglo-Saxon Homilies of the tenth century. He is also at his own expense printing a selection of political letters from among the correspondence of his ancestors for presentation to the Roxburghe Club.

AMONG the latest works which I have received from the Early English Text Society are "An Old English Miscellany," "Palladius on Husbandry," and "King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral Care." The miscellaneous volume contains the "Bestiary," from the Arundel MSS. in the British Museum. This work has been thrice printed: twice by Mr. Thomas Wright, and
Scraps from the "Bestiary" are freq

authors. The translation of "The Dove" is admirably done. I must be pardoned for quoting so excellent a piece of ancient morality modernised with so much purity and beauty of expression :—

> The dove has good seven habits.
> She has no "gall" in her.
> Let us all be "simple and soft."
> She lives not by plunder.
> Let us avoid all robbery.
> She picks up seed only, and avoids worms.
> Of Christ's love we all have need,
> She acts as a mother to the young of other birds.
> Let us assist one another.
> Her song is a mournful plaint.
> Let us bewail our sins.
> In water she is aware of the coming of the hawk.
> So in the Book are we taught to flee from the devil.
> In a hole of the rock she makes her nest.
> In Christ's mercy our hope is best.

I heartily congratulate the Rev. Dr. Morris and the society upon this remarkable miscellany. "Palladius on Husbandry," from the Colchester Castle MS. of 1420, is not less notable in its way. It offers a fine practical illustration of the aphorism that "There is nothing new under the sun." Of all the unpublished Old English texts, Mr. Henry Sweet says this other publication, "King Alfred's West-Saxon version of Gregory's Pastoral Care," is perhaps the most important. Preserved in two MSS. written during Alfred's lifetime, it affords data of the highest value for fixing the grammatical peculiarities of the West-Saxon dialect of the ninth century. The present edition is the first one of any of Alfred's works which is based on contemporary MSS. Mr. Sweet has done the fullest justice to his materials. In concluding a well written and valuable explanatory preface, Mr. Sweet expresses a hope which must be endorsed by most literary men and students—namely, that this work may contribute somewhat to that reviving interest in the study of English of which so many cheering signs begin to show themselves in various quarters. "Ignorance and literary intolerance may sneer at 'Anglo-Saxon,' but all liberal minds are agreed that, even if Old English were totally destitute of intrinsic merit, it would still form a necessary link in the history of our language, and as such, be well worthy of attention. Here, as in all branches of knowledge, it may be safely asserted that the wider the range of study, the more valuable will be its fruits. Shakespeare is elucidated by Chaucer. Chaucer, again, cannot be fully appreciated without a knowledge of the Oldest English, whence to the

kindred tongues is but a short step—to the Heliad, the Edda, and the classic prose of Iceland."

DESPITE the moral that "Murder will out," it strikes me as the most remarkable incident of the ingenious Bank forgeries perpetrated by the Bidwells and their two friends that the discovery of the crime was so blunderingly provided. To send in for discount a forged bill without a date was the very height of carelessness. But for the necessity of inquiry upon this point the forgers might have got away with all their plunder, and had a good three months' clear start of discovery and pursuit. It is a new feature in the history of crime to begin work with a large capital, and the severe sentence of the forgers in this case needs no other justification. The men first obtained confidence by a heavy deposit of cash at the Bank, then discounted genuine bills, and next slipped in their forged paper. They were emboldened by the fact that in England bills are not referred to the acceptor, as in America, before being discounted. They were discovered, although acting upon this English custom, by themselves forcing the Bank to make this reference by reason of their neglect to date two of the forged bills, thus preparing the net in which they were to be taken. The chief lesson to be learnt from this affair, so far as the practice of banking is concerned, is the desirability of adopting the American system of referring to the acceptors of bills in all cases before passing them for discount. The other moral is the old one of honesty being the best policy, though it must be confessed that this old-world philosophy is rather sneered at nowadays.

LATELY, visiting some of the sheep farms of Lincolnshire, I was curiously reminded of a letter addressed to me by an esteemed correspondent more than a hundred years ago. I noticed that while the Midland farmer talked to his horse, and even petted his oxen, he treated his sheep as an animal peculiarly devoid of intelligence. Alexander Smith, in one of the most charming of modern essays, "On the Importance of a Man to Himself," relates how he once found himself on a parallel line of railway with a cattle truck, and being fascinated by the large patient melancholy eyes of the oxen. De Quincey says cows are among the gentlest of breathing creatures, for which he expresses a deep love. Now, I noticed among my agricultural friends this general sentiment in practice, a sort of general disregard for the intelligence or feelings of sheep, thou me there is as much sad pitiful intelligence in the eye of a

there is in the "patient melancholy" face of a cow. While the farmer has brought sheep to the perfection of size and shape and profit, that sort of mutual regard which animated sheep, shepherds, and shepherdesses in the old days seems to have died out. I am, I say, reminded of this by a letter written to me a century ago, inquiring into the methods which the shepherds of Jewry and the Eastern countries followed in the care of their flocks. St. John says, "To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice." On these words Dr. Hammond observes that the shepherds of Judea knew every sheep separately, and that "shepherds of that country had a distinct name for every sheep, which each sheep knew and answered by obedientiall coming or following to that call." Moreover, they trained up the ram to collect the flock, a far better device than that of the sheep-dog. Homer endorses this in his simile of Ulysses drawing up his men to a ram ordering the flock :—

> Nor yet appear his care and conduct small;
> From rank to rank he moved and orders all;
> The stately ram thus measures o'er the ground,
> And master of the flock surveys them round.

On the authority of Philo Judæus, a philosophic Jew, born and bred in Egypt, in his first chapter concerning the Creation says: "Woolly rams laden with thick fleeces in spring season, being ordered by their shepherd, stand without moving and, silently stooping a little, put themselves into his hand to have their wool shorn; being accustomed, as cities are, to pay their yearly tribute to man, their king by nature." This is a very different picture to that of modern sheep-shearing, and I commend the consideration of it to my country friends who are practically interested in the subject. I do not often go among cows and sheep; the more reason this why, like poor Alexander Smith, finding myself face to face with them, I should surprise myself, and them, too, perhaps, by looking straight into their eyes and losing myself in wondering about the intelligence that lurks behind those large contemplative melancholy orbs.

In these days of inventions worked by the means of joint-stock enterprise, I wonder the modern successor of the alchemist does not turn up. I met a man at a scientific meeting a week ago, who told me he could make diamonds. Why does he not go into the

City, and get up his company? That seems to me to be the natural sequel to such valuable knowledge. It is strange that he should consent to go about London as poor as Dr. Johnson was when first I knew my illustrious contributor. Surely a company to work a patent diamond-making machine would be as easy to float as to form, unless the facility of manufacture knocked down the price of diamonds to an unremunerative price. But the alchemists, the gold-makers, where are they in these inquiring and gullible days? Metallurgy is now so thoroughly recognised a science, and has done such wonderful things, that there are thousands, I am sure, ready to believe in gold-making, and faith, it seems, is all that promoters ask for at the outset of a company, and indeed is all that the inventor requires. Adverse critics might quote from "The Alchemist" against the scheme, but that would only lead to a grand advertising controversy in the papers which a clever promoter would turn to good account. Diamond mills and gold factories are not more absurd than many schemes which float in the City, and find pleasant havens of rest in quiet corners of the Empire.

The combinations of capitalists for really stable undertakings are stupendous. It would almost seem as if private enterprise were coming to an end in this age of finance. The great works and manufactories of the nation are gradually being taken up by public companies, and the result is undoubtedly a more rapid development of our national resources. The latest and most remarkable instance of the union of men and money in this direction is the purchase of the Cyfarthfa Iron Works, which, in the hands of the Crawshays, have become famous wherever iron is known and used. The works employ 5,000 men, and produce 1,300 tons of pig iron and 1,000 tons of finished bars and railway iron per week. The ore and the coal and limestone to work it are all found on the spot. Hearing that Mr. Crawshay was disposed to retire from business life, a few capitalists met and purchased his works, the price being more than a million and a quarter sterling. Nor is this all. The buyers, as if they had Aladdin's lamp and had only to rub it to produce untold wealth, looked about the surrounding country and purchased other smaller works here and there; and having done this, they examined the South Wales coal basin and secured leases of all its unlet coal. The whole of their mineral, railway stock, and other purchases makes up a fabulous sum of money, and points to a combination for mining in South Wales that is quite unique in its ambition, power, and prospects. The subject is

creating intense interest in the principality and elsewhere. The story of Cyfarthfa with its castle and river is a chapter in the history of mining not unworthy of the pen of Mr. Smiles.

I HAVE received the following letter upon the subject of St. John's Gate :—

"24, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.,
27th August, 1873.

"Sir,—Knowing that the future of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, is sure to be a matter of interest to your readers, we hope you will allow us to explain that the rumour (so extensively circulated) that the old tavern is to be at once closed is not founded on fact. The property was recently purchased by a private gentleman, a client of our house, who is a member of the English Branch of the Order of St. John; and his membership in that order has apparently given rise to the statement that the property had been sold to them, and would be almost immediately converted to their purposes. Though it is hoped that the order may ultimately acquire this interesting building, there is no present prospect of the property changing hands; but the house will continue to be conducted as an old-fashioned tavern, and a pleasant resort for antiquarian and similar societies.

"We remain, Sir, your faithful servants,

"CHAPMAN AND TURNER.

"The Editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine.*"

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1873.

CLYTIE.

A NOVEL OF MODERN LIFE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VII.

DURING THE ADJOURNMENT.

THE bust was set up again, and the old worshipper stood before it.

Only the scene was changed, but with this change the surrounding circumstances were also altered. The bust of Clytie no longer represented to Tom Mayfield the fair girl in whom all his hopes were centred, though it was still the deity of his love; it symbolised his early life, his first dreams of happiness, his ideal world; it also represented to him ruined hopes, the hollowness of life, the mockery of happiness, the promise of revenge. Even now he could not look upon it calmly. It stirred his blood. It conjured up that simple city of the north with its vision of beauty. It awakened the echoes of the Bailey. It brought back sounds of music from the old organ loft of St. Bride's. It reanimated a dead, faded out dream, and for the moment bathed the poet's fancy in a cloud of sunshine; but only to invite the cloud and the storm of falsified hopes, of despair and misery, with Philip Ransford as the evil genius of the darkness.

He had set it up, the well-known bust; set it up on the mantel-shelf of a little room looking on the courtyard of the old-fashioned hotel at Boulogne whither he had gone the morn

Ransford case was adjourned. He had resolved to seek for those proofs of the marriage of Clytie's mother which seemed to be a matter of so much moment to her. He had loved her once with all his heart and soul; aye, and he loved her now for that matter. Nothing could alter that early dream. He loved her now not as Lady St. Barnard. He only knew her as Clytie, as the belle of the cathedral city, and he would go on loving that vision of her till the day of his death. Similarly he hated Philip Ransford, and he would go on hating him, though his hate was now intensified by the full realisation of his early fears concerning Ransford's true intentions with regard to Clytie.

"If I had the scoundrel out in California," he said, addressing the figure, "I should shoot him like a dog, Clytie."

The trees in the old courtyard whispered in the summer breeze. Tom sat cross-legged on a chair and smoked. He was the beau-ideal of a poet in personal appearance. The brown velvet coat, the low collar, the ample neck, the long white and brown hair, the grey beard, the broad open brow, the clear bright eye, the bronzed cheeks, the long deep gaze that seemed to look into the future.

"Oh, Clytie, if you only knew the suffering you have caused me! I once thought I had wiped you out of my memory. I scored out your likeness from my heart I thought; but I only lacerated the spot; your soft eyes and pouting lips were there when next I examined myself. Who can obliterate the past? Does it not rise up before us, even the past before we were born, and claim relationship with us and boldly ask for our sympathy and our tears? Thy mother, Clytie! Yonder villain strikes at thee, and lo! the ghost of thy mother rises up in court and demands satisfaction. And Fate, who knew what was coming, takes me by the hand in those far off wastes beyond civilisation, and says, 'Come, come, Kalmat, they want thee in Europe.'"

The bust stood there as if solemnly listening to the speaker, and the trees went on seemingly whispering concerning his mission.

"Art thou really the true Clytie?" he continued, presently changing his tone and manner. "Art thou the sweet, innocent, true, loving Clytie, pure and noble and gentle? Or art thou indeed that other Clytie, and is this hell-hound of Dunelm the Amyntor of Argos, who would put out thine eyes as he did those of his son Phœnix; nay, who would lower thee to the gutter and the stews? No, I will believe nothing ill of thee. Thou shalt be the sun-flower of my love. Have I not wasted a life upon thee, and shall I not even have thee as an ideal? Is it not enough that he robbed thee from me in the days of my youth, that he should now destroy even the poetry of

memory, cast down the altar at which Imagination bends the knee? Oh, Clytie, if thou could'st have loved me, that had been our true destiny!"

The poet was interrupted by a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of a priest.

"Ah, you have come," exclaimed Tom. "Welcome! Have you good news?"

"Not very good," said the priest.

"Any trace of the marriage?"

"Trace, yes; certainly I may say that."

"Good," said Tom, laying down his pipe. "Good. May I order some coffee for you, my father?"

"Thank you," said the priest.

"It shall be a grand day for your Hospital of Mary, my father, if you can clear up this business for me," said the poet.

"I shall leave no stone unturned. The officiating priest of that period would be Father Lemare, of the Society of Jesus. I have ascertained that he is still living."

"Ah, that is good news, my father: that is indeed good news," said Tom. "Do you smoke?"

"A cigarette," said the priest.

The waiter brought cigarettes with the coffee, and the priest settled himself in an arm-chair for a comfortable chat.

"I always find conversation goes much smoother between the whiffs of a pipe," said the poet.

"You have had great experience, no doubt," said the priest. "You have travelled much."

"I have, indeed," replied the poet. "If you are the means of giving me satisfactory evidence of the marriage of this English milord and Miss Pitt, I shall endow the Hospital of Mary with twenty-five thousand francs a year."

"And yet milord is a Protestant," said the priest.

"Milord is not milord at all, only plain Mister, a wanderer on the face of the earth, and his religion is a very simple business, my father; but he has money, gold that he has dug out of the mountain side; washed out of the river; and he can spare a thousand a year. In earnest, my father, there is a small packet for charity; deal with it as you please."

The poet handed his guest a hundred sovereigns.

"It shall be well disposed of," said the priest.

"I am sure it will be," replied Tom, sipping his coffee. "I died here. Have you found the register of her death?"

"I have."

"Good; and the place of her burial?"

"I think so."

"Is there a stone, or record of any kind over the grave?"

"None, but the spot is indicated in the registrar's books."

"Will you show me the spot to-day?"

"Certainly."

"Can you accompany me to Paris this evening?"

"In the interest of the Hospital of Mary and the service of the Church, yes."

"We can easily find the Rev. Father Lemare?"

"I hope so."

"Good. Will you do me the favour of calling for me here in an hour?"

"With pleasure," said the priest, and the two men parted with mutual adieus for the present.

Tom Mayfield turned to the bust once more.

"I shall establish that marriage, Clytie, and your other self, Lady St. Barnard, will never know who has rendered her the service. I shall do more than that, Clytie—much more. It is something to come home and find occupation."

While the poet of the golden gates of the sunny west is talking to the image of Apollo's rejected love we will turn our eyes and ears upon Grassnook.

The hay has been stacked. The green meadows run down to the reeds of the river, and seem to meet the deep-hued reflection of the woods on the other side. The smoke from the fine old house of Grassnook goes up to the blue sky in long ethereal columns. A tiny yacht floats lazily on the bosom of the river. The scene is so quiet and peaceful that its very loveliness almost gives you a heart ache, for you find yourself contrasting it with the lives of people you know, with your own turbulent days may be, and feeling that here in Nature herself is a peace that passeth all understanding.

Of what is Lady St. Barnard thinking? A few days have wrought a remarkable change in her. Nothing could obliterate her beauty, not even death. But she is pale and careworn, and there is a settled expression of despair in her eyes. She is walking hand in hand with her two children upon the lawn that leads to the river. The sensation of the surrounding peace and quiet, once so sweet and dreamy, frets her spirit, and yet she will not leave it. My lord is in London preparing for the renewal of that terrible fight, working with his detective at the evidence. His wife has given him facts and dates to go upon

in connection with the Delphos Theatre and her lodgings north of Regent's Park. Mrs. Breeze and her husband are in town. They are charged with the mission of finding the policeman who took the lovely girl to the park keeper. My lord is in persistent earnest; my lady seems to have settled down into a disposition of melancholy and despair. Her courage has failed her. She can only walk, and think, and weep, and wonder what the end will be. The statutory declaration in its savage details has cast her down, and she sees no hope in a trial where the law permits a man to ask her noble husband if he remained all night at Gloucester Gate.

"Mamma, why are you so sad?" asked the elder of the two children.

"I cannot tell you, my darling," says the mother, stopping to take him into her arms and kiss him.

"Do tell us, mamma dear," lisps the youngest, a little girl with a fair clear skin like her mother's, and deep violet eyes.

The mother's only reply is to fold the two children in her arms and kiss them. Presently they walk again, and addressing the boy she says, "Wicked men have said cruel things of mamma, and that makes her sad."

"But my tutor says 'Do what is right, and do not mind what anybody says,' mamma," the boy replies, looking up into the pale, sad face.

"Yes, my love, that is good advice, but sometimes right looks so much like wrong that the world in a great bitter chorus says it is wrong, and then your heart nearly breaks, not for yourself but on account of those you love and honour," says the mother.

The boy seems to be wondering at this for a time. He is searching his little mind for a loving argument out of the elementary ethics which a good teacher was sowing there.

"Time takes care of the truth, mamma dear, and when your conscience is clear there is no real cause for grief," he says at last.

"That is so, my darling; keep it green in your memory; time is my best friend. In the future, when they talk of this time when I was so sad, try and think how you and I and your dear little sister Mary walked and talked on this peaceful afternoon. Will you, my Edward?"

"I will never forget it, mother dear."

"Remember that I said my conscience is clear, and that God in His goodness would some day clear me. Remember that I said I had been indiscreet; that I was vain and foolish."

"No, no, dear mamma," broke out the boy.

"I mean, dear, when I was a girl; I had no kind tutor to teach me ethics; no dear mamma as you have to guide and take care of me; and I was young and brave and defiant; I did not know, my darling, that girls and women cannot fight the world as men can; I did not know that it was wrong to strive for independence, dear; I did not know that the majority of men are knaves and cowards, dear; and so I was indiscreet; and because your dear papa took me and loved me, and made me his happy wife, and because God gave you and little Mary to me, and because I was very, very happy, wicked men said to themselves 'Cast her down,' and then they published abroad cruel falsehoods, and asked our gracious Queen never to allow me to go to Court any more. Will you try and remember this, dear, when you are a man?"

"And Mary too?" lisped the little child.

Then the mother must stop again and fold them in her arms, and this time she wept over them bitterly, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"There, darlings, don't mind me," she says, when the paroxysm is over. "It is unkind to make you unhappy; I am better now. We will try and be merry. But you will never forget how much I love you, will you, darlings?"

"No, dear mamma," they both say eagerly.

"And if I should be separated from you, you will always"——

Then the children begin to cry, and there is more embracing, and an assurance that mamma does not mean separation quite, and that if she does it might only be for a very short time; and then she smiles and takes both their hands, and runs towards the river with them, and says Thomas shall take them for a row.

All the mother's instinct and self-denial came to the woman's aid when she saw that she had made the children unhappy. She brushed the tears from her eyes, went to the house, sent for Thomas who had charge of the boats, bade him get the shallop ready, and just as they were getting into the boat my lord returned from town. He was in time to join them, and did so; and the boat with its red and white awning and its gilded prow glided gently down the stream, giving to the green landscape all the colour required to make the picture perfect.

While the boat is slipping away into the sunny mist of trees and rushes, and the calm plash of the oars is beating sadly out of tune with two anxious hearts on board, Tom Mayfield is standing by an unrecorded grave, and listening to the sad soughing lullaby of the

an as it ebbs and flows and pants and sighs on the beach at

ogne.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLYTIE IN COURT.

THE announcement in the Sunday papers that on the following day Lady St. Barnard herself would appear in the witness box brought a special crowd to Bow Street. The magistrate and the police were harassed almost beyond endurance by applications for seats. At ten o'clock, when the Court opened, Lord and Lady Bolsover were accommodated with seats. Lord Tamar and the Dean of Dunelm sat on the Bench. The counsel table was packed with solicitors and gentlemen of the Bar. Never was the Press more extensively represented. The reporters' box, in which usually sat a well-known gentleman and his son, engaged upon the leading journal, was packed with interlopers. A popular actor had secured the corner seat. He professed to be making furious notes, but he was drawing caricature sketches of the worthy magistrate.

Twelve o'clock was fixed for the adjourned hearing of the Barnard-Ransford case; thus allowing two hours for the general business of the Court—a period which was thoroughly occupied. The magistrate was unusually sententious this morning. Brevity was regarded as the soul of evidence. "You are wasting the time of the Court" was looked upon as a severe rebuke. More than one prisoner suffered for it in his sentence. "Get on, get on, Mr. Solicitor," were familiar words during those two hours. The "drunk and disorderly cases" seemed quite proud of the distinction of a large and fashionable audience. The business of the Court was conducted at a pace that gave to the audience a series of dramatic surprises; but nothing toned down their anxiety for the commencement of the great event of the day.

As the hour of twelve approached, Mr. Holland in wig and gown, accompanied by his clerk, entered the Court, bowed to the Bench, and commenced to sort his papers. Presently Mr. Cuffing appeared, dragging along a blue bag, which he deposited with an air of triumph upon the table, looking round at the Court with a cunning, defiant, cruel gaze. He pursed up his mouth, opened his bag, and produced his brief just as a little commotion behind the magistrate's chair introduced Lord and Lady St. Barnard. All eyes were at once fixed upon her ladyship, who gazed calmly upon the Court and took her seat. She was dressed in black silk, with simple gold and diamond brooch and bracelets. She was very pale. Her rich brown hair was bound close to her head. She wore lavender gloves and a dark

bonnet trimmed with ribbon of a similar hue. My lord was in a plain morning dress. They had no sooner taken their seats than Phil Ransford was brought in and placed at the bar, and in a few minutes afterwards Lady St. Barnard was conducted to the witness box by her husband, who sat near her in a chair provided by the Court.

On being sworn, the lady was examined by Mr. Holland.

She said: My name is Mary, Countess of St. Barnard. My maiden name was Mary Waller.

Mr. Cuffing: Before her ladyship proceeds further, I must request that all the witnesses in this case leave the Court.

The Magistrate: All witnesses had better retire at once.

This order created a good deal of commotion in Court. Mrs. and Mr. Breeze, Mr. Wyldenberg, two persons from Dunelm, the dramatic agent who introduced Clytie at the Delphos Theatre, one of the ladies who had luncheon on that unhappy day when Phil Ransford met the Dunelm belle in the manager's room, and several other witnesses for and against the prosecution left the Court.

Lady St. Barnard thereupon resumed her evidence under the examination of her counsel, Mr. Holland. I married Lord St. Barnard at St. George's Chapel, Hanover Square, in the presence of relatives and friends. The Hon. Letitia Bolsover, the Hon. Miss Howard, Lady Flora Dorcas, and Miss De Willoughbye were my bridesmaids. The Dean of Dunelm gave me away. The wedding breakfast was given at my own house, Gloucester Gate. My father, to the best of my belief, was the Hon. Frank St. Barnard. My husband belongs to a different branch of the Barnard family altogether; he was Mr. Christopher George Welsford prior to his succeeding to the title and estates of St. Barnard, the late lord, my grandfather, being a sort of fifth cousin to my husband. My grandfather on my mother's side was Mr. Luke Waller, of Dunelm. He was by profession a musician, and held the position of organist of St. Bride's, Dunelm, as long as I can remember. I was brought up and educated by my grandfather Waller. I went to a day school at Dunelm, and had also tutors at home. I took lessons in French from a professor of Dunelm University. My grandfather taught me music. I left school when I was about fifteen, but continued to receive instruction at home. We lived in a house called the Hermitage, in the Bailey, at Dunelm.

Mr. Holland: Do you remember the first time you met the prisoner at the bar?—I think I do.

Mr. Holland: Will your ladyship tell the Bench in your own way how you were first introduced to him?

Lady St. Barnard: I met him one Sunday after church when I was walking in the Banks with my grandfather Waller. He stayed to speak to my grandfather and he moved to me. My grandfather did not introduce him to me. A week afterwards I met the prisoner as I was returning from morning service at the Cathedral. He stopped me to ask some question about my grandfather. I think he said he wished to see my grandfather on important business. I said my grandfather was at home, and the prisoner turned round and walked by my side to the Hermitage. I was about seventeen then, and the prisoner was a man; I should think he was thirty at least. He was regarded as a gentleman of position in Dunelm, and was understood to be living most of his time in London. His father was the principal manufacturer on the Wear, near Dunelm, and rented what was known as the Dunelm Estate, a very fine residence on the Hill, overlooking the city. After the prisoner had thus introduced himself to me, he took off his hat when he met me, and I returned his bow. This led to his speaking to me occasionally, and once I met him at a ball in the College Yard and he saw me home. My grandfather heard of this and spoke to me about it. He said he did not like Mr. Ransford; that his character was not all that could be wished in a gentleman; that he had ruined the reputation of a respectable girl only the previous year. My grandfather Waller did not forbid me to speak to Mr. Ransford at that time. A few months after my first introduction to the prisoner he called at the Hermitage with a present of fish, and my grandfather Waller invited him to stay and have supper. Soon afterwards he wrote to me; the man who blew the organ for my grandfather Waller at St. Bride's gave me the letter.

Mr. Cuffing: I venture to ask if the letters will be put in.

Mr. Holland: Has your ladyship the letter?—No.

Mr. Holland: Have you any letters of the defendant?—No; I destroyed them.

Mr. Cuffing: Then I object to the evidence as to letters.

The Magistrate: An examination of this kind before a magistrate hardly comes within the jurisdiction of strict legal considerations as to what may or may not be given in evidence. And the case before me is so special and peculiar in its character and details that I think it best that Lady St. Barnard should be allowed a certain margin in telling her story. I would therefore suggest, Mr. Cuffing, that you waive your objection as to the letters. You can make it when the case, if it should do so, goes before a higher tribunal.

Mr. Cuffing: I bow to your worship's superior judgment.

Lady St. Barnard continued her evidence: The letter contained

expressions of admiration which flattered me. I did not reply, but I told Mr. Ransford when next he spoke to me that he must not write to me; that my grandfather would be very angry. Shortly afterwards, when I was leaving church with my grandfather Waller, his messenger slipped a packet into my hand. When I got home I found that it contained another letter and a very handsome necklet of pearls and diamonds. About this time my grandfather Waller introduced me to a Mr. Tom Mayfield, who was a student at the Dunelm University, and Mr. Mayfield paid me special attention. My grandfather Waller spoke to me very seriously one day about this gentleman and Mr. Ransford. He forbade me to speak to Mr. Ransford, and said if I desired the attentions of any gentleman Mr. Tom Mayfield was an honourable and upright young man in whom he had confidence, and for whom he had a sincere regard. ["God bless him!" said Kalmat, the poet, almost aloud.] Mr. Mayfield was a frequent visitor. He did not inspire me with any special sentiment that I remember, any more than Mr. Ransford. I was young, and I suppose the attentions of these gentlemen flattered me, the more so as it was understood that almost any girl in Dunelm would have been proud of an offer of marriage from either gentleman. I regarded Mr. Mayfield as a friend, and in that character liked him much. [Kalmat thought of leaving the Court, but he was fascinated by the calm, lovely face of the woman who was thus confessing herself before the world.] Mr. Ransford frequently wrote letters to me, in which he said I was too good and too pretty for Dunelm; that it was a shame that I should remain in so dull a place; he regretted that even if I would have him he could not then marry me for family reasons; but he drew a gay picture of London, and offered to take me there. I was very angry at this, and replied to him by letter expressing my feelings strongly and begging him to take back the necklet he had given me. Finding that it was valuable, I did not think I ought to keep it. One evening, when my grandfather Waller was dining with the Dean of Dunelm, I was in the summer house in our garden overlooking the river. I thought I saw Mr. Mayfield on the other side of the river, and in a girlish freak I waved my hand to him. Presently I saw that he responded, and was coming towards the garden. Then I discovered that it was not Mr. Mayfield, and I ran into the house. It was summer time, June I think; I remained in the house a short time and then returned to the summer house, where I found Mr. Ransford. He had scaled the wall. The summer house could be seen from the house, and also from the adjacent gardens, and it was daylight. Mr. Ransford begged me on his knees

to stay with him a few moments. He apologised for having insulted me in his letter, and vowed he loved me better than all the world. He frightened me by his vehemence, and I was just going to leave him when my grandfather Waller appeared, and suddenly taking me by the arm, he half led and half dragged me into the house. He was very angry and used harsh language. The servant, I think, had gone to the Dean's and informed him of Mr. Ransford being in the summer house. This incident caused my grandfather Waller to be very severe with me. He loved me, I believe, very dearly, and was consequently intensely jealous of me. He would not allow me to explain; he would not see that Mr. Ransford's visit was accidental, and he exercised a most galling surveillance over me which made me very unhappy and set me thinking of going away and trying to earn my own livelihood.

Mr. Holland: Did your grandfather Waller ever speak of your parentage?

Lady St. Barnard: Frequently. He told me that some day my other grandfather might acknowledge me, and then I should be a lady of title. This, he said, depended on my good conduct.

Mr. Cuffing: Is Mr. Waller to be called?

Mr. Holland: Mr. Waller, sir, is dead.

A tear coursed slowly down Lady St. Barnard's cheek at this mention of her grandfather; but she continued her evidence, Kalmat feeling as if he would like to slay Cuffing, the lawyer, upon the spot: My grandfather Waller told me I was like my mother, and he feared that I might have an inclination for a professional life. He told me of my mother's elopement and his search for her, and of her death at Boulogne, and of his bringing me an infant home to London. He said my father was a nobleman, and that some day, if I were a good girl, my other grandfather, who was a great friend of the Dean's, would acknowledge me and make me a lady. It made me unhappy to see my grandfather miserable, and I begged him to give me back my old liberty, promising that I would never deceive him; I told him that I really did not care for Mr. Ransford, and that I would never speak to him again if he wished me not to speak to him. My grandfather kissed me and trusted me again, and in order that I might be free altogether in my conscience I took Mr. Ransford's present out when I went for a walk and flung it into the river. (Applause.)

Mr. Holland: Was it on this very day that Mr. Mayfield proposed for your hand?—It was. I met him outside the Dunelm meadows. I was gathering wild flowers. He made a formal proposition for my hand, which startled me very much, because he was so earnest.

never until then had felt that flirtation was a serious matter. I consider I was quite a girl, and I was utterly inexperienced. It made me cry afterwards to think that I had caused Mr. Mayfield pain. I told him that I did not love him, and it was true; I did not love anybody; I did not know what love was. [Kalmat sighed deeply, and the picture of that summer day and the lovely girl among the flowers rose before him and mocked him.] I had more respect for Mr. Mayfield than for Mr. Ransford. I am sure he was a good and honourable man.

Mr. Cuffing: As a matter of information more than as a matter of form, I wish to know if Mr. Mayfield is to be called.

Mr. Holland: We have no knowledge of Mr. Mayfield's existence. If he is alive we know nothing of his whereabouts.

[Kalmat smiled sarcastically and stroked his grey grizzly beard.]

Lady St. Barnard continued: When I returned home I found my grandfather Waller in a furious passion. He had seen me throw something into the river, and he had obtained assistance and recovered the jewels, which he flung at my feet. I told him the truth about them, but he seemed to have lost his reason, and behaved terribly. He frightened me. I feared for a moment that he would kill me. His anger was altogether unreasonable, but no doubt it arose out of his love for me, he was so anxious about my welfare. He did not understand me. If I had had a mother at this time she would have known how to estimate such an incident. When I went to bed that night I began to revolve in my mind the idea of running away. I felt that life would be a burden to me. I had no doubt that Mr. Ransford would continue to persecute me. Moreover, Mr. Mayfield had begged me to reconsider my refusal of him, and I think, to pacify him, I had half consented. Then the woman servant whom my grandfather had engaged was a spy upon my actions, and my grandfather was so strange in his manner towards me that I began to feel that I should only be safe in flight. I was very, very unhappy.

The poor lady broke down at this point, and gave way to a flood of tears. There was a dead sympathetic silence in Court. Several women were crying. Kalmat stroked his beard, and felt now that he understood more of the character of that Dunelm beauty than he had ever known. But just as he was melting, he remembered that letter of Phil Ransford's, and the jar of flowers put outside the ndow as the signal of consent, and then he doubted, though he not cease to sympathise and to love.

r. Holland: Do not agitate yourself, Lady St. Barnard. I am

sure the Court is deeply grieved that you should be called upon to refer to these matters.

Mr. Cuffing half rose to object to this remark, but thought better of it, and sat down again.

The prisoner at the bar preserved a defiant demeanour. He was angry at being kept in gaol, and there was a taste of revenge in Lady St. Barnard's tears.

Lord St. Barnard handed his wife a glass of water, and pressed her hand.

In a few moments her ladyship was ready to go on with her story.

Mr. Holland: Was it at this time that you received from Mr. Ransford a long letter full of sympathy for your position, and offering to conduct you to London, where he said he had great theatrical influence?

Lady St. Barnard: It was. He intimated that he knew how unhappy I was; he professed the deepest love and respect, and offered to take me to London and marry me there. He urged me in what seemed to be very sincere language, dwelt upon his wealth, and assured me that when we were married my grandfather would forgive me. He said he would have a carriage ready and in waiting that night, and we could catch the mail train to town, where he would engage rooms for me, where I could remain by myself until the preparations for our marriage were complete. If I accepted his offer I was to put out a jar of flowers on the window sill. I read his letter in my bedroom, and I knelt down and prayed to God to have me in his keeping, and to preserve me from the persecutions of this man. There was something insidious in the language of his letter which impressed me, girl as I was. I suppose it was instinct. I never for a moment thought of accepting his offer. The thought of my position, the thought of my grandfather's unkindness exposing me to such an attack, made me ill. I retired earlier than usual that night, and I felt happier than I had felt for some time because my grandfather seemed to soften towards me when he found I was not well. Soon after I had said good-night to my grandfather Waller, and he had kissed me with something like the old affection, there was a great commotion and knocking at the door and a cry of murder. I ran out upon the landing to see. The street door was suddenly opened by my grandfather, and I heard the voices of Mr. Mayfield and Mr. Ransford in angry altercation, and heard blows being struck. I ran down. My grandfather shut the street door, and led Mr. Ransford into the dining room. He was faint and bleeding, and Mr. Mayfield in angry terms was telling my grandfather that he

prevented an elopement and saved the honour of his child. [Mr. Cuffing smiled at this, and took furious notes.] Mr. Ransford opened his eyes and said he was all right, and commenced to apologise. Mr. Mayfield said he was a black-hearted scoundrel, and my grandfather cursed me and ordered me to bed. I retired to my room, and presently I heard the door shut and Mr. Ransford leave. Mr. Mayfield remained with my grandfather some time, and when he left I put out my light, fastened my door, and pretended to be asleep, for I could not endure any more of my grandfather's most unmerited abuse.

Mr. Holland: Let me ask you here, Lady St. Barnard, if you gave the signal asked for in Mr. Ransford's letter.

Lady St. Barnard: No, sir. [Kalmat groaned.]

Mr. Holland: Did you by word or act in any way accept Mr. Ransford's proposition?

Lady St. Barnard: Neither by word nor act.

[Kalmat was sorely exercised in mind at this; for he had seen the signal given.]

Would Fate lay the newspapers next day containing this evidence before the woman in Bedford Street who closed the eyes of poor old Waller? And, if so, would she have sense enough to understand it, and volunteer her evidence?

The Magistrate: I think this would be a good point for adjournment. It is clear her ladyship's evidence will last some time.

Mr. Holland: One more question, your worship. Although it is hardly the proper time to ask it, I am anxious that not another report of this case shall go to the world without her ladyship giving her emphatic denial of this most shameful and cruel libel. We shall go further into this matter to-morrow, your ladyship. Meanwhile, painful as it is to put such a question, I will ask your ladyship if at any time you have been guilty of any improper intimacy with the defendant.

Lady St. Barnard: No.

There was something so dignified and pure, and yet so scornful and indignant, in her ladyship's manner as she uttered this expressive monosyllable that it took hold of the Court with a strong sympathetic grip, and drew from it a loud burst of applause. The magistrate and the officers endeavoured to check this demonstration of feeling, but without avail; and Mr. Cuffing was hustled as he left the Court. He returned, however, to demand the protection of the police, and in time for the magistrate to utter some few emphatic words of warning to the remnant of the crowd which was gradually working its way into Bow Street. Lord and Lady St. Barnard were accommodated with seats in the magistrate's room until the throng outside the

Court had been pretty well cleared by the police, when they drove to the Westminster Palace Hotel, where they stayed during the trial.

Kalmat removed from the Langham Hotel to a quiet house in Covent Garden, that he might be less subjected to observation. He was prompted to this step on seeing a paragraph in the *Times* referring to his probable arrival in England. Happily he had in a letter from America only spoken in general terms of his visit to this country, and no one knew that he was in England.

CHAPTER IX.

CLYTIE'S LIFE IN LONDON.

On the second day of the evidence of Lady St. Barnard she came to that interesting period when she ran away from Dunelm to London.

She said, referring to the night of the encounter between Ransford and Mayfield: I felt that I could no longer stay with my grandfather. I resolved to run away to London. I could get an engagement there, I thought, to go on the stage. My mother's name, I believed, would be known, and on the strength of it I should find employment. I had a little money. Soon after midnight, when all was quiet, I packed up a few clothes. I kissed my grandfather while he slept, and crept out of the house. In taking a last look at the house I was somewhat startled to see that my jar of flowers was on the window-sill. I have since thought about this, and can only come to the conclusion that my grandfather, who believed flowers in a room to be unhealthy, had put them outside because I was not well, and that this might have misled the prisoner in thinking that I was willing to go away with him. Possibly our servant of that time, if we could find her, would be able to speak to this. I walked to the railway station at an adjacent village and took a train to York, where I remained two hours, and then went on to London. When I arrived I asked a porter if there was an hotel near the station. He carried my little luggage to an hotel, where I remained two or three days. I then searched for lodgings. I took an omnibus. I did not know where it was going, but I got out where I liked the neighbourhood. The trees at Regent's Park attracted me, and I inquired for lodgings at a house in a street near St. John's Wood, where a card was exhibited in the window. I was utterly ignorant of London, either as to localities or manners and customs. I went into this house. The appearance of the landlady somewhat alarmed me,

but she spoke kindly to me, which disarmed my apprehension of anything wrong for a moment. I did not take a seat. I only stood inside the room. The landlady then asked me to drink champagne, and called to a man in the next room to look at me, and then I ran out of the house and into the street. A policeman was passing, and I ran to him for protection. I explained the whole business to him; he said I had had a narrow escape, and offered to conduct me to a person who would find me respectable lodgings.

Mr. Holland: Had you any idea that the house was in any way an improper house?

Lady St. Barnard: No, I did not understand what an improper house was. I thought the policeman meant I had had a narrow escape of being robbed and murdered.

Mr. Holland: How long were you in the house?

Lady St. Barnard: Two or three minutes.

Mr. Holland: Did the policeman take you to Mr. John Breeze, park-keeper at the north gate, Regent's Park?

Lady St. Barnard: He did, and he directed me to his wife's house in St. Mark's Crescent, where I lodged for some weeks. I told Mrs. Breeze who I was and what my intentions were with regard to the stage. She went with me to Mr. Barrington's dramatic agency. Before that I called upon Mr. Chute Woodfield at his theatre, and he advised me not to go upon the stage, because he said theatres were not, as a rule, conducted upon respectable or moral principles. But I felt that I could only obtain a livelihood by means of the stage, and I thought my mother's fame would help me. Mr. Breeze accompanied me to Mr. Barrington's, the dramatic agent, who introduced me to Mr. Wyldenberg, of the Delphos Theatre. I was engaged for a new piece then in course of rehearsal. I had a part given to me, and studied it. The rehearsals lasted about a fortnight. At the end of the first week Mr. Wyldenberg explained to the company, who were to have been paid half salaries during rehearsal, that he had no money, but would have plenty next week. When the next week came Mr. Wyldenberg promised to pay everybody on the first night of the play being produced. There was a great commotion among the company, and some persons left and threw up their parts. On the opening night the musicians refused to go into the orchestra unless they received twenty pounds—(laughter),—and a gentleman who was in company with the manager paid the money. Then the leading actor refused to go on—(laughter),—and a fierce altercation ensued between the ballet master and Mr. Wyldenberg, who struck monsieur — (loud laughter), — and discharged him. I was [illegible]

frightened, and had serious thoughts of going away, but a person, who afterwards turned out to be a detective officer, asked me if I was Miss Pitt, and when I said "Yes," he told me not to be afraid, he had authority to take care of me. I had hardly recovered my surprise at this when I was informed that Mr. Wyldenberg had just received a telegram from a noble lord who had promised to provide £500 for rent and other expenses that night, and now declined to do so, in consequence of which the theatre would not be opened. The manager thereupon stated that his wife, who played the leading part, was taken suddenly ill, and a notice to that effect was at once written and sent outside to be posted on the doors—(laughter)—and we were all told that we might go home.

Mr. Holland: And in fact you never made your *dêbût* at all?

Lady St. Barnard: No.

Mr. Holland: Never appeared on the stage in public?

Lady St. Barnard: Never.

Mr. Holland: Now permit me to carry your ladyship back a few days in your narrative. Did you meet the prisoner during your rehearsal at the Delphos Theatre?—I did.

Where?—In the Park. Mrs. Breeze took me there to show me the Corner in the season.

Did the prisoner get off his horse, and come up to you?—He did.

What did he say?—He expressed some surprise at seeing me, and I was glad to see that he had not been seriously hurt. He told Mrs. Breeze that he was a friend of my grandfather, and begged to be allowed to come and see me. I asked him to pledge his word not to communicate with my grandfather, and he did so.

Did Mrs. Breeze give him your address?—She did.

And he called upon you?—He did. He urged me to let him be of service to me. I was glad he called, because I learnt from him that Mr. Mayfield left Dunelm the same morning as that upon which I disappeared, and it was thought by some people that he and I had gone away together. [Mr. Cuffing looked at the prisoner, smiled, and made special notes.] I was enabled to disabuse Mr. Ransford's mind of this, and I asked him to make it known in Dunelm, without giving a clue to my discovery. The fear of what people would say about the scene at the Hermitage, and the horror of being denounced by my grandfather, were inducements in my running away, and I was desirous that Mr. Ransford should clear me as regarded Mr. May-

I begged him not to visit me, but he expressed to Mrs. Breeze

rest in me, and seemed so penitent in regard to the

revailed upon to trust him. Moreover, he said he

knew Mr. Wyldenberg well, and could help me in my profession. He placed his brougham at my disposal, and I used it on several occasions. One day I was invited to luncheon in the manager's room. I declined the invitation, but I was pressed by Mr. Wyldenberg, who said that he should feel offended if I persisted in refusing. Indeed, he half intimated that he would cancel my engagement if I refused. I therefore accompanied him after rehearsal to his room. There were two other gentlemen and ladies present. I did not like their manner nor conversation, and for a moment I almost regretted that I had not taken the advice of Mr. Chute Woodfield and tried anything but the stage as a means of living. At this moment Mr. Ransford appeared, and I was really glad to see him, for the first time in my life, because I thought he would protect me. After luncheon the conduct of the ladies and the remarks of the gentlemen displeased and frightened me, and I felt suddenly ill. I asked Mr. Ransford to take me out and put me into a cab. He consented, and said his brougham was at the door. When I got in I felt so ill that I was glad of his offer to see me home. I felt faint and giddy and sick. By-and-by the brougham stopped in Piccadilly. Mr. Ransford said I was seriously ill, and he would send for a doctor. I refused to go into his chambers; but he seemed greatly hurt at this, and all at once I felt incapable of resistance, and entered the house. A middle-aged woman came into the room, and I flung myself into her arms, and burst into tears, which relieved me a little. Mr. Ransford left the room for a few minutes, and I implored the woman to protect me. I had strange misgivings. I did not know why. A terrible fear came upon me. I felt as if I should faint, but I was determined not to faint. "Do not leave me, do not leave me," I said to the woman. She put her arms round me and said she would not, begged me to be calm, and told me to have no fear, she would take care of me.

Mr. Cuffing asked for the name of this woman.

Mr. Holland said the prosecution were not in possession of it; but they hoped that the publicity given to the evidence of Lady St. Barnard would be the means of bringing this person into Court as a witness; for he was bound to admit that her evidence was of the utmost importance.

Mr. Cuffing rubbed his hands, bowed gravely, and sat down, and Kalmat thought to himself that there was more work for him. This woman must be found. He was afraid to trust a detective, or he would at once have set him to work, but in his own mind he framed an advertisement offering a reward of £100 if the woman would communicate with C. Y. E., General Post Office.

Mr. Holland, addressing the Countess: What happened after this?—I lost my senses. I suppose I fainted.

What did you afterwards have reason to think was the matter with you?—I have no doubt I was drugged. (Sensation.)

How?—Through the wine I took at luncheon.

Did you take much wine?—Very little.

Do you remember what wine you took?—Sherry and champagne.

How long were you insensible?—For several hours I suppose. When I awoke the woman was still by my side.

Was any one else present?—No.

Not the prisoner?—No.

What did the woman say?—She said she had had——

Can you give us the exact words?—I think so. She said "I have had a great row with the master, but I would not leave you, for I have children of my own."

Were you attended by a doctor?—No; the woman said I should soon be better now; she had given me an emetic; she said something had disagreed with me.

Did she stay all night with you?—She did. I slept in her room. I was very weak, but she conducted me upstairs. There was no means of communicating with the Breezes. In the morning when I got up I was much stronger, and Mr. Ransford said he had told the Breezes where I was, and that I need be under no apprehension. Mrs. Breeze would come to me presently. This was in his room. I had my bonnet and shawl on ready to go, and then for the first time the woman left me to call a cab. Upon that the prisoner said hurriedly, and with great vehemence, "Miss Waller, you are ruined; you are compromised beyond redemption; you had better stay here for good; you shall have everything you want, carriages, jewels, money, position; the world will never believe your story of last night." He tried to take my hand. There was a knife upon the table; I seized it and raised it as if to strike him. I was too indignant to speak. I bitterly felt my unprotected situation. All I could say was "Coward, coward," and at this moment the housekeeper returned, and she conducted me to a cab at the door, and I went to my lodgings. When I reached St. Mark's Crescent I found Mrs. Breeze much excited and alarmed. She had received no message from the defendant; nor had she been asked to go to Piccadilly.

Mr. Holland: Did you go to rehearsal the next day?—No, I was too ill; but on the following day I went, having received an urgent message from Mr. W[illegible] I was obstructing the business of the theatre. I [illegible] Ransford

again during the remainder of my engagement there. Mrs. Breeze went with me to the theatre always during the remainder of my stay there. She was not behind the scenes on the night when the piece was to be produced. I had taken a box for herself and family.

You referred to Mr. White, the detective officer?—Yes, he introduced himself to me; he said he was employed by my friends, and he was instructed to get me out of the engagement at the Delphos Theatre. He could not tell me by whom he was employed, he said, but he hoped, he said, to have my grandfather Waller's permission to carry out what my friends proposed. He inquired for Mrs. Breeze. I told him she would be in front of the house. He said I had better hasten home. The Delphos Theatre would not be opened again under the present management. He gave me his card. I asked him what guarantee I had that he was acting *bonâ fide*. The guarantee, he said, that he knew the Dean of Dunelm, and also the father of the nobleman who eloped with my mother. I thereupon went round to the front of the house, where the Breezes had just arrived in a cab. I went home with them, and when we arrived Mr. White, the detective, was standing upon the doorstep.

Mr. Cuffing: I observe that Mr. White is in Court. I thought it was understood all witnesses were to leave.

Mr. Holland: Do you, then, call Mr. White?

Mr. Cuffing: No.

Mr. Holland: Neither do we. (Laughter.)

The Magistrate: Then Mr. White may remain; I dare say he has business here; Mr. White does not usually waste his time as a mere spectator. And now I think we may adjourn. Her ladyship must be tired, and there is no prospect of concluding her evidence, I fear, at present.

Mr. Holland bowed to signify his approval of the adjournment; Mr. Cuffing went up to the dock and conferred with his client; Lord St. Barnard conducted his wife to the magistrate's room; the reporters gathered up their note books; Kalmat stroked his beard, and followed Lady St. Barnard with his eyes; Mr. White disappeared; the magistrate quietly asked Mr. Holland how long the case would last, Mr. Holland said as quietly he really did not know; and the Court adjourned.

(To be continued.)

A Day's Cub Hunting.

"I'LL bring the hounds down in the morning; they want exercise badly, and a long trot over the road will harden their feet a bit, and prevent their nails from growing too long. Let's see; you are stopping at the Queen's on the Parade. All right. I'll be past your window at ten sharp. You will have breakfast over by that time, and we'll be able to look 'em over all cool and comfortable."

This welcome proposition was made on board our temporarily engaged yacht to a small and select party of fellows, by whom it was received with every apparent demonstration of delight. The month of September was more than half over. We had had plenty of indulgence in every sort and description of boating and fishing, had had our usual cut in at the partridges, and were only too glad of the prospect of fresh amusement of any kind.

The bare mention of looking over a pack of foxhounds in the month of September is highly suggestive of pleasures to come, and the chances of having a turn at the cubs appeared to offer themselves for consideration as the most natural of corollaries. The *furor venaticus*, there can be no doubt, seized upon every member of the motley crew of the yacht simultaneously and like an epidemic.

The master was his own huntsman, and his two whippers-in were creatures of his own professional manufacture, from which fact it may be inferred that they were far better workmen than their appearance and paraphernalia would warrant a stranger in supposing. The "lot," however, turned out on the following morning "in best bib and tucker," mainly for the reason that the march past was to take place in full view of the visitors at the Queen's Hotel, which happened just then to be full to overflowing of strangers from all parts. It must be confessed that the get-up of the master and his men was not well calculated to impress favourably the eye of a London connoisseur, for their pinks, though unimpeachable in shape and make, bore the honoured stains of full many a foughten field. But to the inspection of an experienced fox-hunter, there was a rough-and-readiness about the entire turn out that must have caused the liveliest satisfaction. The hounds and the horses looked as "fit as fiddles," and the great broad-reined snaffles and brown tops gave a workmanlike appearance that was not to be denied.

The gallant master drew up at attention in front of the Queen's, sharp to the minute—punctuality with him being a law of nature—and blowing a thrilling *recheat*, he drew the occupants of the hotel to the windows "in their thousands"—according to Mr. Odger's calculation. The news that "the dougs were coming out" had got wind somehow or another, and, as may be supposed, there was a goodly assemblage on the Parade to welcome the arrival of the chief charm of the district.

After the first greetings were over, and the whips had dived their ancient mugs into a rare tankard of home-brewed, we proceeded to "look 'em over," and listened complacently to the encomiums passed upon Pillager, Pantaloon, and the rest; learnt how Smuggler was bred from the Duke of Beaufort's kennel, how Snowdrop was descended in a direct line from Lord Segrave's Sunflower, and how Turpin—ha, ha! Turpin—rare, fine hound that; observe the old file's stringhalt—was out-and-out the knowingest card in the whole pack.

"I'm going to draught several of 'em," said the master, "and many of 'em are going away in a day or two. I want to make room for the young entries. But old Turpin makes a fine schoolmaster for the youngsters, and as he is not very fast now, he must take a turn at the cub-hunting with the juvenile members of the family."

"And when do you begin cub-hunting?"

"Eh? Begin? Well, that's the very thing I've been thinking about since I mentioned bringing down the pack for you to see. I should like to show you fellows some fun before you return from your rambles. Hang it! What do you say—I think we might have a day at it to-morrow?"

"Oh, decidedly; it's the very thing we, too, have been thinking about. The mere notion of looking over your pack suggested cub-hunting as the most natural thing in the world."

"All right, then. I can't horse more than one of you. But you've no idea what a rum country mine is, and any kind of quadruped you can get hold of will do for cub-hunting with me. I'll have breakfast at six for half-past. I like the morning, though I believe I'm peculiar in that respect; but I don't want to lose any valuable dogs by convulsions brought on by the September heat, after the manner of the late Colonel Cook. *Au revoir*, and mind the hour, for I make it late to accommodate you." And sounding another *recheat*—not that there was the slightest occasion for a display of that nature, but our master was a skilful performer on the hunting horn, and liked to show off his powers when there was no harm in doing so—he made his way slowly and with much state off the Parade.

"If you look in the maps of the 'orld," saith Fluellen, "I warrant you, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river." And as the country which our master hunts is very like another in a distant part of the kingdom, it will not be necessary to mention the precise locality. He has a strong objection to appear in print himself, and nothing can offend him more than to read accounts of his exploits in the newspapers, furnished by unauthorised hands. Puffington himself, when perusing in the *Swillingford Patriot* the glowing description of a run with his hounds, from the joint brains and manipulation of Soapy Sponge and Jack Spraggon, could hardly have been more enraged than is our friend under similar circumstances. Let it suffice, then, that his country, being near the sea coast, was of the rocky order, that his foxes frequented "tors" and furze brakes, that earths were comparatively unknown, and that for the very necessary process of bolting a good terrier was of more use than any number of pickaxes and shovels.

The master knew better than to blood his young hounds on anything but what they were thereafter to pursue. He discarded hare and badger as being calculated to mislead rather than to educate the youthful nose of the foxhound for the future prosecution of the highest description of the chase. "First impressions," says Mr. Beckford—we all remember the trite Latin proverb or phrase, "Tenacissimi sumus earum rerum quas pueri didicimus?"—"First impressions are of more consequence than they are in general thought to be; on that account enter young hounds to vermin only, use them as early as possible to the strongest and thickest woods and furzes, and they will seldom be shy of them afterwards; should there be marten cats in the country take young hounds where they frequent; all hounds will hunt their scent eagerly, and the marten cat being a small animal, by running the closest brakes it can find teaches hounds to run cover, and is of the greatest use. By being awed from hare and deer, and being taught to hunt only vermin, hounds will stop at a word, because that word will be by them understood, and a smack of the whip will spare the inhuman trouble of cutting hounds in pieces for faults which (if entered at hare) they have been incited to commit."

Breakfast over, our cavalcade, consisting of the master, whips, and kennel man, the yacht party, and sundry neighbouring farmers who had got wind of the thing, proceeded to the scene of action. The

terriers—one of them, a descendant of the celebrated old Jock, a present from the humble writer of this article—were soon in requisition, and were tried at one or two holts without success. Presently, however, young Jock was heard hard at it under an enormous "beetling crag," and a couple of fine cubs bolted gallantly for the open—that is to say, bolted from their lair, came above ground, and made off. The terriers were caught up by the old kennel man, and the pack, with ancient Turpin for guide, laid on upon the line of the cub that looked most likely to cut out the work.

The alacrity with which the new entry stooped to the scent, under the preceptorship of old Turpin, would have been surprising had it not transpired that they had already been partially initiated into the mysteries of hunting by means of a surreptitious drag, manufactured out of a tame fox bed under the management of old Dick the kennel man. Turpin, too, was a general favourite in the nursery it was easy to see, and his example in instantly acknowledging the game was promptly followed by the majority of the youthful pack, as if they had served a long apprenticeship to the most popular of trades. The cub turned out to be a foeman worthy of their prowess, for he led them and us straight away over boulder and morass for the opposite side of the coast. As the crow flies, it was not more than seven or eight miles from coast to coast of this narrow neck of land, and the travelling was wild and difficult in the extreme. The vixen of this family of cubs, of which it was well known there were four, must have been an admirable preceptress of youth, and no doubt she had taken an early opportunity of teaching the young idea how to steer across country to another haven of shelter when the sanctity of their home should be invaded.

Only one of our yacht party was mounted, the rest of us following the example of the flying tailor of Cheltenham, and pursuing the game on foot. It was fortunate for us, perhaps, that we did so, for our mounted friend floundered into a "custard pudding," and was, to use the sporting phraseology of the day, "out of the hunt" in no time. *Vide* "Blaine" for a description of the exploits of the Cheltenham tailor, and you will find it worth your while, for he was an enthusiast, that same sporting tailor. The extrication of the hapless flounderer in the bog could not be effected without the aid of strong arms and ropes, and when that event was accomplished, neither biped nor quadruped showed any further inclination for continuing the chase, and a very pretty pair they looked when we rejoined them after pulling down the first cub. This feat the hounds achieved in a manner that was most gratifying to the master and all who witnessed

it, and augured well for future distinction. We pressed him so closely, and the hounds were so active in cover—a furze brake of rather extensive dimensions—that we wore the fox down before he could make his point, the holts on the other side of the coast, and after being deprived of his brush he was thrown to the baying pack, and broken up in most approved fashion to the accompanying orthodox cheer of the "Whoo-hoop."

The terriers were shortly again in request, and it was not long before another handsome cub was bolted, the footers having appeared upon the scene before fresh hostilities were commenced. We had some trouble with this fellow, however, as he took it into his head to traverse the ground, or at least a good deal of it, over which the preceding chase had led us. The process of "lifting" had to be put into rather more practice than was judicious, perhaps, in the case of young hounds, but there was nothing else for it under the circumstances, as old Turpin was the only old stager who was sufficiently up to snuff in the emergency. Young Reynard thought fit, under the delay caused by the hunting over the foiled ground, to rest for a while in the welcome shelter of the friendly brake alluded to, and upon a fresh find the hounds settled on his track with renewed energy, and pulled him down, too, before he could make his haven of rest. The master courteously delayed breaking him up until the field had had time to come up, and the pack being now thoroughly well blooded and entered to the future business of their life, a move for refreshment was made to the house of a hospitable farmer who lived hard by, and whose invitation to partake of hunters' beef and cider was not to be resisted. Our discomforted friend on the landlord's horse was by no means indifferent to such luxuries, and if copious potations of the exhilarating beverage mentioned are any test of unimpaired appetite, the sousing in the morass had done him no more harm than was to be cured by an inexpensive remedy. Beef! Mercy on us, the consumption was what Dominie Sampson—no mean judge, according to "Guy Mannering"—would have said was "pro-di-gi-ous."

"We are hardly yet well breathed," said the jolly farmer, "and surely you are not going to take the hounds home till we've had another burst of it. Eh, Master?"

"Oh, I'm at your service," replied the master. "For my part, I never care to go home as long as there's light, but you see these are young hounds, farmer, and I don't want to give 'em too much of a good thing at first."

"Well, to be sure you might cow 'em with too much of it at first

but, bless your heart, they know all about it, and no mistake, and another turn will do 'em no harm."

The farmer's eldest son, a remarkably precocious youth, who had gladdened the heart of his father by the performance of some feats of horsemanship that would have delighted an Agricultural Hall connoisseur, so many purls had he encountered in his headlong career, was here observed to look uncommonly knowing, and to grin like unto a Cheshire cat. His respected and affectionate parent remarked as much, and the familiar simile, so far from abashing the youth, seemed rather to increase his self-satisfied risibility. There was something in the bare mention of the word "cat" that had for him a peculiar charm, and with a tremendous cachinnation he presently blurted out,

"I knowad to one, last week, down in our orchard."

"One what, you mooncalf?" said his father.

"Why, a marten-cat, to be sure."

"A marten-cat!" exclaimed several, as if simultaneously struck with the astounding nature of the intelligence.

"Whew! a marten-cat!" apostrophised the master. "The very thing for young hounds. The devil a bit will we go home, farmer, if there is any chance of finding such game. A marten-cat! D'ye think we can find him, boy?"

"Oh, ay, find him fast enough with the taryers."

"Boot and saddle, then, gentlemen, and we'll soon see what account the new entry will make of a marten-cat. Old Meynell himself could not desire better sport than these beggars show, if there are not too many trees about."

Accordingly the terriers were put about their welcome labours. Sure enough, as the young Chawbacon had anticipated, the marten-cat was found in the thickset hedge of the orchard, before they had been at work ten minutes. The terriers were suffered now to run with the hounds, and very effective service they rendered in the brakes and boulders, where the line lay, for they stuck to the scent manfully, when otherwise the sport must have been abandoned.

The quarry was forced to resort to every wile he was master of, so hot and determined was the pursuit, while Chawbacon junior egged on his beloved "taryers" with all the ardour of a Nimrod, or rather of a Gabriel Faa or a Dandie Dinmont. Now the marten was "up a tree," now squatting beneath a rock, and ever and anon bursting from scent to view, and making most uproarious and enjoyable fun for the footers, who from the perpetual checks were always able to be on good terms with the hounds. There were a lot of stunted

trees of all kinds about, such as may be seen on Dartmoor in "the lonely wood of Wistman," and the shelter of these the cat was frequently seeking, but always to be summarily dislodged by the vigorous application of the whip of young Hodge, who appeared an old hand at the game. He was never at a loss, and whenever we thought the thing all over, his joyous shout of "Here 'e be!" set all right again, and away we went before the wind as if old Nick was at our heels.

At last we got the quarry into a tremendously thick furze brake, and the hounds had had nearly enough of it, when we came to a sudden check which we almost despaired of hitting off. We hunted up to a certain point, beyond which we could not make it any further. The perplexity of men and dogs was remarkable, but Hodge to the rescue. Most of us had got into the brake, and were doing our best to remedy the error, when Hodge made a sudden dart forward, and with a furious cut of his whip caused the marten to dart off the furze bush, on the top of which he had stretched himself out high and dry. It was about the last place where anybody else would have been looking for him.

The terriers gave the marten short shrift now, and we ran into him within less than five minutes, old Turpin and Jock soon finishing matters before the open was reached. The master and all hands were delighted; and congratulating the former upon the success of the first day's cub-hunting and the gallantry of the new entry—who had had as good an initiation as it was possible to give them—we departed for the Queen's, where, over a good dinner and a game of billiards, we, later on, fought our battles o'er again with the master and a select circle.

SIRIUS.

DARTMOOR.

THE SCENE OF THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES, 1873.

COMPARATIVELY few persons had so much as heard of Dartmoor until the announcement recently made that the autumn manœuvres were to be held there, and of these few a very select number indeed knew or know what is meant by the name. The traveller on the South Devon line with his face set towards Torquay, the Lizard, or the "thundering shores of Bude and Boss," catches glimpses of a high moorland on his right, but from those glimpses can form no adequate idea of the wild and wide stretch of mountains, rivers, morasses, and tors along whose southern border he is hurrying.

The Moor, as it is *par excellence*, and with a sort of affectionate pride, always called by those who live near and therefore love it, extends some twenty-two miles from north to south, *i.e.*, from Okehampton to Cornwood, and sixteen or eighteen miles from east to west, *i.e.*, from Ashburton or Moreton-Hampstead to Tavistock. And within these limits what a marvellous variety of scenery is there to be found by the lover of nature who can eschew first-class carriages and monster hotels, and trust to his legs for conveyance and to village inns and farm houses for shelter and refreshment! There are the richly-wooded combes or valleys on the borders of the Moor, deep clefts where the rushing stream—sometimes clear as crystal, at other times turbid and swollen from the heavy rains—is heard but scarcely seen for the wealth of leafage which overhangs it. There is the stern and desolate grandeur of Yes Tor and Caws and Beacon, the highest mountains in England south of Skiddaw. There are weatherbeaten tors, sometimes surmounted with great piles of rocks of most fantastic shapes, castles you might fancy which giants have raised, or ruins of prehistoric cities; and where will you find such effects of light and shade as here, when the reflections of the clouds are chasing each other along the green valleys and up the creamy sides of the tors? Where will the invalid find more invigorating and exhilarating breezes than those which in summer blow freshly across the lonely wastes of Dartmoor? Where will the angler tourist find rivers and streams so full of the wily trout? And where, if he is an archæologist, will he find so great a treasure of prehistoric

remains, stone circles, kist-vaens, Cromlechs, Dolmens, and ancient British hut dwellings as here, where modern artillery has just now been thundering forth, and armies have been arrayed in all the pageantry of mimic warfare?

In the towns and villages on the verge of the Moor, such as Chagford, Ashburton, Okehampton, and Lydford, and at the one moorland settlement of Princetown (where the convict prison has succeeded that for the confinement of French prisoners during the war with France which ended at Waterloo), are to be found primitive country inns with, as yet, primitive charges. Here the tourist may make trial of squab-pie, clotted cream, and junket, and luxuriate on Dartmoor mutton, or on the trout or salmon which he has himself lured from the neighbouring pools.

Let him spend his days on the Moor in July or August, where though his watch may mark conventional hours of morning, noon, or evening, it is yet "always afternoon;" and where in settled summer weather there is a peculiar stillness under the brilliant sun, whose heat is, however, always tempered by the coolness born of the high elevation of the Moor, returning to his temporary home as the shadows of evening gather over the scene he will reluctantly leave; and no matter how jaded he may have been when he left the busy city for his holiday, he will soon experience a sensation as of a new life and the vigour of returning health of mind and body.

Nor need such an "outing" be without that spice of adventure which may be deemed necessary by the traveller to add piquancy to his tour. Even in that short summer which can scarcely be said to begin before July and which lasts only to the middle of September there are certain experiences—we can scarcely call them dangers—which are peculiar to Dartmoor.

Be it understood that the Moor is traversed only by one main road, which runs east and west, from Chagford and Ashburton to Tavistock, though bifurcating at Two Bridges, near Princetown. Elsewhere, the rough tracks—for they deserve no other name—penetrate some three or four miles towards the centre of the Moor, but never succeed in reaching it or in communicating with those which come from the opposite direction. If the traveller diverges from this main road, either to the north or south, or if he pursues any of the minor roads or tracks, he very soon finds himself dependent on map or compass for guidance.

As then he takes the bearings of the tors and shapes his course accordingly, a small insignificant-looking cloud comes sailing along from the north-west or south-west, and lingers on the summit of one

of the tors, and the inexperienced traveller thinks nothing of it. But other clouds are soon attracted, and a curious gloom, as of an eclipse, gathers over the scene. The mist begins to roll down the slopes and to lie in the valleys beneath, and often within twenty minutes of the first appearance of the first cloud the fog is so thick that it is impossible to see more than a few yards in any direction.

If it be high summer there is every chance of the mist clearing away within an hour or two; and if unprovided with compass and ordnance map it is just as well to sit down and smoke, and wait. If you are near a stream, indeed, and know something of the locality, you can follow its course until you reach some familiar landmark. But to *know* Dartmoor involves more than one visit, or two, and until the tourist does know something of the Moor and its climate it is better in every way that he should trust to the guidance of one of the simple and obliging moor-men. Especially is this advisable, nay even necessary, as the summer passes into early autumn, for then the fogs become more frequent and persistent. The writer was on one occasion at Princetown when the fog came on about ten o'clock in the morning, and continued until two o'clock the next day. During all this time it was impossible to see more than a few yards before you, and to have been then in any of the wilder parts of the Moor would have certainly involved a damp bivouac under friendly rocks or in one of the few cattle sheds which are to be found in some of the valleys. Such is Dartmoor in summer.

And if the Moor has its attractions and even its spice of danger for the tourist in summer, it is scarcely less worth visiting in mid-winter, for then, though it is in the very centre of semi-tropical Devonshire, and though it is within twenty miles of mild and ever-genial Torquay, it has features which may be almost called Arctic. A snow-storm or hail-storm on Dartmoor would be no bad preparation for moose hunting in Newfoundland, or seal hunting farther north. Then the hardy moormen themselves are too wise to venture forth, unless the cattle have to be collected and brought in. The wind rushes fiercely and irresistibly over a score miles of ground with not a tree or wall to break its force, and is broken into wild swirls by the granite caps of the lofty tors. The snow drifts into the valleys and around the rocks in most fantastic shapes, soon obliterates the lower landmarks, and within an hour from the commencement of such a storm a great part of the Moor is simply impracticable for travelling.

A story, which will give the reader some notion of what a Dartmoor winter is like, is told of an adventurous tourist who started one gray winter's morning from the Chagford side of the Moor to cross to

Tavistock. The main road, mentioned above, was plainly enough defined by the tall granite pillars, with the letters denoting the parishes of Chagford and Lydford on the sides, but before half the journey was accomplished the snow began to fall heavily. The traveller plodded on, becoming each hour more and more wearied, and his progress becoming slower and yet slower. Still the snow fell thickly, and he became more and more exhausted. The thing looked serious. The short winter's day was rapidly giving place to night; but happily the growing gloom became the medium which gave promise of safety, for now he saw with joy a gleam of light shining from a farmhouse a little way off the road. Needless to say how eagerly he made for the welcome signal, and how on arrival at the house he was hospitably received by the inmates, gathered round the peat fire on the hearth, and supplied with food and a bed.

Before retiring to rest, curiosity led him to examine his room narrowly. Under the bed was a long wooden box or chest, the lid of which was insecurely fastened down. Having removed the lid, to his horror he saw therein the corpse of an old man. His startled fancy at once conjured up visions of belated travellers lured to this remote dwelling by the light in the window, and murdered, of course, for the sake of the money or valuables they might have about them. There was no sleep for him that night! He hurriedly barricaded the door of the room with such articles of furniture as he could best move, and in default of a poker, and having left his walking-stick downstairs, he contemplated the contingency of having to use the leg of a table as a weapon, and sat down to wait for the expected attack.

The long and silent hours passed away, however, without incident, and at last, his candle having burnt out, he slept long and soundly until awakened by a knock at the door, which sounded on his startled ear like the stroke of doom. But it was only a summons to breakfast, and on venturing downstairs, emboldened by the broad daylight, to the room where he had supped the night before, his entertainers expressed the hope that he had slept well and was refreshed. An explanation ensued. It appears that they had designedly omitted to tell him that the body of their late father was lying in the room above, lest he should, by so unusual a circumstance, be prevented from sleeping. They had, in fact, been compelled to keep the body for more than a week from sheer inability to convey it through the deep snow to the churchyard at Lydford, twelve miles away, but, they naïvely added, they were sure their guest could experience no unpleasantness, as they had had the old gentleman *well salted!*

On the whole, however, it will be admitted that for Dartmoor exploration summer is to be preferred to winter.

On a certain summer day, the memory of which is still green, the writer started with a small party from a village on the northern skirts of the Moor, where they were sojourning, for a visit to Cranmere Pool. This is a peculiarly inaccessible and therefore seldom visited locality, in the very centre of the northern half of the Moor, and about half way between the main central road mentioned above and that road which in an almost parallel line leads from Okehampton to Exeter along the northern boundary of the Moor. The horses and ponies on which we rode were a very variegated selection indeed. The one that fell to the writer's lot—and all through was so given to falling that it would have been better for the rider's peace of mind and comfort of body if he had been left at home—was something like the one described by Mark Twain in his "New Pilgrim's Progress," and which his temporary owner named "Baalbee," because he was such a magnificent ruin. There was evidently some blue blood in him, but he had seen better days, and those days had not been passed on rugged Dartmoor; the enthusiasm of youth had departed with its vigour. For a time, however, all went well. We were under the guidance of a farmer from the village. His wife made one of the party, and although she had been "bred and born" on Dartmoor, and had spent her life within five or six miles of Cranmere, this was her first visit to "The Pool." We wended our way along the soft springy turf under the slopes of Beestone and Hock Tors, and just beyond the "clitter" (as the huge masses of granite scattered in wonderful confusion round the bases of the tors are called) for about two miles. Then leaving Steeperton Tor on the left (the Taw gleaming and brawling in the valley between it and us), we kept along the ground above that river, passing some deserted tin workings on the way, until after about two hours' riding we reached a point where the ground, or rather bog, became impracticable for horses. We were now on the verge of the highest plateau or rather central morass of Dartmoor, and more than a mile of the very worst conceivable sort of bog had to be traversed before reaching the Pool.

We left our horses and ponies in charge of the boys who had accompanied us from the village, and henceforth our mode of progression consisted in picking out the hummock of heather-grown ground which seemed most likely to bear our weight, mentally measuring the width of the ditch or crevasse of soft black peat which separated us and "taking" the leap as well as our respective ages and

rheumatisms might permit. The gentler sex came out wonderfully well in this rough sort of work, although one or two fell out (not *in* happily) and professed themselves satisfied. How our guide shaped his course was and is still a mystery to me. The morass was so extensive, and so entirely devoid of any marks appreciable even to an eye with some Dartmoor experience, that I began to think we should find ourselves, like Christian of old, in a real Slough of Despond, with no friendly hand stretched forth to help and rescue.

I have a suspicion that our guide (like some guides in other remote localities) was not quite so well posted up in the matter as he professed to be. After some discussions, doublings, and more steeplechasing than perhaps ought to have been expected of us, the said guide, with all the exultation of the vanguard of the Grecian host, called out "The Pool! The Pool!"—to which the short-sighted members of the party rejoined, as well they might, "Where? Where?"

A pool meant, we presumed, a collection of water of some sort; but all we could see here was a sort of depression in the surface of the morass of about three acres in extent. Yet this in popular estimation (and it is a case of "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*") was Cranmere Pool, "the Mother of Waters." And, indeed, if not here, still from the slopes of this great and dismal swamp rise the Taw and the two Okements, which fall into the Bristol Channel on the north, and the Tavy, the Dart, and the Teign, which flow southwards into the English Channel.

And although disappointed at first at seeing no Pool, and no longer having any faith in Murray, who calls Cranmere "the largest sheet of water on Dartmoor," we could not but congratulate ourselves on having reached so singular, so solitary, and so impressive a scene. It was indeed the realisation of lifelessness and desolation. Would that Doré could be induced to transfer its presentment to his sketch-book and gallery!

All around as far as we could see was nothing but the lumpy, broken, deeply-fissured bog, which the granite tops of the tors encircled as the prehistoric stones stand round the mystic grave circles so common on the Moor. There was just one glimpse, however, of the world we had left to be had to the westward. There the valley of the West Okement widened under Great Kneeset, and Yes Tor down to Okehampton, and as it reached the lower-lying ground was green and full of soft shadows from the western sinking sun. This peep of life and fertility served as an admirable foil to

deepen and fix the impression which the solemn loneliness and barrenness around had produced on our minds.

We sat down each on our selected hummock, rested for a while, and then set out on our return to the place where we had left Baalbec and the other horses and ponies.

On the return journey the road was rougher and more rocky than that by which we had come. We kept more to the westward, under Dinger Tor, Higher Willhayse, and Yes Tor, the summits of which were now silvered over by the clear light of the rising moon. As the light of day faded and the road became more and more rocky, Baalbec seemed to become quite unnerved. He took to shuddering violently, and making sudden and most inconvenient stops. When urged to go on he would fall on his knees as if praying to be left alone to die. Eventually I had to get off and lead him, and as he every now and then lurched helplessly over a granite boulder (he must have been as short-sighted as his temporary owner!) it became advisable to give him a very wide berth. More than once he knocked his distracted leader away like a ball from a cricket bat, into a water-course or against a bank of heather. He could not have been more thankful than the writer was when we once more found ourselves in sight of the village church and on a macadamised road.

Such is one out of the many enjoyable rambles on Dartmoor to which the tourist is invited. One other feature of this district has been just glanced at, but deserves more notice—viz., the archæological. There are, indeed, no gigantic constructions such as Stonehenge, no vast mounds like Avebury, to be found on the Moor; but, owing perhaps to the sparse population and the inclemency of the weather during the greater part of the year, Dartmoor is richer in well-preserved prehistoric memorials than any other part of England.

There are stone circles at Scorshill and Fernworthy and on the Erme; parallel alignments at Merivale Bridge of perhaps a quarter of a mile in length, and at Cholwich Town Moor near Cornwood; Cromlechs at Drewsteignton (albeit "restored"), Dolmens at Merivale Bridge, and Trowlsworthy Tor, all of which can only be matched at Carnac and in Algeria.

Murray's "Handbook to Devon" and Rowe's "Perambulations of Dartmoor" will afford to the student-tourist all necessary information as to localities, &c.; and among later works he should consult Ferguson's "Rude Stone Monuments" and Mr. Spence Bate's contions on the subject to the "Transactions of the Devonshire on for the Advancement of Literature and Science."

THE THOMAS WALKERS:

THE POPULAR BOROUGHREEVE AND THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORIGINAL."

TWO BIOGRAPHIES DRAWN FROM UNPUBLISHED FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE AND DOCUMENTS.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER IV.

TRIAL FOR CONSPIRACY.

THOMAS WALKER was, in his way, a humourist as well as a patriot. The Reformer was occasionally sunk in the wag. One night, returning home, probably from some meeting of his party, he saw a man put his head to the iron grating of a cellar window, and heard him say "Twig!" In answer a hand was thrust out well laden with tid-bits; and the man went gaily on his way. A few nights afterwards, passing the same cellar window on his homeward road, Mr. Walker determined to try his fortune. He put his mouth to the grating and cried "Twig," and waited a moment. A huge turkey-leg was thrust out. The magistrate took it, and carried it home in triumph to his astonished family.

In 1788 we find his friends Richard Tickell and Joseph Richardson amusing themselves by forwarding him the following memorial:—

"A JOINT MEMORIAL OF RICHARD TICKELL AND JOSEPH RICHARDSON TO THOMAS WALKER, ESQ.

"Most Humbly Sheweth,—

"That your memorialists have long been afflicted with close and pressing Grievances, to which they have submitted with silent Patience and exemplary Resignation. That the former of your memorialists is touched by Distresses that go to the very Bottom of his Comforts—that newer and closer Difficulties press hard upon the latter, and, as it were, cling to his very heart itself.

"That the one contemplates with melancholy concern the forlorn and desolate Situation of his Chairs and Sopha, without a decent covering to rescue them from absolute Nakedness.

"That the other anticipates with dismal Apprehensions the coming Horrors of approaching Winter through the ruins of dilapidated Waistcoats and lacerated Manchester.

"That these Evils have hitherto been tolerated by your *restless* and *restless* memorialists from a firm, confident, and they trust well-governed Relyance on the Ability, the Justice, the good Faith, and the undisputed Honour of that beneficent Friendship to which they thus humbly submit the melancholy Statement of their unparalleled Necessities.

"That your memorialists derive a further ground of implicit reliance on the decisive and prompt assistance of their trusty Patron, from remembering the liberal grants which he has nobly bestowed upon a fellow-labourer in the cause of Manchester and Freedom; who now in the capacity of a Doctor of Civil Law is relieved from the many hard embarrassments which your memorialists are fated to sustain in humbler lines of patient perseverance.

"That, in order to mark the utmost readiness upon their parts to diminish the inconveniences of this joint taxation of their Friend, they hereby engage to pay the carriage of the several Parcels to be forwarded to them upon this occasion; and further, that they hereby solemnly declare that neither their Upholsterers' nor their Taylors' Bills shall be transmitted to Mr. Walker, for the making up of any of the respective materials to be by him contributed on the present emergency; however indispensably they may find themselves obliged to send any others of a different description.

"That your memorialists most humbly conclude with briefly re-assuring you of their distresses, as well as of your own undertaking—convinced that you will feel for the former with as much humanity as you will exercise the latter with spirit and enthusiasm, more especially when you are acquainted that the Paper of the former's Apartments is French Grey, and the Coats of the latter of British Blue.

"And your memorialists will ever pray, &c."

The fund of humour that was in Jacobin Walker, long after he had been very rudely buffeted by the world, and that showed itself in the midst of his hard labours, and under the weight of virulent party persecution; is appealed to in the above whimsical memorial from a side that lets us see the Manchester merchant's unflagging generosity also. In the thickest of the fight he had always time for welcome kindnesses. Horne Tooke writes to him from Wimbledon (Feb. 10, 1796):—

"My dear Sir,—On Sunday last (February 7) I received both your letter and [illegible] I am much obliged to you. Your good

berries and potatoes shall be carefully planted, and I will not spare manure. Justice shall be done to them—and the same I promise to any other things, or persons, which you may at any time put into my hands. Justice to Red Traitors.

"Gurney has taken the trial better than any other man would have taken it. But it is not quite fairly given as it respects me. The Chief Justice, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, Erskine, Gibbs, were all permitted to see it, previously to publication, consequently to correct; I was not permitted to see it. Upon reading the trial, I found there were strong (if not good) reasons why I should not.

"I was too kind to Beaufoy. He deserved hanging; but not so much as his leaders, who are, I trust, reserved for it.

"I shall be happy to see your brother—still happier to see you, when the opportunity comes.

"Cooper is judge of his district: I wish he was Chief Justice of England. I write hastily, because the frank will not serve to-morrow. God bless you and your family. I do not know whether Tuffer is yet come to England. How long will it be before England comes to itself?

"JOHN HORNE TOOKE."

The friendship had warmed between the two before 1799, when Tooke writes :—

"I this moment receive your most agreeable notice: you break in upon no engagement of mine; and if you did, my engagements should bend without breaking. We will expect you till we see you; desiring you to pay no other regard to time, but as it shall best suit yourselves. My love to your son and daughter. My girls desire the same.

"Your very affectionate,

"J. HORNE TOOKE."

The visit was impeded by an attack of measles, suffered by Miss Walker; whereupon Tooke wrote :—"One of my maids has left me, and I have not yet supplied her place. My other maid is ill; and I am forced to borrow, in the middle of the day, Sir F. Burdett's only maid, for at present he has only one in his house (Lady Burdett having taken the four other maidservants with her.)" He adds :—"If at any time I can make myself, my house, or anything that belongs to me useful, pleasant, or convenient to you or any of your family, I shall like myself and all that belongs to me the better for it, for I am most sincerely your affectionate friend."

It was Mr. Walker's gracious habit to send his fruit, his game, flowers, and of his manufactures to his friends. Thanks for gifts in half the bulky volumes of letters he left behind him. The H Thomas Erskine writes (10th April, 1787) to thank his friend for present of fabrics, and says he shall value it "not merely for beauty of the manufacture, but for the respect I have for the giv and hopes to be favoured with his company to dinner before leaves town. Mr. Erskine concludes, "I ever am, dear sir, since yours." Afterwards Mr. Erskine visited his friend at Barlow.

In Hone's brief memoir he observes:—"The devoted displayed by Mr. Walker, both on this (the abolition of the Fus Tax) and other public occasions, and the personal sacrifices he m were exemplary if they were not imprudent." Their imprudence shown in the ingratitude which rewarded them, and in the shame persecution which attacked his honour and sought his life. triumphed before a jury of his countrymen; but as a merchant he gradually reduced from affluence to suffer by narrow means. beginning of his downward course as a manufacturer dates from arraignment for conspiracy.

"Convinced," the writer of the notice on his death observes, "t a renovation of some parts of our constitution, of which the lapse time had destroyed the stability or injured the purity, was essenti necessary for the maintenance both of the just rights of the Cro and the natural liberties of the people; he assisted in the estab ment of an association for diffusing political knowledge, which called the 'Constitutional Society,' and of which he was chosen ch man. But although the Minister of the day had himself been an ac promoter of similar institutions, yet when he had sacrificed his p ciples to the prejudices of those who looked with alarm on dawning liberties of France, the strong hand of power was exerte check the growth of liberal principles and constitutional informat Under the pretexts of 'meditated revolution,' and of danger to existence of 'social order and religion,' the liberties of the sub were infringed in an unprecedented and outrageous manner, extensive encouragement was given to hired spies and informers, in the latter part of 1793 Mr. Walker and six of his friends, as we many other men of eminence in different parts of the kingdom, arrested on a charge of 'conspiring to overthrow the Governm and to assist the King's enemies in their intended invasion of kingdom.' Under this charge these seven gentlemen were tri Lancaster on the 2nd April, 1794."

Mr. Walker, to use engraver Sharpe's jocular phrase, had been

enough to get into a good scrape. The Government, in their prosecutions, wanted "to pick their birds," and in Mr. Pitt's Manchester enemy (who by his energy had laid the foundation of Manchester's greatness) they had secured a good one. The shameless measures that were used in order to secure a verdict against Mr. Walker and his companions were afterwards exposed in Mr. Walker's "Review of Political Events" in Manchester. The informer was engaged to swear away the liberty of the accused. Benjamin Booth confessed that when he was confined in the New Bailey every possible effort was made by the Rev. Mr. Griffith and by the taskmaster and others—notabilities of Manchester—to make him join evidence with the informer Dunn, "three very young children and a wife's distresses" being continually held up to him to compel his assent. He was assured that the Government "did not want to take Walker's life; but something which would subject him to fine and imprisonment." To the man's honour be it recorded that he recanted the false evidence which had been extorted from him by threats of the halter and the disgrace of his family, the moment he was set at liberty. Dunn, who was kept as nearly drunk as possible by order of the Reverend Justice Griffith, went through with his infamous task. To humour him and keep up his courage, this clergyman did not scruple to give directions that he should be provided with all the drink he required, and that he should board with the taskmaster's family. Dunn knew his power and drank his fill. The copy of the bill for Dunn and Booth and their wives, sent by the taskmaster of the New Bailey to the clergyman John Griffith, who had the false witness in charge, was obtained afterwards by Mr. Walker.

"Robinson says" (I am quoting Mr. Walker's "Political Events") "when he first saw Dunn it was at John Griffith's (the clergyman's), and Dunn was then drunk. Griffith told Robinson that Dunn had then drunk a bottle of shrub or sherry, but he don't remember which. Dunn told Robinson he thought of going to America, and they had disappointed him, otherwise he should not have done anything of this kind—meaning swearing against Walker, Paul, or others; he then said he wished he was dead; he also told Robinson he was to have had his place as taskmaster at the New Bailey, but for his having to appear in evidence against Walker, Paul, Collier, Jackson, and others, and that it would look bad if he had it. Robinson says Dunn hurt his fingers, and desired his wife to give him a little rum to bathe them; she brought out a bottle nearly full; but Robinson being called away Dunn stole the rum and drank it. As soon as Mrs. Robinson missed the rum she went into Dunn's room

and accused him with stealing the rum, and asked him if he was not afraid it would kill him; he answered he wished it would, for he wished he was dead. Dunn was not well for two or three days after. Robinson says his face seemed inflamed and red the next day. As Robinson was ordered to indulge Dunn in everything, he had leave to go with him to Blakely Rush-burying, or wake. Dunn ordered five shillings worth of liquor, and placed the reckoning to John Griffith. Robinson thinks the landlord's name is Travis, but is not sure; it was a publick-house on the left-hand side."

This work of warming and humouring a false witness obtained "much credit" for the Rev. John Griffith with the High Church party in Manchester. He did not steal the praise. Mr. Walker says:—"The Rev. Mr. Griffith, junior, told a person, through whom it comes to me, that Dunn was a long time before he would say anything, but that he (Griffith) out with a decanter of strong Hollands gin, or shrub, and made the dog drunk, and then he began to open; that he showed him (Dunn) his examination when he came to himself, and that he had always stood to it since. The same person has also heard the reverend magistrate declare that he would not leave Walker a pair of shoes—he would ruin him. In conformity to this, Griffith junior has also declared in the presence of other persons his readiness to stab Walker, and that he would hang him if possible."

In this way the testimony was produced on which Mr. Walker and six others were tried at Lancaster as "wicked, seditious, and ill-disposed persons, and disaffected to our Sovereign Lord the now King and the Constitution and Government of this kingdom as by law established, &c." A warrant for high treason had been issued—but was not executed. The prisoners were charged with having conspired "with force and arms" to overthrow the Government; to aid and assist the French, then the King's enemies; and, for these purposes, with having drilled their accomplices. Mr. Walker was charged, on Dunn's testimony, with having said—"What are kings? Damn the King; what is he to us? If I had him in my power, I would as soon take his head off as I would tear this paper." With this expression, Mr. Walker—according to Dunn—tore a piece of paper asunder.

Mr. Walker, when the trial was called on (April 2, 1794) at Lancaster before Mr. Justice Heath, found himself encompassed by powerful supporters. Among his own counsel were his staunch friends Erskine (who was his guest) and Felix Vaughan; but long before the day of hearing the public men with whom he acted had gathered about him. I find in Mr. Walker's correspondence a letter from

Thomas Clarkson dated November 13, 1793, from Chester. He says: "I have no business at Manchester, but wishing to see you on the Business of the impending Tryal, and to go over some points which it may be useful to the Cause to ascertain, it is my Intention to visit you. I shall hardly I think be at Manchester till the 16th in the morning. I am on Horseback. I don't wish it to be known that I am at Manchester, and should therefore like to ride up to your House, and spend the day with you, and be off next morning."

Mr. Law, Attorney-General for the County Palatine of Lancaster, led for the Crown; and in his opening address to the jury dwelt on the heinous nature of the opinions and operations of the Manchester Constitutional Society—as attested by Dunn. Mr. Law said:

"It was about the close of the year 1792 that the French nation thought fit to hold out to all the nations on the globe, or rather, I should say, to the discontented subjects of all those nations, an encouragement to confederate and combine together, for the purpose of subverting all regular established authority amongst them, by a decree of that nation of the 19th of November, 1792, which I consider as the immediate source and origin of this and other mischievous societies. That nation, in convention, pledged to the discontented inhabitants of other countries its protection and assistance, in case they should be disposed to innovate and change the form of government under which they had heretofore lived. Under the influence of this fostering encouragement, and meaning, I must suppose, to avail themselves of the protection and assistance thus held out to them, this and other dangerous societies sprang up, and spread themselves within the bosom of this realm. Gentlemen, it was about the period I mentioned, or shortly after—I mean in the month of December, which followed close upon the promulgation of this detestable decree, that the society on which I am about to comment, and ten members of which are now presented in trial before you, was formed. [The Manchester Society was formed in October, 1790.] The vigilance of those to whom the administration of justice and the immediate care of the police of the country is primarily entrusted, had already prevented or dispersed every numerous assembly of persons which resorted to public-houses for such purposes; it therefore became necessary for persons thus disposed to assemble themselves to do so, if at all, within the walls of some private mansion. The president and head of this society, Mr. Thomas Walker, raised to that bad eminence by a species of merit which will not meet with much favour or encouragement here, opened his doors to receive a society of this

sort at Manchester, miscalled the Reformation Society: the name may, in some senses, indeed import and be understood to mean a society formed for the purpose of beneficial reform; but what the real purposes of this society were you will presently learn, from their declared sentiments and criminal actings. He opened his doors, then, to receive this society; they assembled, night after night, in numbers, to an amount which you will hear from the witnesses; sometimes, I believe, the extended number of such assemblies amounting to more than a hundred persons. There were three considerable rooms allotted for their reception. In the lower part of the house, where they were first admitted, they sat upon business of less moment, and requiring the presence of smaller numbers; in the upper part, they assembled in greater multitudes, and read, as in a school, and as it were to fashion and perfect themselves in everything that is seditious and mischievous, those writings which have been already reprobated by other juries sitting in this and other places, by the courts of law, and, in effect, by the united voice of both Houses of Parliament. They read, amongst other works, particularly the works of an author whose name is in the mouth of everybody in this country; I mean the works of Thomas Paine; an author, who, in the gloom of a French prison, is now contemplating the full effects and experiencing all the miseries of that disorganising system of which he is, in some respects, the parent—certainly, the great advocate and promoter."

Mr. Law went on to argue from the reading of Paine, and the conversations that would naturally flow from such mischievous employment, that the society drilled its members to assist the French, should they land, by force of arms. All this was based on the evidence of Dunn, given after the Rev. Justice Griffith had "out with a decanter of strong Hollands gin" and "made the dog drunk;" and after he had been soaked in spirits by the taskmaster of the New Bailey. Mr. Law knew that his chief witness was a man whose character would not bear the light; and he anticipated the line of defence by insinuating that the defendants had tampered with him. He endeavoured also to weaken the effect of Mr. Erskine's persuasive eloquence, by warning the jury against entanglement in the wiles of the famous advocate. "I have long," said artful Mr. Law, "felt and admired the powerful effect of his various talents. I know the ingenious sophistry by which he can mislead, and the fascination of that eloquence by which he can subdue the minds of those to whom he addresses himself. I know what he can do to-day, by seeing what he has done upon many other occasions before. But, as

the same time, gentlemen, knowing what he is, I am somewhat consoled in knowing you."

Dunn, in the witness-box, was by far too good a witness. He remembered everything that took place at the meetings of the Reformation Society at Mr. Walker's house; that the members were regularly drilled; that there were rejoicings at the death of the French king, and the general expression of a desire that Capet's fate might be that of all kings; that Mr. Walker said King George had seventeen millions of money in the Bank of Vienna, and that he would not give one penny to serve the poor—"damn him and all kings;" that the number of the French who were to land was estimated at fifty thousand; and that the members of the society generally, entered Mr. Walker's premises by the back door. But when taken in hand by Mr. Erskine, the perjured informer broke down completely. He was insolent, audacious, defiant at times, as when, in answer to the inquiry who paid for his drink in prison, he said nobody—adding "No, upon my oath; that is plump." He contradicted himself at every turn. Having sworn "plump" that nobody gave him a drop of drink, he admitted a few minutes afterwards that he got a glass of shrub from Mr. Griffith. He denied that he had ever been on his knees to Mr. Walker begging his forgiveness for the wrong he had done him, in bearing false witness against him. An almost uninterrupted tissue of falsehoods fell from the lips of this poor wretch, who could neither read nor write, who had been a weaver by trade, and then a discharged soldier; and who, even in the midst of his infamous work, was moved by qualms of conscience to wish that death might end his career. Yet on his evidence, and some immaterial testimony from the constable who watched Mr. Walker's house, the case for the Crown entirely rested.

Mr. Erskine opened the defence with a most solemn exordium:—

"I listened with the greatest attention (and in honour of my learned friend I must say with the greatest approbation) to much of his address to you in the opening of this cause; it was candid and manly, and contained many truths which I have no interest to deny; one in particular, which involves in it indeed the very principle of the defence—the value of that happy constitution of government which has so long existed in this island: I hope in God that none of us will ever forget the gratitude which we owe to the Divine Providence, and, under its blessing, to the wisdom of our forefathers, for the happy establishment of law and justice under which we live; and under which, thank God, my clients are this day to be judged: great indeed will be the condemnation of any man who does not feel

act as he ought to do upon this subject; for surely if there be one privilege greater than another which the benevolent Author of our being has been pleased to dispense to His creatures since the existence of the earth which we inhabit, it is to have cast our lots in such a country and in such an age as that in which we live: for myself, I would in spirit prostrate myself daily and hourly before Heaven to acknowledge it, and instead of coming from the house of Mr. Walker, and accompanying him at Preston (the only truths which the witness has uttered since he came into Court), if I believed him capable of committing the crimes he is charged with, I would rather have gone into my grave than have been found as a friend under his roof."

Pointing to the prisoners, Mr. Erskine observed that at the head of them "stands before you a merchant of honour, property, character, and respect; who has long enjoyed the countenance and friendship of many of the worthiest and most illustrious persons in the kingdom, and whose principles and conduct have more than once been publicly and gratefully acknowledged by the community of which he is a member, for standing forth the friend of their commerce and liberties, and the protector of the most essential privileges which Englishmen can enjoy under the laws."

Mr. Erskine then went on to describe the actual condition of public affairs; and held that in such times especially "such a prosecution against such a person" ought to have had a strong foundation. The Sovereign had said from the Throne that the French Republicans were meditating an invasion of England; and the people were astir from one end of the kingdom to the other to repel it. Mr. Erskine asked:—"In such a state of things, and when the public transactions of Government and justice in the two countries pass and repass from one another as if upon the wings of the wind, is it a politic thing to prepare this solemn array of justice upon such a dangerous subject without a reasonable foundation, or rather without an urgent call, and at a time too when it is our common interest that France should believe us to be what we are and ever have been, one heart and soul to protect our country and our Constitution? Is it wise or prudent, putting private justice wholly out of the question, that it should appear to the councils of France, apt enough to exaggerate advantages, that the judge representing the Government in the northern district of this kingdom should be sitting here in judgment in the presence of all the gentlemen whose property lies in the county, assembled, I observe, upon the occasion, and very properly, to witness so very interesting a process, to trace and to punish the

existence of a rebellious conspiracy to support an invasion from France?"

Mr. Erskine dwelt on the inevitable effect of the trial, observing that the rumours and effect of it would spread where the evidence might not travel to act as an antidote to the mischief. "Good God!" the advocate exclaimed, "can it be for the interest of Government that such a state of this country should go forth?—and this on the unsupported testimony of a common soldier, or rather a common vagabond discharged as unfit to be a soldier; a wretch, lost to every sense of God and religion, who avows that he has none for either, and who is incapable of observing even common decency as a witness in the court." He then described the foundation, object, and aims of the Constitutional Society and the Reformation Society—bodies of Liberals and Dissenters who advocated the reform of Parliament, and the removal of religious disabilities, in an orderly manner, and that met at Mr. Walker's house only after the publicans, through the wanton pressure of the Church and King men, had driven them from every place of public meeting in the town.

"Gentlemen," Mr. Erskine resumed, "this is the genuine history of the business, and it must therefore not a little surprise you that when the charge is wholly confined to the use of arms, Mr. Law should not even have hinted to you that Mr. Walker's house had been attacked, and that he was driven to stand upon his defence; as if such a thing had never had an existence; indeed, the armoury which must have been exhibited in such a statement would have but ill suited the indictment or the evidence, and I must therefore undertake the description of it myself.

"The arms having been locked up as I told you (after the memorable attack upon Mr. Walker's house) in the bedchamber, I was shown last week into this house of conspiracy, treason, and death, and saw exposed to view the mighty armoury which was to level the beautiful fabrick of our constitution, and to destroy the lives and properties of seven millions of people; it consisted first of six little swivels purchased two years ago at the sale of Livesey, Hargrave, and Co. (of whom we have all heard so much) by Mr. Jackson, a gentleman of Manchester, who is also one of the defendants, and who gave them to Master Walker, a boy about ten years of age; swivels, you know, are guns so called because they turn upon a pivot, but these were taken off their props, were painted, and put upon blocks resembling carriages of heavy cannon, and in that shape may be fairly called children's toys; you frequently see them in the neighbourhood London adorning the houses of sober citizens, who, strange

Brown and his improvements, and preferring grandeur to taste, place them upon their ramparts at Mile End or Islington: having been, like Mr. Dunn (I hope I resemble him in nothing else), having like him served His Majesty as a soldier (and I am ready to serve again if my country's safety should require it), I took a closer review of all I saw, and observing that the muzzle of one of them was broke off, I was curious to know how far this famous conspiracy had proceeded and whether they had come into action, when I found the accident had happened on firing a *feu de joie* upon His Majesty's happy recovery, and that they had been afterwards fired upon the Prince of Wales's birthday. These are the only times that in the hands of these conspirators these cannon, big with destruction, had opened their little mouths: once to commemorate the indulgent and benign favour of Providence in the recovery of the Sovereign, and once as a congratulation to the Heir Apparent of his Crown on the anniversary of his birth.

"I went next, under the direction of the master general of this ordnance (Mr. Walker's chambermaid), to visit the rest of this formidable array of death, and found next a little musketoon about so high [*describing it*]. I put my thumb upon it, when out started a little bayonet, like the Jack-in-the-box which we buy for children at a fair. In short, not to weary you, gentlemen, there was just such a parcel of arms of different sorts and sizes as a man collecting among his friends for his defence against the sudden violence of a riotous multitude might be expected to have collected; here lay three or four rusty guns of different dimensions, and here and there a bayonet or a broadsword covered with dust so as to be almost undistinguishable; for notwithstanding what this infamous wretch has sworn, we will prove by witness after witness, till you desire us to finish, that they were principally collected on the 11th of December, the day of the riot, and that from the 12th in the evening, or the 13th in the morning, they have been untouched as I have described them."

Mr. Erskine referred to the "unnamed prosecutors," and added that he was afraid to slander any man or body of men by even a guess upon the subject; and talked of the time when the "unnamed" ones were beating about for evidence, keeping Mr. Dunn, the while, "walking like a tame sparrow through the New Bailey, fed at the public or *some other* expense, and suffered to go at large, though arrested upon a criminal charge and sent into custody under it." If men were to be tried on such evidence as that of Dunn, who was safe? Mr. Erskine declared that he had no occasion to feel himself safer than his clients. "I," he said, "am equally an object of suspicion

as Mr. Walker: it is said of *him* that he has been a member of a society for the reform of Parliament; so have *I*, and so am *I* at this moment, and so at all hazards I will continue to be; and I will tell you why, gentlemen: because I hold it to be essential to the preservation of all the ranks and orders of the State, alike essential to the prince and to the people. I have the honour to be allied to His Majesty in blood, and my family has been for centuries a part of what is now called the aristocracy of the country. I can therefore have no interest in the destruction of the constitution."

The advocate concluded with the following powerful appeal:—

"Upon the whole, then, I cannot help hoping that my friend the Attorney-General, when he shall hear my proofs, will feel that a prosecution like this ought not to be offered for the seal and sanction of your verdict. Unjust prosecutions lead to the ruin of all Governments; for whoever will look back to the history of the world in general, and of our own particular country, will be convinced that exactly in proportion as prosecutions have been cruel and oppressive, and maintained by inadequate and unrighteous evidence, in the same proportion and by the same means their authors have been destroyed instead of being supported by them. As often as the principles of our ancient laws have been departed from in weak and wicked times, as often the Governments that have violated them have been suddenly crumbled into dust; and, therefore, wishing, as I most sincerely do, the preservation and prosperity of our happy constitution, I desire to enter my protest against its being supported by means that are likely to destroy it. Violent proceedings bring on the bitterness of retaliation, until all justice and moderation are trampled down and subverted. Witness those sanguinary prosecutions previous to the awful period in the last century, when Charles the First fell. That unfortunate prince lived to lament those vindictive judgments by which his impolitic, infatuated followers imagined they were supporting the throne; he lived to see how they destroyed it. His throne, undermined by violence, sank under him, and those who shook it were guilty in their turn. Such is the natural order of injustice, not of similar but of worse and more violent wrongs; witness the fate of the unhappy Earl of Strafford, who, when he could not be reached by the ordinary laws, was impeached in the House of Commons, and who, when still beyond the consequences of that judicial proceeding, was at last destroyed by the arbitrary, wicked mandate of the Legislature. James the Second lived to ask assistance in the hour of his own distress from those whom he had cut off from the means of giving it; he lived to ask support from the Earl of Bedford, after his son, the unfortunate Lord

Russell, had fallen under the axe of injustice. 'I once had a son,' said that noble person, 'who could have served your Majesty upon this occasion;' but there was then none to assist him.

"I cannot possibly tell how others feel upon these subjects, but I do know how it is their interest to feel concerning them. We ought to be persuaded that the only way by which Government can be honourably or safely supported is by cultivating the love and affection of the people; by showing them the value of the constitution by its protection; by making them understand its principles by the practical benefits derived from them; and above all, by letting them feel their security in the administration of law and justice. What is it in the present state of that unhappy kingdom, the contagion of which fills us with such alarm, that is the just object of terror? What, but that accusation and conviction are the same, and that a false witness or power without evidence is a warrant for death? Not so here; long may the countries differ! and I am asking nothing more than that you should decide according to our own wholesome rules, by which our Government was established, and by which it has been ever protected.

"Put yourselves, gentlemen, in the place of the defendants, and let me ask if you were brought before your country upon a charge supported by no other evidence than that which you have heard to-day, and encountered by that which I have stated to you, what would you say, or your children after you, if you were touched in your persons or your properties by a conviction? May you never be put to such reflections nor the country to such disgrace! The best service we can render to the public is that we should live like one harmonious family, that we should banish all animosities, jealousies, and suspicions of one another, and that living under the protection of a mild and impartial justice, we should endeavour, with one heart, according to our best judgments, to advance the freedom and maintain the security of Great Britain."

The evidence for the defence proved over and over again that Dunn had perjured himself; and when at length he was recalled to confront the testimony against him he was so drunk (having passed the interim at a public-house) that his evidence was almost unintelligible. It had been proved on irrefragable testimony that in a moment of contrition he had sought Mr. Walker out and had fallen on his knees, imploring his forgiveness for having sworn falsely against ; but this he denied at first, then blurted out "I went there when intoxicated, the same as I am now." Afterwards he denied

the truth of all the evidence of Mr. Walker's friends, clerks, and servants, and was stopped at length by the Attorney-General for the County Palatine, who, albeit for the prosecution, testified himself to the honour of one of the witnesses whom Dunn marked as a perjurer. Mr. Law stopped the case, observing—"I cannot expect one witness alone, unconfirmed, to stand against the testimony of these witnesses; I ought not to expect it." The judge having commended the course adopted by the prosecution, the jury immediately acquitted the defendants. Mr. Erskine and Mr. Vaughan applied that Dunn might be committed, and they undertook to indict him for perjury.

Mr. Justice Heath: "Let him be committed; and I hope, Mr. Walker, that this will be an admonition to you to keep better company in future."

Mr. Walker: "I have been in no bad company, my lord, except in that of the wretch who stands behind me; nor is there a word or an action of my life, in which the public are at all interested, that I wish unsaid, or undone, or that under similar circumstances I would not repeat."

Mr. Justice Heath: "You have been honourably acquitted, sir, and the witness against you is committed for perjury."

James Cheetham was waiting his trial "for damning the King and wishing he was guillotined," on Dunn's evidence; but, the record says, the witness having been committed for perjury, a verdict of not guilty was given at once.

Dunn was afterwards tried and convicted of ten several perjuries; and this wretched tool of the Government was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and to stand in the pillory. "It must not be omitted"—I quote Hone's biography of Mr. Walker—"that the strongest suspicions of direct subornation of perjury were attached to some of the most active supporters of Government in this town (Manchester); and it was only by the timely repentance of one of their hired informers that Mr. Walker and his friends, innocent as they were of every offence whatever, escaped a charge of high treason. But the malice of his enemies was not satiated; the most deliberate attacks were made on his character and credit; and at length partly from these causes, and partly from the events of the war, his fortune sank at the conclusion of a seven years' struggle."

From this period of persistent and cowardly persecution, in which the agents of Mr. Pitt were actively concerned, Mr. Walker was a victim to growing difficulties—albeit encompassed with crowds of friends, including the foremost Liberal men of his time.

"The law," Mr. Walker observes in his "Political Events" (it

has been frequently said in charges to grand juries, and it favourite sentiment) "is alike open to the poor as to the rich;" "so" (said Mr. Horne Tooke on some occasion) "is the Lo Tavern; but they will give you a very sorry welcome unless you with money sufficient to pay for your entertainment."

"I have no scruple to say, from dear-bought experience, that is no law in this country for the poor man. The expense of attor and the expense of counsel, and the expense of witnesses, and expense of stamps to the Government, and fees to the law off the expense of time, and of trouble, the neglect of business, and anxiety of mind, are beyond calculation to those who have not melancholy experience of the fact. Neither is there certainty justice even to those who are able and willing to afford the exp of a prosecution, if the minds of jurors can be warped on the of trial from all impartial considerations, by incessant falsehood invective, from pulpits and printing houses, and parish associati I have a right to complain of the expense of law when I can inf the reader, with truth, that the expenses of the trial, to which th a sequel, including the prosecution of Dunn, amounted to ne three thousand pounds.

"I have a right to complain of the uncertainty of justice, the trial of Benjamin Booth (who had been implored 'for God's and his family to join in Dunn's evidence against Mr. Walker Manchester; after having perused the trial of Mr. Winterbotha after having seen the verdicts of a Warwickshire jury, and compa the compensations with the losses of the Birmingham sufferers know not in what tone of voice, nor with what cast of countenan Mr. Windham pronounced that '*the law was equally open in all cas* but it was a cruel and malignant sarcasm; and Mr. Windham co not but know that it was untrue when he uttered it. The law indeed open to those who have the key of the Treasury to unlock —it was open even to Thomas Dunn of infamous notoriety. Perhap would be also open to Mr. Windham—from the tender mercies whose recommendation heaven defend the injured poor!"

CHAPTER V.

THE REFORMERS OF 1794.

Six days after his acquittal, Mr. C. J. Fox wrote to Mr. Walker "My dear Sir,—I do assure you that I have seldom felt more

* Speech in the House of Commons (December 17, 1792) in reply to Mr. and Mr. Grey on the riots at Manchester.

satisfaction than I received from Heywood's letter from Lancaster giving me the account of your complete triumph there. Your satisfaction ought to be (and I hope is) proportionate to the malignancy with which you have been persecuted; and if it is you must be a very happy man. I beg you accept my sincere congratulations, and to believe me, dear Sir, your most faithful, humble servant,

"C. J. Fox."

On the 23rd of May Mr. Erskine wrote to his friend and client, of the prosecutions that were then rife—"But all redress is visionary. If honest men can defend themselves they are well off, without seeking to punish others. Your friends here are much disappointed at not seeing your trial published, and there are catchpenny things circulated to pass for it. It certainly throws great light upon the businesses which agitate the public at this moment, and its appearance now would be useful."

Congratulations flowed in from all sides. Earl Stanhope wrote from Mansfield Street (April 7, 1794):—"I return you many thanks for your obliging letter of the 12th of March, and for the list of Toasts therein enclosed, drunk at the Church and King Club. I beg to congratulate you most cordially and sincerely on your late acquittal; as also the other gentlemen indicted at the same time; being with zeal and Respect, Sir, your faithful fellow-citizen, STANHOPE." There is an endorsement on Lord Stanhope's note:—

"Many years afterwards this republican peer had his portrait taken with a coronet in his hand!—such is the influence of circumstances."

His lordship in citizen days addressed Mr. Walker as "Dear citizen."

Gilbert Wakefield wrote from Hackney to congratulate the distinguished Jacobin on "the defeat of his despicable adversaries." The letter is dated July 15, 1794. "Mr. Walker," says the writer, "will rejoice with him on the glorious prospect of a speedy crisis to the abominable perversions of civil society; in the subversion of which Mr. W. glories to have co-operated with Mr. Walker, tho' as a less vigorous and conspicuous agent."

Passing through Bury St. Edmunds, four days after the trial, on his way to London, Clarkson happened to fall in with the *Courier*, which gave him the news of his friend's honourable acquittal; and he wrote at once to say that he anticipated it, was overjoyed at it, and congratulated both Mr. and Mrs. Walker. His trusty friend Cooper (the ardent advocate of liberty and the vigorous pamphleteer) wrote from

London that he had heard of the acquittal from a friend v
been in company with Lord Derby. His lordship abused the
violently about the trial, and reprobated the conduct of the
tors severely. Lord Derby also said, "The Duke of Bedfo
honestest man publicly and privately in the kingdom."

The trial created a great sensation in London. On the
April Mr. Erskine wrote to Mr. Walker pressing him for
the shorthand notes. "I take it for granted you will publ
Manchester, and I am sure it will be of infinite service to t
of reform, and bring Government into great disgrace." Mr.
adds that he shall meet Fox, Sheridan, and Grey, on the
Monday, "when I mean to have some talk with them
subject."

The subject was in the mouths of all political men. After
the continuance of which, with vigour, had just been determir
in Parliament—in spite of the exertions of the Duke of
Lords Lansdowne and Lauderdale, and Fox and Sheridan;
discontent, and the agitation to which it was giving omino
throughout the land, were the subject of debate in every
The conviction of two Scotch agitators—Muir and Pal
spreading Paine's "Rights of Man," and other tracts on
subjects distasteful to the Government, and for exhorting th
to resist the oppression under which they lived; had creat
found sensation. The Scotch judges had sentenced the agi
fourteen years' transportation. Muir and Palmer were
education and unblemished character, and their fate wak
sympathies even of friends of the Ministry. The popula
was deepened and extended when the Scotch judges, a fe
after they had doomed Muir and Palmer to Botany Bay, ser
batch of Scotch and English delegates of a convention held
burgh to promote sweeping Parliamentary Reforms, to a sin
In vain did Mr. Adam, a barrister of high repute and a m
Parliament, endeavour to modify the law, and to obtain mer
convicts, then on board transports at Woolwich; in vain he
—and with rare learning and perspicacity—that they had beer
sentenced. Sheridan and Fox were the eloquent advocates
in opposition to Pitt, the Lord Advocate, and Mr. Secret
das, who found that the actual system was agreeable to the
large. Dundas was, indeed, of opinion that the law was
ciently severe. This remark drew upon him the wrath of
Government against the risks and perils of an int
of Englishmen.

But the friends of civil and religious liberty had small favour in those times, when the upper classes were labouring under fears raised by the French Revolution. The man who advocated Parliamentary Reform was a dangerous malcontent—a Jacobin—an enemy to be rooted or driven out. It was in these days that crowds of disappointed English politicians, like Thomas Cooper—and later Mr. Walker's youngest son, George Henry—emigrated to America; and that hundreds who could not emancipate themselves from the rigours of the time, dreamed of the liberty of Washington—and longed to be quit of the mother country. Three years after the trial Mr. Erskine wrote to Mr. Walker (April 6th, 1797) that everything was hopeless. "The Minister has acquired a holding which will enable him to pull the country to pieces, and we must all fall together. You see meetings are holding everywhere, and undoubtedly they are of value. If Manchester is ripe for it I hope you will succeed in getting one." Mr. Walker, much as he had suffered, in mind and in purse—and then, apparently, to no purpose—was as ready as ever in the good cause; and as active a correspondent and subscriber as ever in all good movements.

Much of the Walker correspondence is interesting, as illustrating the feeling of the time and the profound effect which was created in England by the startling series of events that succeeded the dethronement of Louis the Sixteenth. The severities practised in England by the Church and King party upon all who sympathised with the French patriots were the cowardly cruelties of fear. The trial of Mr. Walker, on evidence bought by a clergyman from a drunken weaver, is a fair sample of the manner in which Church and King men proceeded in all directions against the societies and clubs that had spread throughout the empire—with Hardy's London club for organising centre. The demand of these clubs was for radical reform. Their sedition was no more than that extent of liberalism which has since led the way to peerages. But the popular leaders of those days were before their time. The prosecution of Mr. Joyce, a tutor in Lord Stanhope's family, of Horne Tooke, of Mr. Kydd, a rising barrister, was on the pattern of that by which Mr. Walker had suffered. Mr. Fox and Mr. Grey raised their voices in vain against Mr. Pitt's wholesale severities; and protested, unregarded, that Ministers were inaugurating a Reign of Terror. The societies against which penal laws were to be applied were but associations for bringing about universal suffrage; a convention was but a general meeting, or assembly, of these thoroughly lawful associations. British Ministers were doing exactly that which had ruined France. Had the French enjoyed the

liberties which were the right of Englishmen, Louis' head had never fallen on the Place de la Concorde. Pitt, the sometime Reformer, had become Pitt the prosecutor, with the help of a hired host of informers. He was attacking Horne Tooke for being true to the principles which he himself had betrayed. Parliament gave reason to Pitt and Windham and Burke—and turned a deaf ear upon Fox and Grey and Sheridan; voted wholesale war subsidies to foreign princes; and, with Burke, stigmatised imprisoned La Fayette as the enemy of genuine liberty and an outcast of society. In this spirit a series of State prosecutions was begun with that of Mr. Walker.* In these prosecutions we find Messrs. Erskine and Felix Vaughan defending the accused with that vigour and earnestness which had confounded Mr. Walker's infamous enemies at Manchester. In the case of Hardy, Erskine's speech of six hours was a masterpiece of eloquent exposition. The great advocate secured a triumph against the enemies of freedom, the echoes of which lasted for many a day. The wit of Tooke was as potent as the eloquence of Erskine, and together they covered King and Parliament with shame and confusion. Erskine pointed to the infamous threat under which he had defended Paine; and then to the noble conduct of Tooke, who would not have his case separated from that of his fellow-accused. "I could have made a defence," said Erskine, "which would have kept his vessel out of the storm; I could have brought him safe into the harbour of peace, while those men were left to ride out the tempest; but he would not suffer his defence to be conducted on that plan; and though he has nothing to do with the conspiracy, he holds out a rope to save others; he charges me to say—I will show the other men had no such guilt belonging to them; and I rejoice in being the advocate to do it."

The end of these trials, and the general features of them are

* As an introduction to the trials of the State prisoners in the Tower, it would be necessary to mention a few others which took place in different parts of the realm. At the spring assizes in Lancaster, Mr. Thomas Walker, of Manchester, who had opposed certain measures of the Minister, and exerted himself strenuously as an advocate of Parliamentary reform, was indicted for conspiring with nine other persons to overturn our constitution by force of arms, and to assist the French in case of invasion. The principal evidence was that of a spy named Dunn, afterwards convicted of wilful and corrupt perjury; and his testimony on this occasion was so contradictory that the prisoner was honourably acquitted, without being put on his defence. It appeared that a certain party in Manchester had encouraged the miscreant to institute prosecutions against such persons as were obnoxious to Government; so that through his testimony Mr. Paul of that place was imprisoned nine weeks on a charge of treason, and Mr. Booth condemned to two years' imprisonment for speaking seditious words.—*Hughes' Continuation of Hume and Smollett.*

well known, and to this day are well remembered especially in those parts of England where the name of Thomas Walker, the valiant Reformer and trusty friend of every good public cause, is still held in honour.

By their light the extensive correspondence before me gains almost an important historical interest; and I propose to offer the reader passages from it, in which the colour and spirit of the revolutionary time, as it affected this country, are vividly seen. Perhaps Thomas Cooper was Mr. Walker's most energetic correspondent and colleague, while the former remained in England. He writes (Nov. 5, 1790):—

"My dear friend,—You know of course that the Convention between us and Spain was to be signed on the 27th ult., and that the Lord Mayor has had official intelligence of it. You were proposed and elected last night steward of the Revolution Society for next year. I have not yet got an accurate list of your fellow labourers, but you shall have one. Tuffin is among them. Lord Stanhope and Lord William Russell had withdrawn their names from the society most shabbily; nay, contumeliously as to the manner. Tooke moved that in future no peer should be eligible in the society by his titular, but merely by his family name, and that if peers would come in they should come in as private persons, and the society not be subject to be made the tool of the peerage, who might want a little temporary popularity. I and Sharp supported him—he was opposed by Rees and Towers, and that venal lawyer Serjt. Watson, and by Percy, the editor of the *Gazetteer*, and by Garron. His superiority to his opponents, singly and jointly, in point, in argument, in language, in temper, and in spirit, was evident and indisputable—they felt it, the room felt it, and though the motion was not put (on an objection of Price's, who was in the chair—the company then present were not strictly the society, but consisting also of strangers and visitors also, and therefore not competent to decide any question referred to the society itself), it was agitated sufficiently to answer the purpose of it. The *ignoranti* lamented the interruption of the *harmony* of the evening. I rejoice that a question so important, and which will make the aristocrates feel that the people have neither lost their sense nor their spirit, occupied the time of the meeting instead of stupid songs, unmeaning toasts, and drunken bumpers. How went you on in Manchester?"

That the Constitutional Societies were in direct communication with the French Patriotic Clubs is shown in Cooper's correspondence. J. Watt, travelling with Cooper, wrote from St. Omer (6th March, 1792):—"As it was some time ago agitated in the Constitutional

Society, of your plan to establish a correspondence with the French Patriotic Clubs, Cooper and myself will be much obliged to you if you will get the society to delegate us to the Club des Jacobins, and to any other Patriotic Societies which we may visit—for instance, those of Nantes and Bordeaux.

"We look upon it that this will be an extremely good introduction for us, and we have no doubt you will easily effect it. Tuffin and Cooper intend writing to Sharp to get them appointed as delegates from the Society for Revolution at London. Upon our arrival at Paris we shall immediately assume these characters, not doubting that both you and Sharp will succeed in your applications.

"We have as yet had no specimens of the riot and confusion said to prevail in this country—everything bears the face of order; but war is the general wish since the late impertinent declaration of the Emperor. You shall have all the news as soon as we can get to Paris."

Cooper added a postscript: "The people of France are certainly not an *inferior* race to the English—I think superior. I have as yet seen too little of the country to offer an opinion. Procure us to wait in form on the Jacobines, etc., from our Man^{r} Society and speedily." Arrived in Paris, the delegates appear to have combined business with patriotism. Cooper writes, (12th April, 1792,) "Watt since he has been at *this* hotel has been very busy, I presume on y^{r} account, for unless in the evenings we have not been much together. He does not seem perfectly satisfied with his success; but I really don't see how it is possible to do business here when exchange is, as it is to-day, at 17$\frac{3}{4}$. If the answer of the Emperor to the Minister Dumourier is categorical and peaceable, there will, of course, be an alteration in the Change very much in favour of France. But I expect the answer will be evasive, and that the French will find themselves awkwardly situated, for it will be extremely imprudent, in my opinion, for them to attempt an inroad in Austria. However, a few days will determine this. Watt waits for this and for y^{r} ans^{r} to his last.

"Tell George Philips that Exchange is 17$\frac{7}{4}$ to-day, and the premium on the Emprunte de 125 millions, 3$\frac{5}{8}$. If there is war no doubt I w^{d} advise to buy, for the national property is fully equal to the exigence. I don't know whe^{r} George as well as you is connected for French business with Perigaux, but this I can say, that on the same day that I sold to Perigaux 60 louis for 36 fr. 12 sols each, I sold 3^{s} to Delessart, at Watt's persuasion, for 38. So that I would have my friends not trust implicitly Mr. Perigaux. Louis are worth something

more now. * * * I shall return home with all my ideas confirmed of the superiority of French climate and the improvement of French people; but more an Englishman than ever."

On the 25th of April the delegates had had personal experience of the Jacobins. Cooper writes :—

"I wrote to George Philips my sentiments of the Jacobins from the impression of my first meeting. Subsequent meetings which I have attended have convinced me that amidst all their noise and impetuosity and irregularity, amidst all their long speeches and impatience of contrariety of opinion, there is much important discussion, much eloquence, much acuteness, and much effect. They are the Governors of the Governors of the kingdom. They keep a watchful eye on the men in place, they denounce (impeach) them as Jacobins if their conduct is suspicious, and the people are with them. They last night denounced almost all the leading men now in power, among them Condorcet, Claireie, and Brissot. These denunciations are serious; for as Jacobins they must justify themselves or become unpopular. I wish, therefore, that George Philips w^d^ not let my sentiments of the Jacobins to him get among the Man Aristocrats. I have heard that Lee and Brydges are well acquainted with the contents. A letter on public men or public business to you or George sh^d^ be for the well-wishers of Liberty alone; tell George this, also that exchange to-day, Wednesday, is 17$\frac{7}{8}$, and the Emprunte of 125 millions (pretty nearly the same as our Consol 3 p. c.) 4$\frac{7}{8}$. Gold bears a high price. A guinea is now worth in Assignats 44 livres. The best information I can get assures me that French stock is safe, but purchases of French land much better. The present race of people are bad to what the next will be, *evidently;* but yet much better than they were a few years ago."

Then follows a glowing description of the fête of Châteauvieux, which Cooper extols as a meeting of 200,000 sober, orderly, and at the same time enthusiastic citizens :—"The first festival truly civic that Europe has seen."

By August Cooper was back in London. He dates from Thames Street, on the 4th :—

"The division on Fayette's business in the Assembly was 424 against 226. Watt wrote me that the people were so exasperated that they were determined to do something before Sunday. This I heard in a letter received from Watt yesterday. To-day an express has arrived at Thelusson's containing the following intelligence—viz., that on Friday the people rose; the Swiss guards surrounded the King, and defended him till they were cut to pieces; the King and

Queen took refuge amid the National Assembly, where they were when the express came away. Six members of the Assembly were beheaded. Such is the tale I hear, and although it is only in detached particulars, you rely upon its being true or nearly so. 'Te Deum laudamus.' * * * No body was permitted to go out of or enter Paris. Lord Gower's messenger was detained."

In August, 1794, Thomas Cooper sailed for America, where he became a judge in Pennsylvania. Felix Vaughan, Erskine's enthusiastic junior in the State prosecutions, and the devoted friend of Mr. Walker, did his utmost to dissuade Cooper from emigration. Writing to Cooper after the conviction of Booth, he describes the applause of the packed court at the hardest things in Topping's speech. "All this," he says, "has put me rather out of humour with the pious manufacturers of Manchester; so I shall leave them to the comfort of their own reflections to-morrow for a place more healthy, and in hopes of meeting people less detestable if possible. * * * I hope to be in a week in much better temper and spirits before I see our worthy friend (Mr. Walker) at Lancaster (for the trial). Pray make my best respects to him and tell him that his townsmen are a pack of the damn'dest knaves, and fools, and cowards, and scoundrels that I ever met with in all my born days. * * * I conceive that in London the popular opinion is every (way) changing for the better, and if good *men* would *not* leave us, what might we not yet attempt for the good people of England! As to the bad it signifies little what becomes of them. In sober sadness cast in your mind whether you cannot bear with us for a few years more and help us to stem the torrent of folly. They cannot refuse you coming to the bar as they did to our friend the citizen of Wimbledon (Horne Tooke)."

But Cooper, like many others who had fought the losing battle, went forth; and Felix Vaughan's next letter of gossip to him (28th January, 1796) is directed to America. He touches upon their political friends:—

"In town Sharpe and Tuffin are very prudent, and I believe meddle with nothing but their private pursuits. Tooke digs in his garden till he is out of breath, by which he has certainly increased his health so as to live many years longer; at least I hope so. His namesake (old William) does the same, and very likely may live the longest of the two. Harewood has taken a farm in Norfolk, on which he lives with great content, being ready, as at all times he has been, to venture his life and all for his friends or for the public. None of us are very rich, and some very poor, democracy being, as you well know, one of Pharaoh's lean kine. From an odd

combination of things I consider myself as the most thriving, although perhaps I am not the least obnoxious, of those who profess public principles. The lawyers in this country I look upon as the janissaries of Turkey, being for some reason or other more formidable in the eyes of Government than other people. I can give no other reason for having escaped their vengeance. In the way of my profession I have been very successful both in Yorkshire and Lancashire; for the latter I need not say I am indebted to you and Walker. Were it not for the prospect which this holds out to me of becoming useful at some future period by means of the station a man may have gained in society, I should have quitted this country before this time, and have travelled upon the continent of Europe so as to fill my mind with all the subjects which are requisite to form a man of thorough education.* If the appearance of things after that had not mended, I would have sold my little all here in England and have established myself in America. As it is, I have hopes that the present system must in time wear out itself. Should the war be continued for very much greater length, its expense has already increased every article of the necessaries of life so much that at last there will be no living. Since you were here many things are risen one-third in price at least; and candles are 1s. per lb.; butter, 14d.; sugar of an ordinary sort, 13d. House rent everywhere rising, and wheat will probably be at the price it was last summer. In the meantime the wages of the poor are not raised, but the gentry are forced to supply them with corn in the great scarcities at a low price, which, in fact, is but so much additional tax, not avowed nor appearing openly. All of them say what a shocking thing it would be to raise the price of labour, because there would be no reducing it to the old standard. None of them talk as if they thought provisions would be cheaper. In short, they are in the mass a most unworthy set, and I doubt not but the Lord will reward them according to their works.

"In Manchester you perceive that Mr. Pitt's last bills have raised something like a spirit, if we may judge from the petition with 17,000 signatures sent to Parliament. In fact that petition came from the neighbourhood rather than the town. During the meeting at which Lloyd presided, a parson and some others attempted to make a riot, and succeeded to a certain extent. Having good evidence of this Seddon indicted them at the last Quarter Sessions, when the virtuous Grand Jury threw out the bill, which I hope therefore will be

* Erskine observed of Felix Vaughan in a letter, dated April, 1794: "He has only to take care of his health to do everything."

preferred at Lancaster to try whether all the county feel in the same way. How happy may the Americans think themselves without any of the influence of the executive government to destroy them! In this country you smell it in every corner, all opposition being so unsuccessful that people are indifferent to what passes, almost wholly from that circumstance. Money for public purposes there is absolutely none, as you may judge of in some degree from the subscription appearing in the newspapers after the acquittals of last year. At present there is something of the same kind going on for three poor men named Lemaitre, Smith, and Higgins, who are indicted for what has been usually called the Popgun Plot. I fear it goes on lamely. Erskine and Gibbs have refused being concerned as counsel; but I am in hopes the former will change his mind. In justice to him it should be said that of all the Opposition except Sheridan he is the stoutest; and the best principled by far among the lawyers.

"Since my writing the above Mr. Stone has been acquitted, to the great mortification of a great many folks who say that treason is now triumphant, etc. For my own part I am heartily glad at it, because I fear the first conviction may be followed up like the bead-roll of murders in the last century. I do not know whether it was a standing joke when you were last in England that it was only in Ireland and Scotland that people were open to conviction."

In a letter to Mr. Walker (16th May, 1795), Felix Vaughan notes how matters are still proceeding with their political friends:—"As to-morrow is a great lounging day with the Templars I prefer writing to you to-night, more especially as I have just come from the citizen's" (probably Tooke's), "with whom I dined to-day, this being the anniversary of his arrestation. You may easily imagine we were somewhat jocular upon those gentry who are so ready to prosecute others for nothing, and would make executions as plenty as their Cabinet dinners. However they may have thought it possible for them to destroy us they have not quite succeeded. Our subscription goes on well, and if we could raise £1,000, or £1,500 more we should have satisfied those concerned in the defences compleatly. Geo. Philips gives us ten guineas, and has very handsomely offered to continue the matter at Manch^r." Mr. Walker and his friends were steady supporters of Felix Vaughan in his young days at the bar, when, as he expresses it, so few advocates could gain powder to their wigs or salt to their porridge; and his letters are full of hearty acknowledgments. But by his will he best showed his gratitude.

(To be continued.)

STRAY THOUGHTS ON PILGRIMAGES.

FOR the last two years—in fact, ever since the war between France and Germany was drawing to its close—the world of Western Europe has heard very much of "Pilgrimages." Lourdes, Isodun, Boulogne, Tours, Pontigny, and Paray-le-Monial have been names in the mouths of every one; and the thousand English Roman Catholics who went in the early part of September on their journey to the shrine of Marguerite Marie Alacoque at the last-named place have, by so doing, brought the subject of pilgrimages in general home to all circles of English society. A few "stray thoughts" on the subject of pilgrimages in general may not be out of place just now, especially as all danger of our people dying by scores from "pilgrimage on the brain" is rapidly passing away along with the other incidents of "the silly season."

It is generally assumed, though very rashly, that pilgrimages are an institution of the Roman Catholic Church. Nothing can be farther from the truth, however, for they are as old as history itself. Herodotus, "the Father of History," for instance was an inveterate pilgrim; at all events, he spent his life in visits of a more or less religious character to every temple and holy place to which he could get access in the countries bordering on the east of the Mediterranean, including Egypt and Asia Minor; and we learn on high authority that both Crœsus and Alexander the Great made special expeditions to the shrines of the heathen deities for certain purposes of their own. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that Noah and his family in after-life did not leave unvisited the Mountain of Ararat—that sacred spot on which the Ark had rested; and if it had not been for the unfortunate destruction of all antediluvian documents by the Flood, we should probably have been able to prove that Adam and Eve, after their expulsion from Eden, went back more than once to the home so sacred in their memories, and that, if not in fact, at all events in wish and intention, they were guilty of the sin of "pilgrimage."

But, seriously speaking, the love of associating places with persons, and persons with places, *is* deeply ingrained in the nature of everybody who has something in him or her higher and better than plain prose and dry matter-of-fact. Our Yankee cousins are business-lik

and commercial enough in their ways; but who of them that can afford the journey does not make a pilgrimage, once in his life, to Europe and Old England? and, on reaching England, what places do they visit? First of all, as the good people of Heralds' College will tell you, they find out the old parish churches where their fathers lie buried; and when they have made a pilgrimage thither, they flock in shoals to Stratford-on-Avon, and Abbotsford, and Dryburgh Abbey, and Newstead, and Stoke Pogis, in order to tread the same ground, and gaze upon the same fields, and woods, and rivers which were gazed on by Shakespeare and Walter Scott, by Byron and Gray, and which they fondly regard as still haunted by the spirits of these poets. In fact, it may be said that every one who takes an excursionist ticket to see Glastonbury, or Malmesbury, or Tintern, or the Lakes, is *in principle* as much a pilgrim as those who four, five, or six hundred years ago walked along the weary road to the shrines of St. Dunstan at Winchester, of St. Cuthbert at Durham, or of Our Lady at Walsingham, or rode, as Chaucer's pilgrims did, from the "Tabard" Inn along the *via sacra* of Kent, through Sittingbourne and Faversham, to the shrine of St. Thomas A'Beckett in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury.

It may be remembered that something less than thirty years ago half of Northern Germany made a pilgrimage to Trèves, to see the "Holy Coat" which is periodically exhibited in that ancient city to excite the devotion of "the faithful." Critics sneered, and the world laughed and jeered at the fanaticism; but one learned and able gentleman, a Protestant member of Parliament, and since Chairman of one of our most important railway companies, looked deeper below the surface at the nature of the movement, and wrote thus of the pilgrim principle:

The veneration for relics springs from a nobler source than ignorance or superstition. Is it ignorance or superstition that makes the stern Scottish Presbyterian regard with veneration the gown, the pulpit, and the Bible of John Knox, the window at the head of the Canongate from which he preached, the original manuscript of the "Solemn League and Covenant," or that noblest of all the documents which any Christian Church can produce, the Protest of the 376 ministers of the Free Church of Scotland, and their signatures to their instant resignation, for conscience sake, of all the worldly interests that men hold most dear, of their houses, homes, and the comforts of life? Is it superstition that makes this document of the sincerity of those 376 remarkable men circulate in fac-simile—that makes it to be venerated and preserved by all intelligent men in Scotland, however widely they may differ from the principles and doctrines of the Free Church, as the most interesting relic of our times? Is it ignorance that makes the most enlightened men of the age prize a relic of Sir Walter Scott or Robert Burns—makes them search with avidity for a genuine portrait, an autograph, or other relic of any kind, of Shakespeare, Milton, or Newton? Is this ignorance, superstition,

or folly? If it were within the limits of possibility, and beyond all doubt on historical and physical grounds, that a genuine portrait of our Saviour did exist, or that His raiment or the nails by which He was attached to the Cross were preserved uncorrupted by moth, rust, damp, and other natural agencies of decay, during eighteen hundred years and more, would it be ignorance or folly, or gross superstition to regard these relics with the same interest and veneration that the most enlightened of men pay to similar relics of Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, Burns, or Scott? What is the intellectual value of a genuine relic, portrait, image, or other memorial of past events or persons? It must be a value founded in the natural constitution of the human mind, for it has been given to relics in all ages and in all stages of civilisation. The Israelites, for instance, as we learn from the Book of Exodus, took with them the bones—that is, the relics—of Joseph, on their flight out of Egypt. The most enlightened men, in the most civilised ages, render a similar respect to relics; and even the free-thinker, the infidel, and the atheist pays his homage to this natural feeling or principle in the human mind, by going to Ferney for a hair from the periwig of Voltaire, or to America for the bones of Tom Paine.

The fact is that just in proportion as the intellectual part of his nature prevails over the animal and sensual part, each of us feels an irresistible tendency to realise what we read and hear, and this tendency lies at the bottom of all intellectual enjoyment, and the pleasure which we derive from the fine arts.

> To make a fact, to make a vivid defined whole, to raise an intellectual fact, though it be out of fiction, out of imagined not out of natural existences, to give a distinct form to the vague, to combine new and unknown conceptions into one whole, one fact which the mind can grasp as a reality—in a word, to individualise—this is poetry, painting, statuary, music. . . . The fact itself which poetry or painting presents to the mind may be a false fact, a matter of fiction: yet the poet or painter individualises his fiction, makes his wildest fancies intellectual truths to the human mind by the distinct impressions of them which his genius has the power of giving.

And, of course, it is plain to all that the veneration or love for relics or memorials of past events or persons, for portraits, images, autographs, books, bones, clothes, and hair is founded on this same element in the constitution of the human mind. And why? Because the "relic" helps to realise the idea, to individualise the conception; and this individualisation is, from the tendency of the human mind towards intellectual truth, the highest of our mental gratifications.

Dr. Johnson, if any one, was a sound and sober-minded person, and a man in whom plain practical common sense was at least as conspicuous as any gifts of poetry or romance. And yet we have it recorded of him that when on his first journey to London, in search of his daily bread as a writer for the press, he came in sight of St. John's Gate, at Clerkenwell, that venerable relic of other days, where Edmund Cave then edited and published the *Gentleman'*

Magazine, he stood and gazed in wonder and awe at the abode of SYLVANUS URBAN. And why? Not merely because Edmund Cave lived in it, but on account of its old historic associations, which helped him to realise the past. And it is in a like spirit that, on his visit to Iona and the rest of the Hebrides, he penned that famous and oft-quoted paragraph, which shows that he understood aright the pilgrim idea :—

> We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us, unmoved or indifferent, over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, by bravery, or by virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

It is clear, then, that the mental effort by which men attach a special sanctity to particular places is an instinct implanted very deeply in human nature, and that it is idle to ignore it. It may have been abused, like everything else that is good; it may have been made subservient to superstition; but that is no reason for fighting against it. *Abusus non tollit usum.* Among the most popular of books of fact are such works as "Haunts and Homes of our Great Poets," and "Pilgrimages to English Shrines;" and though the words "Pilgrimage" and "Shrine" in such a title must not be construed too closely, it must be allowed that the popularity of such titles is in itself a testimony to the pilgrim idea as natural, and therefore true. As for relics and relic worship, it is a fact that, like articles of domestic consumption, autograph letters will fetch nowadays at sales from fifty to a hundred per cent. more than they did a quarter of a century since; and that most popular and most permanent of our metropolitan places of amusement, Mdme. Tussaud's exhibition of wax-work in Baker Street, what is it after all but, as the *Church Times* calls it, a "gigantic Reliquary"? Few places in England, we fancy, are more dear to Protestants than Wycliffe's church and parsonage at Lutterworth, where his chair is kept and reverenced with pious affection by others than "bigoted Catholics;" or the south-eastern corner of Smithfield, where the Catholics burnt the Protestants at the stake, and, if the truth must be told, the latter gave the former many "Rolands for their Olivers;" or the gaol at Bedford, where John Bunyan wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress." Indeed, with regard to John Bunyan, so high does he stand in the

odour of modern sanctity that, if we remember aright, not many years ago, when a chair said once to have belonged to him was publicly presented to Lord Shaftesbury, the noble earl, instead of occupying it as chairman of the meeting, as had been arranged, protested that he was not worthy to sit in the seat of so holy a man, and contented himself with a plain cane-bottomed seat.

It is, therefore, quite idle to suppose that the veneration of relics or the custom of making pilgrimages will cease; and indeed it is asserted by foreign travellers that although this custom has but recently been revived in France, it has never fallen into desuetude in Germany, where the shrine of our Lady of Einsiedlein has been a constant object of veneration and of devotional visits from the middle ages down to the reign of Bismarck. Among the most celebrated of the many visitors of late years to the great Monastery of Monte Cassino, in Italy, the ancient home of the great Order of St. Benedict, are two Protestants, each of note in his way. The one is Ernest Renan, who has inscribed in the visitors' book his signature with the touching words, "One thing is necessary, and Mary hath chosen the good part:" while the other, who has contented himself with writing a single word "Floreat," has added his autograph below,—"W. E. GLADSTONE."

It is clear, then, that neither the edicts of Prince Bismarck nor those of Victor Emmanuel will be able to put down pilgrimages, though they may temporarily repress certain forms of this common tendency in Germany and in Italy. It would be a more statesmanlike course, and one showing a more intimate acquaintance with human nature, if either the one or the other of those exalted personages would acknowledge the principle and attempt to turn its outward demonstration into sound and safe channels. Neither steam nor water, nor air, can be safely kept up too closely. The power of association is undeniably great in ways and will sway the human mind, whether our rulers will or no. And there is no reason why it should not be so regulated as to be turned to good account in the interests of religion. If to see Paris and die, as the man is a "wretch" and "fool" who [illegible] with the fire of patriotism on returning to [illegible] from foreign travel, the same may be said without [illegible] or Rome "indifferent" [illegible] must be the Christian—whether [illegible] Protestant—who experiences no elevation of soul to [illegible] from the contemplation of any scene either abroad or at home where the Christian Cross has won any of its [illegible]

AMONG THE KABYLES.

BY EDWARD HENRY VIZETELLY.

WHAT is generally known as Kabylia, the population of which is supposed to be descended from the original inhabitants of Northern Africa, or Barbary, instead of being mere conquerors of the soil, like the Arabs and Turks, is that portion of the French colony which lies in the north-eastern corner of the province of Algiers, and which was the principal theatre of the last insurrection. Kabylia is divided into two distinct parts, one of which comprises the lower portion of the Oued Sahel, and may be called the Kabylia of Bougie; while the other, bounding it on the western side, and separated from it by the high mountain range of Djurjura, extends as far as the *col* of the Beni-Aïcha, only thirty miles from Algiers, and forms the sub-division of Dellys. Both speak the same language—a Berber dialect—build villages, cultivate the olive and the fig, grow a little barley, and have many habits and customs in common. Nevertheless, their local administration is totally different. The Kabylia of Bougie has been frequently invaded, notably by the Turks, who imposed upon the conquered the orthodox system of *cadis*. The Kabylia of Djurjura, or the *Grande Kabylie*, as the French style it, on the contrary, never abdicated its independence until 1867. Entrenched in their native villages, situated among savage and almost inaccessible mountains, its inhabitants saw one army of invaders after another arrested on the plains below them, powerless to penetrate this great range. The French conquered them, but respected their democratic institutions.

Thus every village in the *Grande Kabylie*, although attached to its tribe by the bonds of a common origin, preserves its entire liberty of action, and forms a sort of political and administrative microcosm. The executive power is vested in the *djemâa*, or assembly, which is composed of an *amin*, or president, who is elected annually by the entire *djemâa*; an *oukil*, or financial agent; *dahmans* and *euquals*, or counsellors. Each village is divided into a certain number of *kharoubas*. A *kharouba* comprises all the houses of a family, and each *kharouba* is represented in the *djemâa* by a *dahman*. The *euquals*, or councillors, are usually chosen amongst men renowned for their wisdom and number being in proportion to the population of

village, each *kharouba* naming one or more counsellors according s numerical importance. The *amin*, with the exception of the s he imposes, according to the laws laid down in the *Kanoun*—a k of laws—can take nothing upon himself; as chief of the execu- power he is the arm of the *djemâa*, but he is obliged to consult pon every subject. The *oukil* keeps the financial register of the age, and inscribes in it all the receipts and outlays in the sence of the *djemâa*, by whom his accounts are controlled. The *hizans* help the *amin*, and are responsible to the *djemâa* for the ecution of its decisions.

The *djemâa* meets once a week, generally every Friday, and holds traordinary sittings when circumstances render them necessary. It kes cognisance of all questions, judges without appeal, and executes own judgments. The sittings of the *djemâa*, like meetings of that scription in Europe, are often noisy, but there is never any kind of nfusion, as the judicial and administrative power is defined by the *anoun*. It administers justice by applying the rules traced by the *rf* and *ada*—that is to say, by custom—and these are often as ifferent from those of the Koran as the Kabyle is from the Arab.

What are called *cofs* (unions), or parties which divide each village, ach tribe, and even each confederation, were very common among e Kabyles. They do not represent political parties as in European ations, and do not aspire to maintain or modify any particular form government. They originated before the French conquest in the ecessity for mutual protection, and to guard the rights of an op- essed minority against the violence of a more powerful majority. he *cof* lent its support to such of its members as found themselves e victims of an injustice, and if it could not obtain reparation, or peaceful solution of the difference, it had recourse to force. *La rde fut à la poudre*, and civil war broke out with all its fury. Com- ncing in one village, it often extended to several tribes, and ly ceased on the intervention of Marabouts, who, being the scendants of reputed saints, acquired by their birth and neutrality influence which they employed in restoring peace. The French quest, by substituting a regular form of government for this party rchy, and by suppressing the appeal to arms, destroyed the power the *cofs* at a single blow, as well as a great deal of the influence the Marabouts, which was already weakened by the very fact of conquest. They it was who had preached the Holy War, and promised victory in the name of the saints whose bodies lay ied in their mountains. At the moment of danger the most lent of these Marabouts sought safety in concealment; the

sacrilegious foot of the infidel invaded the tombs of their mo venerated saints, the utter powerlessness of the Marabouts w clearly demonstrated, and their influence almost entirely vanished.

The association or religious order of Sidi-Mahommed-ben-abd-e Rahman-bou-Koberein, or "The Lord of the two tombs," speedi began, however, to revive the spirit of Kabyle independence. Th discontented, the eager and restless spirits, accustomed to the co tentions of the *cofs*, and seeking therein a new field for their activit rallied themselves to an institution which not only flattered the pride, but made them the equals of the Marabouts, and gave the a chance to rise to the highest rank, in spite of their ignorance ar obscure birth. The Marabouts constituted a caste or aristocrac while the order of Sidi-Mahommed was essentially of a levellin nature, and admirably suited the democratic spirit of the Kabyle It was, moreover, a national order, its founder having been born century before in their mountains. The statutes were framed so to impose the most absolute obedience on the brethren (Khouan They sought to introduce mysticism and hallucinations by ordaini the incessant repetition of the same formula, and made the membe the docile instruments of their chiefs' will. The affiliated soon beg to be reckoned by thousands, in the vicinity of Dellys and the Ou Sahel, where the present chief of the order, Sidi-el-Haj-Amezeian-Haddad, resided. He is now an old man verging on eighty years age, and almost paralysed, but one of his sons, Si-Azeez, an inte gent, ambitious, and resolute man, seems to be recognised as father's representative. This society was all the more dangerous the French as its members, obeying blindly a concerted signal, co rise at any moment without any precursory signs having revealed peril. Such was the case in the last Kabyle insurrection.

There is a very curious custom prevalent among the Kabyles cal the *anaya*, which they all equally respect. The *anaya* is both a passp and a safe-conduct, with this difference, that instead of its being livered by the legal authority of any constituted power, every Kab has the right to give it. Not only is the foreigner or stranger v travels in Kabylia under the protection of the *anaya*, free from viole during his journey, but he is also temporarily able to brave vengeance of his enemies or the penalty due for an anterior cri The Kabyles rarely confer it on people who are unknown to the only give it once to a fugitive; they regard it as worthless i sn sold, and any one who obtains it by stratagem inc ath. In order to prevent fraud, the *anay* by an ostensible sign. The person v

confers it delivers at the same time, and as an extra guarantee, an object well known to belong to him, such as a gun or a stick. Sometimes he sends one of his servants, or even accompanies his *protégé* himself. The value of the *anaya* is in proportion to the quality of the person who gives it. Coming from a Kabyle of an inferior position, it will be respected in his village and in the immediate neighbourhood; but if it is given by a man who is esteemed in an adjoining tribe, it will be renewed by a friend, who will substitute his own for it, and so on until the traveller reaches the end of his journey. If it is given by a Marabout, its value is unlimited. While a Kabyle chief can only give his protection within the circle of his own government, the safe-conduct of a Marabout reaches even to places where his name is unknown. Whoever is the bearer of it can travel all through Kabylia without fear of molestation, whatever may be the number of his enemies or the nature of their grievances against him. He will only have to present himself to the Marabouts of the different tribes, and each will hasten to do honour to the *anaya* of the preceding Marabout, and replace it by his own. A Kabyle has nothing so much at heart as the inviolability of his *anaya*. In giving it he engages not only his own personal honour but also that of his relatives, his friends, his village, and, in fact, the tribe to which he belongs. A man who would not be able to find a friend to aid him in avenging himself for a personal insult, could cause the entire population of his village to rise if it was a question of his *anaya* being disrespected. It is extremely rare that that ever happens, but tradition has, nevertheless, preserved to posterity a memorable example of it. As the story runs, a friend of a *Zouaoui** presented himself one day at his house and asked for the *anaya*. In the master's absence, the wife, who was rather embarrassed, gave the fugitive a dog which was well known in that part of the country. Shortly after he had left, the dog, covered with blood, returned alone. The inhabitants of the village assembled, and following the traces of the animal, discovered the traveller's body. They declared war to the tribe upon whose territory the crime had been committed; a great deal of blood was shed, and the village which was compromised in the quarrel bears even to this day the name of *Dacheret-el-Kelba*, "The village of the dog." The *anaya* is often given to a person in great distress who invokes the protection of the first Kabyle he happens to meet. He neither knows him nor is he known; nevertheless, his request will be rarely refused. The mountaineer, delighted at being able to ex-

* *Zouaoui.* The name of a Kabyle tribe.

his patronage, willingly accords his *anaya*. The women possess the same privilege, and, being naturally compassionate, seldom refuse to make use of it. We have the example of a woman who saw her husband's murderer being put to death by her brothers. The unfortunate wretch, who had fallen to the ground, and was endeavouring to rise, suddenly seized her by the foot and cried, "I claim your *anaya*!" The widow threw her veil over him, and his assailants stayed their blows.

The Kabyle is of the middle height; he has broad shoulders and a powerful muscular-looking body. His physiognomy, unlike that of the conquering races who invaded Northern Africa from Arabia, is Germanic. His head is large, his face square, his forehead high, his nose and lips thick, his eyes blue, his hair often red, and his complexion much fairer than that of the Arabs. The Arabs and the Kabyles have a profound hatred for each other. The contempt of the hard-working mountaineer for the inhabitant of the plain can only be compared to the proud disdain of the cavalier of the tent for the man who lives in a stone house. This, in fact, is the characteristic difference which exists between the two races. The Arab's indolent character causes him to love a wandering and adventuresome life, while the Kabyle on the other hand leans towards his domestic hearth, his house, and his village. During three parts of the year he cultivates his land—sows and reaps; and in winter, turning blacksmith and carpenter, he makes the tools which he stands in need of. In order to obtain his scanty crops he is often obliged to transport earth from the plain to the summit of his hills. Being endowed with extraordinary intelligence he is efficient in almost every industry that is necessary to his existence. He builds his own house, makes his pottery ware, his linen, the woollen cloth for his burnous, his oil-mills and presses, the plaited grass baskets which his mule or donkey carries, his rope and mats, his large plaited grass hat, his plough, his firearms and knives, powder, bullets, and in fact everything that he requires. The inhabitants of the village Aït-el-Hassen are even very expert in the manufacture of counterfeit coin, and several specimens of their skill are exhibited in the museum at Algiers. The Kabyle is used to work and even to fatigue from his earliest youth. Clothed in a coarse linen shirt, with his head exposed to the rays of a broiling sun, he labours from morn to night, and scrapes together by the sweat of his brow the modest sum that will procure him a house, a gun, a wife, and a donkey. Very few of them are able either to read or write. Those who have been educated are treated with the greatest respect in their tribe, and may easily be recognised by the read case-

filled with pens, which they wear in their belts. These pens are called *kalams*, and are made with ordinary reeds *(arundo donax)*, each of which gives a number of pens in proportion to its size. When the *kalams* have been sharpened on an incline, which varies according to the kind of writing for which they are intended, they are split like our own pens, and a groove is made to allow the ink to run more freely. Ibn-el-Bawwab, a celebrated Arab caligraphist and poet, has left a curious manuscript, addressed to students in caligraphy. The following is a translation of it :—

O you who wish to be perfect in the art of writing, and who are ambitious of excelling in caligraphy,
If you are sincere in your desire, and firm in your resolution, pray the Prophet to make your task easy.
First of all select straight and strong *kalams*, suitable for producing beautiful writing.
When you cut them, choose those of a middle size.
Examine the two ends, and sharpen that which is the thinnest and most pliant.
Make the slit exactly in the centre, so that the nibs are equal in size.
When you have performed this cleverly, and like a man who knows his business,
Devote all your attention to the shape, for everything depends upon that.
Then place in your inkstand soot mixed with vinaigre or verjuice.
Add pounded red chalk mixed with yellow arsenic and camphor.
When this mixture has properly fermented, take white paper soft to the touch.
Apply yourself patiently and without intermission to copy exercises; patience is the best means of attaining the end to which you aspire.
Let your hands and your fingers be devoted only to writing useful things, that you will leave behind you when you quit this abode of illusion.
For to-morrow, when the register of man's actions is opened and placed before him, he will find a record of everything he has done during his lifetime.

The Kabyles know very little of medicine. If one of them falls ill, he takes the juice of some plant; if he is wounded he makes a paste of sulphur, resin, and olive oil, and applies it to his wound; these and a leather pouch, containing verses from the Koran or certain cabalistic signs, which they wear round their necks, are the only remedies that they ever think of using. Their chief nourishment consists of a kind of hard cake baked upon a clay plate, milk, honey, and figs soaked in oil. Their luxuries are roast meat and *couscousson*. This favourite dish is made in an earthenware utensil standing upon legs, which is similar to our ordinary coffee-pot in principle and form, although much larger in diameter. A quantity of olive oil, fat, vegetables, and small pieces of meat or fowl seasoned with herbs and spices, are placed in the lower half of the pot, while the *couscousson*, which consists of grains of corn steeped in water, then crushed with a stone, and finally exposed to the sun to dry, is put into the upper division, which is perforated with small holes at the b

The utensil is then placed over a slow fire, and the steam which rises from the various ingredients in the lower half of the pot gradually impregnates the *couscoussou*. When the latter is sufficiently cooked it is turned into a wooden bowl and the meat placed on the top.

The principal wealth of the Kabyles lies in the produce of the olive trees, which abound in Kabylia. At Bougie, in one year, they sold as much as five million litres of oil. Unfortunately, the machinery which they use for obtaining the juice of the fruit is so primitive that they lose more than two-thirds of it in the process, and produce oil which is useless for the table. Out of a *sáa*, or about ninety pounds of olives, they extract only three litres of oil; while an ordinary European mill gives eight or nine litres. They first of all crush the olives under a mill-stone, which is turned either by women or a mill: the pulp is then put into esparto sacks, and pressed in a roughly constructed hand-press. In both cases an earthenware jar is placed beneath the press to receive the oil. Notwithstanding the ordinary wretched appearance of the Kabyle, he is generally either rich, or, at all events, in easy circumstances, from the simple fact of his having no means of spending his money. He spends very little on his toilette, for the whole of his garments, when new, could be had for a little over a pound. His burnous costs him sixteen shillings; his shoes, when he has any, two shillings; his shirt, one and eightpence; and his *chachia* and white skull-cap, one and eightpence. Add to these a long knife, a chain of beads to say his prayers with, a leather pouch for his money, and you have a Kabyle's every-day costume. His greatest outlay during his whole life is when he buys his wife.

Certain writers pretend that the Kabyle has generally but one wife, and that she does not occupy the inferior position of an Arab woman; but from personal observation, and from what may be learnt from people who have inhabited Kabylia for years, and have been in daily intercourse with the natives, it is easy to see that although the woman's social condition is better in Kabylia than in other parts of Algeria it is by no means enviable; for between the mule and the woman there is but little difference. The wife is purchased from her family, often when only twelve or thirteen years of age, for a sum which varies from a hundred francs upwards, in exactly the same manner as the Arab woman; and when she becomes old and ugly or merely *fanée*, her husband, if he is rich enough, buys another, and the old love is then considered as a domestic servant and sent out to work in the fields. To be received at the house of a Kabyle a man must be a bosom friend of long standing, for the

Kabyle, like all Mussulmans, is extremely jealous of his wife. She should never speak to any other man but her husband; and she should avoid, as much as possible, gazing on any other. The best, and, in fact, the only place for a tourist to get a look at Kabyle women is at the well. Thus at the foot of the peak of Makouïda—some ten miles from Tizi-Ouzou—on the summit of which is the village of the same name and some old Roman ruins, they may be seen early in the morning and at sunset toiling up and down the hill with large earthenware pitchers on their backs. During the day they will be found washing their linen at the brook, which is shaded by fig and olive trees. Women of almost every age and condition may be seen at the well; some young and pretty, others old and wrinkled. Almost all are tatooed about the face. Many of the pretty ones have fair skins—so fair, in fact, that, inasmuch as their complexions are concerned, they might be taken for Europeans. They have piercing black eyes with long lashes and short curly, uncombed coal-black hair, falling in clusters about their shoulders. Their sole garment in summer consists of a long full-sleeved chemise, reaching to their ankles and fastened round their waist by a woollen scarf. They wear coloured cotton handkerchiefs and ornaments in their hair, large earrings, and rings round their wrists and ankles. They have generally a very slovenly appearance, and both women and children among the poorer classes are revoltingly dirty. There is not a single bath in the whole of Kabylia of Djurjura. The children receive very little care, and the result of this neglect is diseases of the eyes, often followed by complete blindness. Cutaneous maladies and even hereditary infections are transmitted from generation to generation, and yet the women are good mothers who suckle their children until they are three or four years of age, and the men laborious workmen and excellent agriculturists.

The Kabyle women often labour in the fields with their husbands. In war-time, if work calls the men from the village fortress, the women keep watch, and at the least sign or at the slightest gathering in the plain bring the arms and ammunition and excite their husbands against the enemy. If the man falls wounded the woman dresses his wounds, and if he is killed she takes his gun and often dies in avenging him.

> Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
> Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
> Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
> The foe retires—she heads the sallying host.

The Kabyle villages, which are exceedingly picturesque

distance, generally on account of their position and the hedges o cactus by which they are surrounded, lose considerably on a near view for they are usually dirty and badly built. The Kabyles, like the Arab are very mysterious in their way of living on account of their wive Thus almost all their habitations are preceded by a courtyard, su rounded by walls, which is entered by a door or gate resembling large hurdle placed upon one of its ends. Passing through th wicker-work doorway you generally find the house either on the le or right. It is built of large round stones and a composition of mu and clay; the walls are very thick for the purpose of keeping out th heat, and have no windows. The roof is either thatched with barle straw or made of branches and mud covered with grass, or of lar roughly-fashioned red tiles. The interior is divided into two par by a mud wall. There is, however, but one entrance into the build ing, through which both the live stock and family pass into th portion reserved to the latter. The cattle are then driven through a opening in the mud partition into the *âdain*, which serves both as stable and a cowshed, where sheep, goats, mules and donkeys, horse cattle, and sometimes a horse are huddled together at night tim The *âounés*, or living room, bears more resemblance to a cellar tha anything else, for it is perfectly dark. Round the walls are sol stone benches, less than a yard high and about four feet broad, upo which the inmates squat and sleep on plaited grass mats, which th make for that purpose. Against the walls are a certain number large earthen jars five feet high, in which the Kabyles keep their co These jars are made by the women, one of whom stands in t middle and works at the inside, while others build up the jar on t outside. When it is finished the woman inside is lifted out and t jar is placed to dry in the sun or in the centre of a slow fire.

The scenery in Kabylia is magnificent. An artist could hard move a hundred yards without finding half a dozen subjects for pencil. It would be worth while to travel a long way if only to p along the road from Fort National to Tizi-Ouzou, which win down the hills amidst the most splendid scenery imaginab Sometimes the precipice is on the right, at others on the left, a sometimes on either side. Eagles fly about in every direction; n hovering high up in the sky, and then suddenly swooping do among the trees. At every turn in the road Kabyle villages, perch on the summit of lofty hills, in what looks like almost inapproachab positions, or half hidden in shady groves of fig and olive trees—s rounded by thick hedges of cactus covered with yellow blossom at the bottom of deep ravines, where herds of sheep, goats, and su

oxen browse on the green but somewhat scanty pasture. At times the rugged, rocky, snow-capped mountains of Djurjura border the view, appearing quite close, though far away; at others it is the bare-looking valley of Sebaou, covered with yellow barley, with the wide-bedded river, half dried by the summer sun, winding through the plain.

Travelling in Kabylia is not expensive, and in peace time it is not dangerous. From Algiers to Tizi-Ouzou a diligence runs at the rate of 2d. a mile, and there the colonists are in daily communication with Fort National. At this last place a mule may be hired with a guide at the rate of 3s. or 4s. a day, and in ordinary times tourists may cross the Djurjura to Aumale in perfect safety, or make excursions of several days into the neighbouring country.

ZENOBIA IN CAPTIVITY.

WOULD I had perish'd, nor had seen this day!
Who outlives glory lives too late;
Would I had died, that never men should say
Fall'n is Zenobia the great!
Who once was great, but now is thus laid low;
Her glory darken'd like the blacken'd sun,
Captive unto her baseborn ruthless foe,
And all her matchless majesty undone:
O what is greatness that can thus be brought
Down from its supereminence to naught!

O brightest gem amid the golden East,
Fairest among dominions fair,
Greatest of all where great was e'en the least,
In every splendour rich and rare.
And ah, how happy, happy, too, my lot,
How blest beyond all other potentate
From east to west, but that I knew it not,
And only saw my error when too late!
'Twas too much blessing brought about my bane,
As roots are rotted by excess of rain.

Yet I did well—so counsell'd me the wise—
Not yielding to a despot's frown,
But hazarding my all for such a prize
As, won, had doubled my renown;
One victory more, a turn, a chance of fate,
A smile of fortune, and my realm had been
Above the very greatest of the great,
And I of Rome, as of Palmyra, Queen!
My glory Cleopatra's had outshone,
Or valiant Dido's on her self-raised throne.

And yet I know not, I who now survey
All things through clear adversity;
[illegible] had been better every way
[illegible]d to soar so high.

Yet who, sovereign of such transcendent realm,
With love of all its subjects, too, endow'd,
Potent each rising foe to overwhelm,
Had own'd a mightier, and before him bow'd?
There is no medium between all and all,
To souls like mine, and *nothing*—hence my fall!

Lo, the sole comfort in my misery,
Making my sad heart to rejoice
'Mid all this depth of woe, to know that I
Am what I am by noble choice!
For surely it is glorious thus to fall;
They are not truly great who can remain
Content with any tittle short of all
Whate'er the power within them to attain:
Yea, tho' it prove less worthy than it seem'd,
By bold endeavour failure is redeem'd.

O my Palmyra, city of my pride,
My hope, my joy, what art thou now?
Queen of the desert, O most beauteous Bride,
Down at whose feet great Kings did bow
And pay thee willing homage as thy right;
Who spread through all the regions round about
A glory, as the sun around his might,
While all eyes turned to thee from realms remote—
By love encompass'd, as the vines thereon
Twine them all round about fair Lebanon!

O my Palmyra, city of my love,
As greatest in thy grandeur, so
Is now thy downfall over and above
All other in disastrous woe.
Was ever ruin like unto thine own,
Made all of splendour so complete and rare;
Inimitable beauty overthrown,
Prostrate magnificence beyond compare!
I lived but in and for thy glory—how
Shall I then lift my head, thine own so low?

Oft-times I tremble that I dare to live,
Breathing the air that fed thy foes,
And help'd the bloody tyrant to concei-
Accomplishment of all thy w

Lest the same curse that from my pride of place
Hath sunk me lower than the slaves, thus low
In bonds, a sport for this vile populace,
Should to perdition drag my soul also;
Better to die, and dying out of sight
Leave no more wake than swallows in their flight.

If so one might but perish from the earth,
And all our being be no more
Than if it never had known any birth,
Oblivion-buried o'er and o'er;
But the chief part of us, our deeds, survive:
They cannot die, and cease not to proclaim
The good or evil of our heart alive,
Spreading abroad our glory or our shame:
Mortal ne'er lived who left the world, I ween,
Just all in all as though he had not been.

Lives not Longinus?—shall he ever die,
Long as his wisdom may endure?
What are we but our doing, low or high,
That death can no more kill than cure?
Long after on the mountains dwells the glow,
For all the sun went down at eventide:
And yet, ah me, to feel it can be so!
O my Longinus, would thou hadst not died:
Dearer than ever now that thou art dead—
Yea, rather I had perished in thy stead!

Ne'er shall I gaze upon thy visage more,
Devout disciple at thy feet,
Hearkening thy words of wisdom as of yore;
Nor hold with thee communion sweet
In those fair groves where oft from twilight hour
We sat and conversed far into the night,
Whilst thou, with eloquent resistless power,
Didst teach me of the new and wondrous light
Uprisen o'er the old, to supersede
And fill creation with a grander creed.

Alas, alas! far from me fades the light,
The giver of the light withdrawn;
Again my soul relapses into night,
That all but kindled into dawn.

Yet, inscient of the day, the night was fair,
  Fair as the day to eyes that knew no more,
Till gleamings broke athwart it unaware,
  Then left it dark that was not so before :
Yea, almost better never to have seen,
Seeing but shadows of what might have been

Hush'd are the voices of my blissful hours,
    O voices of the wise and good !
Sad and deserted are those peaceful bowers,
    My palace one vast solitude.
Still, often in night-vision I am there,
  Oblivious of the dire and dreadful time,
And all about my favourite haunts repair,
  And go my way as in my golden prime,—
Till thou dost front me in such ghostly wise,
And gaze upon me with sad thoughtful eyes !

Then all is changed, and suddenly, instead,
    In woful silence side by side
We wander as the dead among the dead,
    'Mid all the ruin of my pride,
Temples and groves and marble palaces,
  The homes of those we loved—or rather strive
To find them where but desolation is,
  And Death alone the only thing alive ;
Till at the sight I wake, and rend my hair,
And cry out to the gods in my despair.

Ah me, ah me ! what pity of my pain ?
    They heed not, though an Empress calls ;
They cannot bring the dead to life again
    That blacken round the crumbled walls.
Not all their might for ages could restore
  The evil wrought by man as in a breath ;
Not all their power may ever, ever, more
  Remove from me this curse of deathless death ;
Zenobia's downfall and Zenobia's shame
Are henceforth part for ever of her name.

Hereafter's blushes burn upon my cheek,
    I hearing down the annals flow
The voices of the centuries that sp
    Of all my ruin, all my w

I tingle, head to foot, with all the scorn
  Of all the infamy of all the years,
Mock'd by the generations yet unborn,
  Or pitied of, more hateful than their sneers!
I am what I for evermore shall be,
Bearing the burden of futurity.

The air is foul with my unburied wrongs,
    And poisons all my soul with hate
Of him they curse with mutilated tongues,
    Cause of their being and their fate.
Hence from my palace prison I behold
  His eagle legions at their revelry,
And hear the sound of voices manifold,
  And wonder is their merriment of me?
O for one instant of my power, that I
Might drown my shame in blood of them, and die!

There is small mercy in a gilded goad,
    And here within this princely place
Small comfort, tho' vouchsafed for my abode
    Out of Aurelian's sovereign grace.
Can I forget his triumph here in Rome?
  Ye gods! ye gods! suffer him not to live
To boast his greatness of me overcome,
  Or torture me with bribes now to forgive—
Rather in some great horror let him die,
And blot his name out of humanity!

Yea, what compassion or what mercy shown,
    What penitence on bended knees,
For such ills heap'd upon me could atone,
    Or any one the least of these?
Ring not their shouts exulting in mine ears,
  Their laughter and their jests?—tho' hard to bear,
Less hard and hateful than their piteous tears
  Whose hearts did soften in them unaware,
Till, coming to make sport of me, more just
They wept, when they beheld me in the dust.

How that dust cleaves to me, worse than their mirth,
    Worse than their pity or their scorn:
Me, who but deign'd to look upon the earth
    As only to be trampled on!

O how it seem'd to burn beneath my feet,
  And drag them down and hold them there,
And fill my being with tumultuous heat
  Of hate, and raging fierceness of despair,
Until I stood as on a floor of fire,
Consuming, yet unable to expire!

Farewell, Palmyra! All thy pomp is o'er,
    O my delight, my pride, farewell;
As thou art, thy Zenobia is—*no more!*
    She perish'd when thy glory fell.
Henceforth, like unto thee, she is disgraced,
  And dead and desolate beneath the sun,
Each trace of beauty ruthlessly defaced,
  Ruin'd, o'er-trampled, utterly undone:
Till over *her* the ages shall increase,
And shroud her ashes in the dust of peace.

ROBERT STEGGALL.

MAKING THE WORST OF IT.

BY JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LAURA, LADY SHAMVOCK.

THOU shalt not covet the prosperity of the wicked. What ignoble covetousness! Have you not sinned in your heart? You are in the wilderness that divides the Land of Bondage from Canaan, and you long for the flesh pots of Egypt. You covet the fruit of vice. You would be vicious, only you lack the courage to brave the consequences.

Virtue poorly clad, poorly fed, poorly housed. Virtue with a pale wan face toiling year after year for bare existence.

Vice gaily attired as the Queen of Sheba, daintily fed and lodged luxuriously. Vice smiling, and with nought to do but to sip, to quaff, to drain the cup of pleasure.

Poor Virtue is sorely tempted by flourishing Vice, and too often yields to the temptation.

Could you foresee the end of the guilty career—if you knew the weariness and the suffering of the vicious even in the hour of seeming triumph, you would not be tempted, O poor Virtue! you would not envy the prosperity of the wicked.

Laura, who now calls herself Lady Shamvock, has become weary, restless, and anxious. She has broken a front tooth. The dentist assures her that he can supply one that will defy detection. But the incident reminds her that she is no longer young, that her long preserved charms are fading rapidly, and that soon no art will be able to veil the ravages of Time. Laura has been worried about money. She has by coaxing and deception got enough to silence the clamour of duns, and to leave her a balance in hand; but she had great difficulty in bleeding her fools, and it was evident that her coaxing and her deception were fast failing. If she could only marry and lead a quiet and peaceful life! She could marry if she were legally free. A young man with no brains, but of good family and rich, was in love with her. The silly moth proposed that Laura should sue for a

He was in earnest about marrying her, and Laura was

vexed, savagely vexed that she could not avail herself of the splendid opportunity. She was lying on the sofa fuming and fretting when Lord Shamvock was announced.

"Well, what do you want? I have your note telling me you cannot get the money. Why do you come here?"

Lord Shamvock sat in a chair and did not reply.

"Are you ill?"

The appearance of his lordship was a sufficient answer to the question.

"Give me water. The room goes round. I am faint."

"Oh pray don't go off here. It would be so awkward. You shall have some brandy."

Laura was more cheerful than she had been for many days. Surely he was too ill to live another month, and Laura's heart danced for joy at the prospect of widowhood.

The spirits revived his lordship, and he told Laura what he had done to get money.

"That is false. You are not fool enough to risk that, but I dare say you are on your last legs. I can do without the money; but you shall not come here bothering me. You look awfully bad to be sure," she added. "You ought not to go about alone."

"I should soon be right if I had any one to look after me. My family is very long lived. You are my wife, Laura; you take my name, and we might live together."

Laura laughed not merrily but scornfully.

"Has that drop of brandy made you drunk? You live with me! If you knew half how I hated you, you would not do so if I said yes. I couldn't keep from murdering you. I'll put on weeds for you when you are dead, and that is the most I shall do for you."

"I do not wish to trouble you. Tell me where I can find my son, and I will not come here again."

"You are like most men I have had to do with. You believe lies, but not the truth. There is no son. I told you that tale to annoy you. I stuck to it to get money."

Lord Shamvock stood up and struck the table with his fist.

"It's a lie. Where is he? Where is my son? I will know, if it costs me my life and yours. Do not trifle with me. Where is the boy?"

"Sit down and be civil," said Laura, holding the bell-rope, "or you go out quicker than your legs will carry you. Sit down and be civil."

His lordship obeyed.

"Laura, I don't deny you have cause to hate me, but you have had revenge enough. It will kill me if I do not find my son. Where is the boy? As you hope for mercy tell me."

"As I hope for mercy, I swear there is no son. Why, if you were not mad you would know the tale could not be true. Did you not see me for many months on and off after we had parted—that is, after you deserted me?"

His lordship groaned.

"You are a devil, you torture me, you are murdering me."

"Your abuse won't hurt me, but the passion will hurt you. In your state a little excitement may kill you in a moment. You are awfully bad, and I should not like to have an inquest in this house."

If the love-sick youth could have seen Laura at that moment his sickness would have been cured. Her scorn and her malignity bedevilled her countenance.

Lord Shamvock cringed and whined. The woman in her ferocious hate was a terror to him. He hated her. If he had had the strength of body and mind he would have struck her and subdued her. But he was feeble and knew that he was helpless. So he cringed and whined like a thrashed cur.

"Pray tell me where he is. Oh, pray do. I know if I could look upon the boy I should live."

"Then you will die, for there is no boy to look upon. And what is more, my lord, I am sick of this fiddle-faddle rubbish. If you don't choose to take my word and my oath you must go on fooling yourself, but you don't fool me."

"I am ill, Laura, and I cannot get it out of my mind. You swear, may you go to perdition if I have a son?"

"I do. How could I have a child without your knowing it?"

"Then it was not true. I have no son—no one, no hope."

"You had better take another glass of brandy and water and go. I expect a friend directly."

He sidled round the table. He reeled and fell heavily on the sofa.

It was dusk, and Laura leisurely lighted a taper and then the gas. She lowered the blinds and drew the curtains. Then she looked at Lord Shamvock. He was leaning back on the sofa motionless and seemingly unconscious.

"I think he is going. That makes out my cards of marrying a heart and club man. I suppose I had better call some one to be a witness."

An old woman—thin, cadaverous, and soap-suddy—answered the bell.

"Mrs. Gutch, Lord Shamvock has fainted. I think we must send for a doctor."

"Bless me, he must not be left in that manner. He will be dead before any doctor can be got. Put up his feet, undo his necktie, and douse him with water."

Mrs. Gutch was about to act upon the advice she had given when Laura stopped her.

"We had better wait for the doctor. It is a risk to do anything."

"Dear soul, he is choking. It would be murder to leave him like that. He would be a corpse in five minutes."

Mrs. Gutch laid Lord Shamvock on the sofa, and sprinkled his face with water. The patient breathed heavily.

"Drink, Laura," gasped his lordship.

"Meddling fool. I wish she had let him alone," muttered Laura.

Lord Shamvock recovered.

"You can leave the room, Mrs. Gutch."

"Some people is grateful, anyhow," said Mrs. Gutch, as she slammed the door.

"I shall be well when I am in the open air."

"Then go into the open air, and don't show your face here again."

Lord Shamvock put on his hat and grasped his umbrella.

"Laura, you are a devil. Your turn will come."

"Yours has come; and as for me, I only wait till you are dead to marry and settle."

"I may not die yet."

"You would have choked to-night if it had not been for my servant. I should have let you choke, and put up with the bother of the inquest."

"That would have been murder."

"Would it? Will you go, or wait till my friend, my lover, my husband when you are dead, comes to kick you out?"

Lord Shamvock left the house. The devilry of Laura had stimulated his depressed spirits. He had something to live for. He would live on and on to foil that woman's purpose. He would live on and on till she was old and haggard and past marrying.

He walked, not regarding the distance or the route, and only paused when he was in Oxford Street. He was tired, and recollected that he had not taken food since the previous day. He turned

eating-house that dubbed itself a restaurant, and sat at a narrow table covered with a soiled cloth, and was served with a cheap dinner by a squeaky-voiced waiter clad in soiled linen and greasy black. His lordship, being hungry, swallowed the stock-pot soup and some of the flabby meat.

The waiter brought an evening newspaper with the cheese.

"Pretty smart, sir, that dodge with the cheque."

His lordship could not prevent a start and change of countenance.

"What is it, waiter?" asked his lordship, leaning over the cheese.

"There's the account, sir," replied the waiter, pointing to a paragraph in the newspaper. "It really is a knowing dodge."

The paragraph stated that "just before four o'clock yesterday afternoon a man came to the counter of the Nugget Bank, and having paid in £827 in cheques to the account of Mr. Thomas Hawes, presented a cheque for £200 purporting to be signed by Mr. Hawes. The cheque was paid in gold, it being an exact imitation of Mr. Hawes's signature and writing, and further the paying in of £827 would have allayed suspicion. Early this morning it was discovered that the cheques paid in were forgeries, and it is needless to add that the £200 cheque was a forgery. It appears that on the previous day the pass-book of Mr. Hawes had been obtained by a stranger, and thus the forger could imitate the writing and style. The guilty parties are known, and there is no doubt they will be arrested without delay."

The rage of Lord Shamvock may be conceived. He had been cheated by his tool Dick Feckles. Dick had gone away with the money, and he, Lord Shamvock, was liable to suspicion, and might even be charged with the crime. He must meet the difficulty boldly. Feckles had access to his papers. How could he help Feckles stealing the cheque-book?

"I am safe. But to be cheated out of two hundred pounds by a miserable crawling scoundrel like Feckles! The lying thief. I might have had the gold and been safe. I hope he has drunk himself to death."

His lordship ground his costly set of dress teeth, and on his way home profanely cursed the body and soul of Dick Feckles.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LAWKER TO THE RESCUE.

THE next day Lord Shamvock remained in his room. He was tired and needed rest. Moreover, he did not thoroughly believe that

Dick meant to cheat him, and thought he might come to him or send him the money.

"Likely enough the scamp has been helplessly drunk for a day or two, and when he gets sober will come here. What is left of the gold I shall take, but for my own sake I must hand him over to the police. A spell of imprisonment will not hurt him."

About nine o'clock his lordship, who had been dozing in the chair, yawned, stretched his limbs, and prepared to go out. He counted the money in his purse. There were six sovereigns and some silver.

"I shall go to old Denley's. What is the use of eating my last shilling? I feel in luck to-night."

He threw the gold on the table.

"Heads! By Jove! they are all heads. I know I am in luck. Fortune always changes if you are not cowed."

His lordship opened a travelling desk and took out some dice.

"With these I could beat Fortune. But they won't do at Denley's, and I am not steady enough for that game. They must be kept for private parties. To-night I will play upon my luck, and I shall win."

Mr. Denley's establishment in Jermyn Street was known to a select clique of men who were fond of chicken hazard and other games of chance. It was also known to the police, but by excellent management Mr. Denley had escaped from trouble. In the "London Directory" the establishment was described as a private boarding house, but the only inmates were the proprietor and his family. There was a *table d'hôte* at eight p.m., but, not being publicly announced, only the friends of Mr. Denley partook of the dinner. The first floor was devoted to the accommodation of the Cosmopolitan Anglers' Club. The club room looked piscatorial. There were glass cases of stuffed and lavishly varnished fish. Fishing rods, nets, and tackle were displayed on the walls. Over the mantelpiece was a framed engraving of Izaak Walton.

It was past ten o'clock when Lord Shamvock entered the public room. Mr. Denley was alone, watching the in-comers through a glass door. If a stranger appeared, Mr. Denley touched a spring with his foot that rang a bell on the first floor, and that was a signal to stop sport and collect the tackle. At a second ring the Izaak Walton engraving was lifted up and the tackle was thrown into a shoot that led from the first floor to the cellar. As the 'cute proprietor remarked, it is not fair to put evidence before the police and then expect them to shut their eyes.

"How are you, Denley? At your old post, guarding the jolly anglers."

"Bless me! Lord Shamvock. Quite an unexpected pleasure!"

"It's over two months since I have been in this den."

"Nearer four, my lord. First they said you had given up play. Next that you were married, and your wife would not let you out after dusk. Latterly they have said something else."

"What is the something else, Denley?"

"Only that your lordship had got into a bother. Are you going upstairs?"

"Yes. Is there any sport?"

"Lord Walsher and one or two old anglers are amusing themselves with some fine young trout. There are more fish than fishermen."

"I wish I had dined. I am as hungry as a wolf."

"Don't work on an empty stomach. Here, Bob; bring the cold fowl and a small bottle of No. 3 Burgundy, and be sharp."

Lord Shamvock ate a little of the fowl and drank the wine.

"Why, my lord, my thrush would beat you at feeding."

"It's months since I have heard the music of the bones, and I want to ease my pocket."

"Take a quiet smoke before you begin. It is very funny, but very true, that the steady throw wins."

Lord Shamvock had a chilling reception in the club room. One or two of the members gave him the tips of their fingers. His old friend Lord Walsher put his hands in his pockets and nodded. He also descended to the public room and abused Mr. Denley for admitting Lord Shamvock.

"We don't bring our friends here to be hooked by a fellow who has been turned out of his club, and who is known to have committed forgery."

"You know our rules," replied Mr. Denley. "We have nothing to do with what happens outside. Once an angler always an angler, so long as he angles on the square in this place."

Lord Shamvock played and lost.

"Holloa! tired already, Shamvock?"

"No, not tired. I did not come to play, and I have no money with me. Lend me a tenner, O'Dowd."

Mr. O'Dowd was about to comply with the request when Lord Walsher interfered.

"No, O'Dowd, it is against the rules to lend. When a fellow is out he is not to go on with other people's money."

re often lent money in this room. I have lent to Walsher,"

Lord Sham-

"It is the rule now, and it shall be kept."

"Walsher is correct," said Mr. O'Dowd. "I am precious sorry for it, Shamvock, for it's hard lines to be cornered for the sake of a few pounds."

Lord Shamvock lighted a cigar and sat watching the game.

Presently another angler came in, who shook hands with his lordship.

"Glad to see you in the old haunt again. But why are you a spectator? Have you given up play?"

"No, Stubber. I did not come for play to-night, but I did play until I dropped all my pocket money. O'Dowd offered me a tenner to go on with, but Lord Walsher has become particular, and he objected to any money being lent in this room."

"Why, Walsher," said Mr. Stubber, "how many times a day do you rub your face with a brass candlestick? Why, I lent you a pony when you were stumped, and you carried off a cool hundred."

"It is a new rule," said Walsher, sulkily.

"I owe you a brace of sovereigns, Walsher. Is it a new rule that debts must not be paid in this room?"

"No, sir. There is no rule against the payment of debts."

As Lord Walsher spoke he threw the dice.

"You have won again. By Jove! I don't understand your luck," said the young man he was playing with.

"Go on, make it double or quits. I run a risk to stake my winnings on the chance of a fifth favour from the dear old Dame."

"No, I will wait for a few minutes."

"Here, Walsher," said Stubber, "is your two quid. Here, Shamvock, is the tenner I have owed you since last Newmarket twelvemonth."

"It's a trick," exclaimed Lord Walsher.

Mr. Stubber walked up to Lord Walsher.

"Withdraw that word, or I will show you I have not forgotten the trick of fisticuffs. You are savage because you cannot have all the plucking of the pigeons to yourself; but you shall not insult me."

Mr. Stubber was a powerful man, and had been in his younger days a famous bruiser. Lord Walsher muttered an apology. Physical force is the ruling power.

Half a dozen men, including Lords Shamvock and Walsher, stood by the table and played. The game was simple. Each player staked ten pounds, and he who threw the lowest had to retire from the game or to stake another ten pounds. If the lowest number was tied, the ties had to retire or put down ten pounds each. A

excited with the game, and attracted by the ever-increasing stake, often played on until their means were exhausted, and therefore there was a rule that a player could not renew after the six times for the original stake, but he could renew three times more by forfeiting double stakes. The play continued for an hour, and at every round Lord Shamvock had escaped the lowest throw. The players had retired one after the other, and the two lords had to contend for the stake, which was over five hundred pounds. Lord Walsher was to throw first, and called for a glass of brandy and water before he did so.

Mr. Denley came into the room, and whispered to Lord Shamvock.

"I will come in two minutes. I have to throw, and it is the last throw."

"Be quick, then," whispered Denley. "The man is your friend, and says that they are on your track, and there is not a moment to lose."

Lord Walsher threw. The dice turned up two aces and a four. With a brutal blasphemous oath he turned from the table. The victory of his opponent was what gamesters call a moral certainty.

Lord Shamvock's hand trembled violently. Those who looked on thought he was agitated by the prospect of winning such a large stake.

"Thirty to one on Shamvock!" shouted Stubber.

There was a derisive laugh. No one would take the bet. Lord Shamvock threw. There were exclamations that brought Lord Walsher to the table. Again two aces had been thrown, and this time with a deuce. With another brutal oath Lord Walsher seized the stakes, and put them into his pocket. Lord Shamvock did not move or speak. Mr. Denley touched his arm.

"The man is waiting. As for this, better luck next time."

His lordship followed Mr. Denley, who pointed to a little room at the back of the public room.

"There he is, my lord."

His lordship looked hard at the man who was waiting for him.

"Lawker! You here!"

"I could not let my old master be trapped without trying to save him, and that is why I am here."

"You came here to foil me, to ruin me. But for you I should have taken well nigh six hundred pounds at a throw. Through you, you villain, I threw a score of four against a score of six."

"Listen to me. If your words were as hard again I should do my

duty. Maybe you don't know I am butler to Mr. Hawes. That's why I know all about it. That forgery for the two hundred is traced to you."

"There is nothing against me," said Lord Shamvock. "That scoundrel Feckles may have got to my cheque-books, but I cannot help that."

"That Laura Marshall has given information of what you told her. As she sticks herself up for being your wife, her story would not go for much in law, but she has brought an old woman who swears she overheard what you confessed about the forgery."

"It is a lie, Lawker."

"Maybe, but she has sworn to it, and the warrant is out against you. The officers are waiting for you at your lodgings. Maybe they will come here, for I heard that spiteful tabby the daughter tell the officers this was one of the places you frequented."

"What shall I do, Lawker? Tell me what I shall do."

"Why, keep up your pluck," said Lawker, "or it will be all over with you. Till it is arranged you must hide, and get away. If you are took now it's a safe conviction, and years of penal servitude."

Lord Shamvock shuddered.

"Lawker, do not betray me."

"Am I the man to do it? Did I ever betray you? Should I be here if I meant such villany as to betray an old master? Mr. Hawes told me of it, thinking I should be glad of your trouble, but he don't know me."

There was a knock at the outer door—a gentle knock with the knuckles. The sport of the anglers was disturbed by the ringing of the alarm bell. The door was opened, and two gentlemen entered. The alarm bell rang a second time. A minute later Mr. Denley came to Lord Shamvock and Lawker. He had a small lamp in his hand.

"Come this way, and be quick."

Lord Shamvock did not move. Mr. Denley spoke to Lawker.

"Bring him along; there is not a moment to lose. They have gone upstairs, but I do not think to look after the angling. The back court is clear."

Lawker took his lordship by the arm, and they followed Mr. Denley downstairs, through a passage. Then Denley drew up a sliding panel, and there was an opening about three feet high.

"Creep through. When you are in the court, turn to the right, and be sharp. Good night, my lord."

Lord Shamvock was staggering like a drunken man.

"Keep up as well as you can," said Lawker. "We shall be out of the net in a minute."

They crossed the Haymarket.

"The cab rank may be watched. We must walk a few paces."

When they were near Leicester Square, Lawker hailed a passing cab.

"Give me some brandy, Lawker."

"Presently," said Lawker. "Marble Arch, cabby."

"Pray, don't let them take me, Lawker."

"There is no danger now. But try and pull yourself together."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MR. GOUGER WORKS THE PARCEL.

WHAT is charity? How in the language of political economy would the gift of the benevolent to the needy be described? Would it be correct to say that the recipient of alms obtains money or money's worth without legal claim and without labour? That definition would not be universally or even generally true. In the majority of instances the alms of the benevolent are hardly earned, and unfortunately by labour which is not reproductive. Take the actual, not the fancy beggar as an example. After slouching about the street he is more worn at the close of the day than the artisan who has earned a fair day's pay by a fair day's work. Or take the begging-letter impostor as another proof of our statement. Does that pest of society lead a life of ease? When he is not busy with his pen his brain is at work devising schemes of plunder or how to escape from the hot pursuit of the officers of Justice. But even those who have a valid claim on the benevolent have to seek relief, and do not find it readily. When the gifts of charity are put up for competition there is a toilsome and severe struggle for success.

The Samaritan School for Fatherless Children is a flourishing institution. It has a grand building a little way out of town. It feeds, clothes, and educates a hundred and fifty boys and girls. It has a large annual income and a considerable reserve fund. Its list of patrons is long and aristocratic. Its committee is ponderously respectable and wealthy. The secretary is one of the most active gentlemen in the business. The Samaritan School for Fatherless

n was cordially envied by other institutions.

ot was on the committee, and Mrs. Stot was one of the lady

en were to be elected, and there were forty

ts. For months the widowed mothers (for only the fatherless orphans are eligible) had been canvassing, begging, praying s. Pathetic circulars were followed by personal visits. The ers were widely scattered, and the mothers had to journey l there at all hours and in all weathers. The expense of the plunged them into greater poverty, and many of the forty would bitterly repent the vain attempt to get a child into the ın School.

election was held at the London Tavern. What a scene! lows and their supporters pouncing upon every one who l, though the voting had all been settled before the day of Perhaps there is not so much hate exhibited in any contest charity election. Not only do the competitors hate each ut the leading supporters are inflamed by angry rivalry. ere are electioneering tricks. The numbers are announced ent intervals in order that the friends of those who are behind induced to buy votes—that is, to subscribe to the institution, eipt for the subscription entitling the holder to record a of votes in proportion to the donation. Therefore, he who ies enough to carry his candidate will, to make victory doubly l to benefit the institution, keep back his votes till the last of an hour. Votes are bartered. A subscriber who has no in any of the applicants for the Samaritan School will e his votes for votes of another institution for which he is ing one of the candidates. The active and bland secretary tially remarks at least a hundred times that the numbers are ully near, and that five or ten pounds worth of votes will put on the winning side of the list. But it is not permitted to lt with a deed done in the name of charity. If you visit a azaar and you pay five shillings for a penny pen-wiper, and the er defrauds you of your change, you must not complain. The goes into the till of charity. *Non olim.*

Stot candidate was safe. The child was all along at the head poll, and there was a reserve of votes in case of need. re Mrs. Stot had leisure to chat with her friends. Amongst she had a talk with Miss Strode, a lady famed for active bene-

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w curious! Here comes my husband. I will ask him t."

dear," said Mr. Stot, "we may be off. Give me your Our boy will be at the top with maybe a thousand votes to-

"Shall we give some of our votes away?"

"What's the good, my dear? If you get in No. 13 you keep out No. 12."

"Miss Strode wants you to tell her what she ought to do about such a curious affair."

"What is it, Miss Strode?"

"A few weeks ago a patient got away from our hospital two days after she had recovered from the fever. She left her box with some clothes in it, and, as I learnt yesterday, a purse containing nearly five pounds. I met her afterwards in Hyde Park. I offered her shelter, but, though she was evidently in distress, she would not let me help her. Do you not think that the committee ought to advertise? They do not like doing so, because it does not look well for a patient to go off without her property."

"The advertisement would be thrown away. The woman knows where her property is, if she has a mind to claim it."

"Poor thing! She would not say anything about herself or her friends. When I met her in the Park she pretended to be going to her husband, but she would not tell me his name and where he was living."

"Ah, Miss Strode, there are too many of such unfortunates, and you can do nothing for them."

"Was she young?" asked Mrs. Stot.

"Yes. A young face, but very careworn."

"What was her name?"

"In her delirium she called herself Rose. At her lodgings she was known as Mrs. Simpson."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Stot. "Rose and Mrs. Simpson! Why, my dear, this may clear up the Boliver business."

"I did not think of that woman. It does not clear up the fate of my poor Alice."

"Where is the box?"

"At our hospital," replied Miss Strode.

"My dear, I will take a cab and let Gouger know about this. You go home in the brougham and take Miss Strode with you."

"You are in a mighty hurry about that runaway wife. You were cool enough about poor Alice."

"My dear," replied Mr. Stot, "it would not help Alice to let another woman perish. And, my dear, before you execrate Mrs. Boliver it will be better to see if she is guilty."

"I can't help my temper, Stot, when I see everything is cleared up except about my poor Alice."

In an hour Mr. Stot, Mr. Gouger, and Frank Boliver were at the hospital. The box and the purse were produced, and Frank recognised them as the property of his wife.

A reference to the admission book informed them of the lodging from whence Rose had been taken. The King's Cross landlady could give no information except that she had come to her door the day she left the hospital, and driven away whilst the landlady was getting her bonnet.

"If my dear Rose was seeking me she would have seen my advertisements. You will not now tell me there is any hope of her being alive."

"Not seeing the advertisements goes for nothing," said Mr. Stot. "There is Miss Strode and the Hospital Committee anxious to find Mrs. Simpson, and they do not see the advertisements. It is wonderful how long you may advertise before you catch the eye of the right party, but keep up the advertising and you will do so at last. We must try what a handsome reward will do."

The offer of five hundred pounds for any information leading to the discovery of the present address of Mrs. Simpson, late of Belitha Road, Holloway, brought Mr. Blewlite to the office of Messrs. Doloski and Gouger.

"You told me that Rose Dulmaine passed as Mrs. Simpson. It is for the Rose you offer the reward?"

"Yes. Have you remembered any information whereby to help us?"

"When you came to me I thought it was a trick of some rival manager to get hold of my star, and I was silent. The offer of the reward shows that it is a genuine business. I have some information."

"Well, Mr. Blewlite, your silence is explained, and now for your information."

"I'd rather give her a year's engagement, at twenty pounds a week, than take the £500. What a draw she would be!"

"No doubt, but we must first find her. The engagement may follow. Meantime if your information puts us on the scent you will be £500 richer."

"A fortnight ago I met Rose in Covent Garden Market. Followed her to Long Acre. She was very badly dressed, looked very ill, and was carrying a parcel. I offered her an engagement, but she would not close. I offered her money, which she refused. She promised to write, but she has not done so."

"What sort of parcel?"

"Pretty large; but not large enough for a dress."

"Anything more?"

"No, Mr. Gouger. But I suppose what I have told you is worth knowing?"

"As you ask my opinion, Mr. Blewlite, I reply that I think it is likely to turn out the correct tip. We will try to make the best of it, and you shall know the result."

When the manager departed Mr. Gouger leant back in his chair, thrust his hands into his pockets, and half closed his eyes.

"Ah," he said, after a ten minutes' reflection, "I shall work that parcel. Bad clothes, looking ill, and a pretty large parcel mean plying the needle for a little bread and no butter. It is too late to-day. I will begin to-morrow."

Gouger and his partner were in the City by nine o'clock in the morning, and they went from warehouse to warehouse asking if a Mrs. Simpson was employed. They heard of four workwomen of that name, and Mr. Gouger, accompanied by Frank, went to the four addresses, but not one of the four was the lost Rose.

"Confound it!" said Gouger. "I wish it was the law to brand every born infant with a different number. What a deal of trouble it would save!"

Next day the search was continued. The firm of Briggs and Co. was visited. Mrs. Thompson's cousin was away for a holiday, but his *locum tenens* knew that a Mrs. Simpson worked for them, and he found the address. Had she worked long for the firm? Not very long. She was related to Mr. Thompson, and lived with a Mrs. Thompson.

"We have a few more houses to call at, and it is not worth while interrupting our work to look after this Mrs. Simpson of Paddington."

Another Mrs. Simpson was heard of, and she lived at Stratford. Mr. Gouger and Frank went to Stratford, and were again disappointed. When they got back to town it was seven o'clock in the evening, and Mr. Gouger had not dined.

"We will have a tavern feed, Mr. Boliver, and then we will go to Paddington and call on the Thompson Simpson."

"Is it worth while? Rose has no relations."

"It is not far out of the way, and the drive will do no harm after a feed."

When Mr. Gouger had dined, smoked a cigar, and drunk a glass of grog, they set off for Paddington.

"We are sure to fail, for clearly this Mrs. Simpson, a relation of the warehouseman, cannot be my wife."

"It may be a wild-goose chase, but it is a duty. If I had employed any one on this business, I should have bullied him for not trying all the Simpsons; and the rule I make for others I obey."

CHAPTER XXXV.

FRANK HEARS OF ROSE.

WHEN Lord Shamvock and Lawker arrived at the Marble Arch the cab was discharged, and they walked down the Edgware Road.

"It's better to walk," said Lawker; "for if they come out with a reward, these cabbies are a trifle too sharp, whereas London flags tell no tales."

"Is it not a dangerous road for us?" asked his lordship.

"Just t'otherwise. It aint round your own crib they will think of looking for you. When I got out this evening I made a bolt to the Green, and just missed you. Then I came across a snug coffee-house, and there I engaged two beds—one for myself, and one for O'Brien, my brother-in-law. I am a party named Evans, and you are O'Brien. Just think of them names."

His lordship, who was leaning on the arm of Lawker, gave a lurch.

"Hold up, my——I mean, O'Brien. We have not far to go."

Even in his fear and danger, Lord Shamvock had felt the sting of his social degradation. He had to pass as the brother-in-law of his valet.

"The governor, who is all to the left as far as health goes, went off this afternoon for a mouthful of sea air at Brighton, and I got leave till to-morrow night. What I am doing is a sell for him, but what right had he to think a fellow would stand by and see an old master worse than murdered?"

"But what am I to do? I can't always be hiding, Lawker."

"Do call me Evans, for a slip in the names might spoil us. This will be blown over in a few months, and then you can go about anywhere abroad as safe as ever you did."

"But I have no money. If you had been two minutes later I should have had five hundred pounds in my pocket. What infernal luck, Lawker!"

"If you can't call me Evans, call me nothing; but do drop the Lawker, unless you want to get me into a mess and yourself into quod. And don't bother about that money. I have plenty banked, and I will draw enough for the start, and I will keep you from

for two or three months. In Boulogne you can do first rate on two pounds a week."

When they turned down Praed Street Lawker took a neckcloth from his pocket, and tied it round his lordship's neck, and in such a way as to conceal the lower part of his face.

"We are close by our roost, and pray remember O'Brien, and don't call me Lawker."

They stopped at Mrs. Thompson's, and the landlady herself answered the bell.

"You are late, to be sure; I had almost given you up."

"My brother-in-law did not arrive till later than I thought."

"Is he ill?"

"Well, mum, he has got a bit of a cold, with a touch of the ague and face-ache. But he will be hisself again when he has been between the sheets. Won't you, O'Brien?"

"I am very tired," said his lordship.

"Dear me, you have a cold to be sure, Mr. O'Brien. Have a basin of gruel. It is a fine thing for the chest, with a little butter and rum. I will have it ready before you are in bed."

"Thank you, mum, but he won't take anything but a dose of bed. Which are our rooms?"

"Number 6 on the first floor, and Number 7 on the second floor," replied Mrs. Thompson, handing the candlesticks.

"Good night, mum, and sorry to have kept you up."

Lawker undressed his lordship, and could not refrain from grumbling at the state of the clothes.

"Whoever has had the charge of them clothes deserves to be choked with a clothes brush. I don't believe horsehair has touched them since they came from the tailor's."

"This is like the old times. I wish you had never left me, Lawker."

"There you are Lawkering again. Confound my old shoes, but it is aggravating. Do you want to be nabbed?"

When his lordship was in bed, Lawker took a flask from his pocket.

"Drink that. It is the right sort of night-cap. You will have to turn out and lock your door after me. And then don't unlock it for nobody till I come. You know my tap, and also my voice. I shan't be with you before eleven, for I must go out and buy a lot of things."

"Why need you leave me here?" asked his lordship.

"Why? To get your disguise. You came in here a muffled-up lord. You must not be seen till you are so altered that the faithfullest dog that ever owned you for master would turn upon you."

"Well, be back as soon as possible."

"And you promise me on your solemn word and honour you won't open this here door to any mortal soul?"

"I promise, but don't keep me longer than you can help."

"Fear," thought Lawker, "will make him keep his word."

Perhaps Lawker would have thought aright if Lord Shamvock had not awakened with a throbbing headache and quivering nerves. For some time his lordship restrained his desire for a little stimulant, but every minute he became more prostrate and nervous. Of all the Demons that snare, enslave, and destroy man not one is more cruel and exacting than Drink. If the miserable devotee fails to sacrifice to the Demon Drink at the appointed hour, he is torn without mercy. So awful is the tippler's rage for drink that if he were tempted he would drain the poisoned chalice. There is death in the cup, and he knows it, but still he drinks. Is the drunkard mad? Worse than mad. He is possessed by a devil that tortures him, mocks him, and destroys him.

Lord Shamvock looked round the room for a bell. He looked in vain. The last occupant had taken the bell cord to tie up a bundle. Shaking and quaking, his lordship, after a painful effort, shuffled into some of his clothes, and opened the door. He called "waiter" three or four times, but there was no response. It was his first visit to a coffee-house, and he did not know that waiters were not employed in such an establishment. He saw a woman coming down stairs, and when she reached the landing on which he stood, he addressed her:

"My good girl, will you tell the landlord to send me some brandy, for I am ill, and tell the waiter to make haste and I will tip him."

The woman turned her face to Lord Shamvock, and their eyes met. The countenances of both changed. Lord Shamvock went into his room and locked the door.

"It is Rose Dulmaine. She did not, she could not, know me. How Lawker would rave if he knew I had been outside the door! But she will not betray me, for I'll swear she could not know me in this plight. Lawker should have left me some brandy."

It was thoughtless of Lawker not to provide the brandy, but then in the olden time his lordship did not tipple before breakfast. But Lord Shamvock was wrong as to not being recognised. Rose knew him and returned to her room and locked her door. In spite of his bravado Lord Shamvock was terrified lest Rose had recognised him and would betray him to the officers of justice. Rose was for awhile almost paralysed by fear, for she concluded that Lord Shamvock was in that humble abode to persecute her.

How came he there? How came a lord to lodge at a coffee-house? He might have seen her in the street and followed her. Or Blewlite might have followed her and told Lord Shamvock her address. Mrs. Thompson must know the man was not one of her customers. Ah! she could see it all now. That woman had been bribed by his lordship to keep her till it was convenient for him to carry out his cruel design. Now she understood the woman's pretended affection.

There was some excuse for the wicked thought. Sorrow had hardened the heart of Rose, and the appearance of Lord Shamvock in that place might well suggest the evil and unjust suspicion.

"Vile wretch!" exclaimed Rose. "I did not earn the money I received. I was sure of that. I have been made to live upon his money. I am indeed fallen, degraded, and lost."

Mrs. Thompson came to inquire if Rose was going to the City. Rose told her that she had the headache and would lie down for an hour or two.

"Lor, my dear! what is the matter? You have been worriting yourself, and you should not do it. Be patient, there is a deary, and things will soon come right. I'll make you a cup of strong tea with a bit of toast, and then lay down and get a nap."

Mrs. Thompson took Rose's hand. Rose turned from her angrily.

"Will you let me alone for a little while? It's all I ask."

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Thompson. "Try and compose yourself. I will come to you by-and-by."

Mrs. Thompson was not offended. She had no idea there was any cause for offence. It is not the good, it is not those who have a clear conscience and a loving heart, who are prone to take offence.

"Abominable hypocrite!" muttered Rose as she locked the door.

Meantime Lawker returned and found his lordship in a grumbling mood.

"I thought you had gone off altogether. I am pretty well dead from want."

"I have brought in some brandy and soda, and I have ordered breakfast to be sent up in half an hour. I am rather late, but I thought it best when I was in the City to wait and draw the money. Have you been long awake?"

"For hours," replied his lordship.

"You have not been bothered by any knocking at the door. I cautioned the landlady not to call you."

His lordship had resolved not to tell Lawker about breaking his promise and seeing Rose Dulmaine.

"I have bought you a slop suit, and a done-up hat, which latter I ope will be a fit, for I am sure about the clothes. The shoes will awkward, for you have always been wearing the best make. But e understandings must be a match with the suit. What do you ink this lot cost?" asked Lawker, displaying a pair of check ousers and a faded cloth vest and cut-off coat.

"What a guy I shall look!" said his lordship with a groan.

"It don't matter how you look, if you don't look yourself. It is the papers with a reward of fifty pounds. So that will make the hase hot for a day or two, and we must go a whole drove of hogs baulking them. That lot, shoes and hat into the bargain, did not ome to quite three pounds. Of course the suit is soiled stock."

His lordship was too absorbed reading a newspaper that Lawker ad laid upon the bed to notice the remarks of his ex-valet. The olumn that attracted his lordship was headed "Forgery by a Noble-nan."

"It has transpired that the daring and ingenious fraud on the Nugget Bank by means of a forged cheque was planned by Lord Shamvock. Sinister rumours have for some time been afloat about his lordship. He was lately married to the only daughter of Mr. Thomas Hawes, and the unhappy lady is now suing for a dissolution of the marriage on the ground of bigamy. We are informed that for very sufficient reasons his lordship has been turned out of both the clubs to which he belonged. A warrant has been granted, and a reward of fifty pounds offered for his apprehension. The police have a certain clue to his whereabouts, and are confident of his immediate capture. The disgrace of Lord Shamvock ought to warn others of the terrible consequences of a career of dissipation and gambling."

"I wish I was at Boulogne."

"I have been over that move, and I don't think it is safe. In a place like Boulogne people will be asking who you are, and that will be dangerous. It is best to remain in London. Take a lodging over the water, say at Kennington. Go out at regular hours, and pretend you have some sort of business. That will be the baulk."

When his lordship put on the soiled slop suit Lawker was delighted.

"What a disguise! You see for years you have been disguising your real self with padding, and without the padding you are a small-boned skeleton. It's be [illegible] let me operate on he hair and face."

"What are you going to do?"

"Shave the top lip, and cut down the long hair that plaist over the bald places. When I have finished you will not kn yourself, and be ready to swear you are some one else."

"Must I be made such a walking mummy?"

Lawker pointed to the newspaper, and his lordship submitted the razor and scissors.

"How bald you are! What a genuine disguise your style h been for years and years! Now give me your teeth."

"My teeth! What do you want with my teeth?"

"Do you think we are to be spoilt by your showing such a set Nature can't produce, which everybody can see aint your own, a must have cost a pile of money? You can't go mumbling and sp tering without teeth, for that would draw attention, and that is what we want. Hand them to me, and I will take off the shine."

Lord Shamvock put his hand to his mouth and gave Lawker costly glittering teeth.

"Ah, when I was with you these were better looked after."

Lawker produced a small hammer, a chisel, and a bottle.

"What are you doing?" asked his lordship.

"Breaking two or three of them short, and blacking them wi gallic acid."

"You are cheerful enough over it," mumbled his lordship.

"Ah, we shall beat them all round," said Lawker. "There, th will do. Put them in. No fear of any girl kissing you, unless i in the pitch dark."

"Pray let us get out of this confounded place."

"Why, you lisp," said Lawker. "I have broken the right tee That is capital. Now, just look at yourself in the glass. I'll be s if I don't almost think you are the wrong man."

Lord Shamvock looked in the glass and shuddered.

"Being disfigured like this is well nigh as bad as penal servitude

"They would make a shorter crop in prison, and that suit is ahead of a convict's dress."

Lawker made a parcel of his lordship's clothes, remorselessly crushing the elegant hat.

"Come on. We will walk to a place where we can get something eat, and then bolt to the other side of the water and find you a cr I tell you what to pass for. A worn-out village schoolmaster. W look the character, and it will account for your hands showing signs of work."

"What you like, but let us quit this place."

At night Mr. Gouger and Frank went to the coffee-house to inquire about Mrs. Simpson.

"Of course this is where she lives, and I am in that trouble about her that I can't attend even to the boiling of an egg without letting it get like a stone for salad."

"I am sorry you are in any trouble," said Mr. Gouger. "Mrs. Simpson is a relation of yours, is she not?"

"Lor no, poor dear! whatever she is, she is a genuine lady by nature. I never set eyes on her till, it may be, three weeks ago. She came here awfully down with sorrow, and too proud, poor dear, to take my help. So I got my cousin at Briggs's to give her work, and pretend she was earning a pound a week.

"You are a good soul," said Mr. Gouger.

"Her name?" asked Frank, eagerly. "Did you hear her name?"

"She has put 'Rose' to the letter she has writ me."

"It must be my Rose, Gouger. It must be my dear lost wife. Where is she?"

"You her husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Thompson. "Oh, sir, why didn't you come a few hours sooner?"

"What do you mean? Where is she?"

"Patience," said Mr. Gouger. "Has Mrs. Simpson left you?"

"She were ill and out of sorts this morning, and the poor dear would take nothing or say a word to me. This afternoon, when I was up to my eyes with the teas, she slipped out unbeknown. Presently I went up to see her, and to persuade her to take something, and, instead of her, I found this letter."

The letter, as Mrs. Thompson called it, was a few words on a slip of paper:—

"For whatever you have done for me I thank you, but I do not choose to be under more obligation. I shall not return to your house. "ROSE."

"It is her writing," said Frank. "Why did she leave? Where has she gone?"

"I am afraid that they told her the pound a week was not earned, for my cousin is on his holiday. Poor dear, she was as heartily welcome to it as my own child."

"Come, Mr. Boliver," said Gouger, "she can't be far off. We must begin the search without delay."

"Poor dear, poor dear! wh[illegible] she go? If you had been ever so little sooner, what a [illegible]her! For she is

in that condition which is not fit for her to be without home and help."

"My dear friend," said Mr. Gouger, shaking Mrs. Thompson's hand, "we will soon find her, and you shall be the first to hear the good news."

Mrs. Thompson was sobbing, with her elbow on the corner of the table and her apron before her face.

Frank took her hand and kissed her forehead.

"God bless you for your kindness to my dear wife."

And they left Mrs. Thompson crying lustily, and rubbing her eyes with her rough apron.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LORD SHAMVOCK FINDS THE MONEY.

Mr. Dick Feckles, after drawing the two hundred pounds, walked to the Old Kent Road and took a room in one of the smallest houses of that strangely composite thoroughfare. Without Royal licence, or troubling himself about legal formalities, he assumed the name of Fraser, and to prevent curiosity, which is always dangerous to those who seek strict seclusion from friends and acquaintances, he told his landlady that he came from Liverpool to settle a little law business, and that, having a large family, he could not afford to spend much money over himself. As in lieu of reference he paid a fortnight's rent in advance, the landlady was perfectly satisfied with her lodger.

Having provided himself with all things needful for his comfort, including a bottle of gin and a quarter of a pound of tobacco, Dick locked his door and tasted the contents of the bottle.

"That beats the Castle, anyhow. There's flavour and strength, without burning your throat like blazing vitriol. But I mustn't indulge yet more than a mouthful. Business first, and then for enjoyment. But a pipe won't do any harm to business. What a blessing it would be if drink was like smoke!"

Dick emptied his pockets and counted his gold. Then he laid out the sovereigns and half-sovereigns on the table as a child would play with counters.

"One hundred and ninety-eight pound, leave alone the odd silver in the left trouser pocket, besides two weeks' rent paid. It's a fortune. It will last two years, and then something else will turn up. Ah, you old Shamvock, I was to have twenty-five, was I? You have done me before, but not this time of asking, you old scoundrel. I wonder he waited in that public. They won't find me in a

blue moon, but they will nab him, and I am glad of it, for I hate him."

Dick took oft his coat, and with a pair of scissors opened the lining.

"Splendid invention this wadding. It is safe as a bank, and a good deal handier. It can't be got at by forgery, and no bother about missing cheques."

With needle and thread he sewed up his gold in various parts of his coat, only reserving two pounds for present use. When the work was done he shook the coat violently.

"It won't come out, I know, and it don't jingle. Here I am out of harm. No worry from Mrs. F. No being crazed out of my seven senses by that Ruth. No having to beg for half a quartern, and being refused by that swindling old Castle. For a good two years I shall be jolly. I haven't been so well not for years, not since that Ruth's mother got me into another awful bother."

Dick partook freely of the gin, and when he was in his usual state of alcoholic stupefaction, got into bed.

"One hundred and ninety-eight odd. Not a soul to keep out of it. Oh you old Shamvock, won't I be jolly for leastways two years!"

There was a considerable abatement of the jollity when Dick woke up in the morning. He was shaky and depressed.

"That is the cause of it," said he, looking at the bottle. "My lor! I must have drunk over a pint of spirit. I shall stick to beer, with just one glass at night, else I shall be getting the horrors again, and that red-eyed devil will be tormenting me. What I suffered that night before old Shamvock came in and chased it away! There is no horrors in beer if you was to drink it by the butt."

Every morning Dick made the same resolve. He began with beer. He drank a glass of bitter ale, and then a little spirit, because the beer was too cold for his stomach. He could not eat without the fillip of gin and bitters. He could not digest his food without a glass of grog. A dry pipe made him sick, and beer and tobacco did not go well together. Thus according to the custom of drunkards Dick fooled himself by inventing an excuse for drinking whenever he craved another drop. Some think that alcohol is a bad servant. Who can deny that alcohol is a cruel, ruthless, and accursed master? Now that he had ample means Dick drank more than ever, and in five days he had an attack of what he well described as the horrors.

The red-eyed devil crouched in a corner of his room. It was in form a wild beast, with eyes of fire, and it would not move or withdraw its deadly, dreadful stare. Trembling until his teeth

chattered, Dick got a long way off, but without power to turn his face from the hideous apparition. Once Dick shut his eyes for a moment, and opened them with a fright and a smothered scream, for he thought that the creature had come to him, and that he felt its hot breath. No, it has not moved, but see, it is making ready for a spring. It shows its awful teeth. Its eyes grow larger and larger, and more fierce. It moves. The room shakes. The room is rocking.

There was a knock at the door.

"Are you awake, Mr. Fraser? Sorry to trouble you, but if you could oblige me."

The apparition retreated to the corner, and then disappeared.

The knock was repeated. A fear only less terrible than the red-eyed devil seized upon Dick. Who could want him at that hour? Had he been traced?

"What is it?" asked Dick feebly.

"It is only me, Mr. Fraser, wanting to know if you could lend us a drop of spirit for a party who is took very ill."

"That is a comfort," muttered Dick, as he unlocked and opened the door.

"Not in bed, Mr. Fraser! You are a sitter-up, and no mistake."

"Would you mind having a look in that corner? I fancy there is something there."

The landlady retreated a step.

"Something in the corner, Mr. Fraser?"

"Yes, mum. Perhaps a cat or a mouse. Would you mind looking?"

The landlady crossed the room and examined the corner.

"There aint nothing here. No cat, no mouse, and no dirt, for I am none of your half-cleaners, but have every corner regular routed out. As for mice, there isn't one living as could show its nose twice within a mile of my cat, leave alone that there aint vermin where there aint dirt, which is the breath of their life, being their nature to thrive on what pisons Christians."

"You are right, mum; there is nothing in the corner. Did you ever have the horrors? The doctors call it *delirium tremens*."

"No, I aint. Not counting tooth-cutting, measles, whooping cough, and them things that are the nature of a child, I have never had nothing the matter with me since I have been growed up except which are six, and every one of them living and two married."

you not say you were ill, and wanted a drop of spirit?"

now, that's how one gets forgetting everything when one

gets a-talking, which I never will do till every bed is made, and my time is my own. The poor gent is a-groaning, and gone from my mind as if he was somebody else, and I had never seed him well or ill."

Dick pointed to the gin bottle.

"Of course, Mr. Fraser, it's a lodger took in to-night, his name being Mr. O'Brien from Ireland, but as harmless as one of ourselves. He's old and thin as a workhouse weasel, which, as the saying says, can jump through the eye of a needle. Moreover, Mr. Fraser, and I ought to know, for as I aint ashamed to confess that I know what is tops and bottoms in life; for if my father had not been easy with them as had no claim, and done his duty by his offspring, we should have come into our thousands, and likewise my husband who was took from me six years ago hicked away fortune after fortune. And, as I was a-saying, I opine that Mr. O'Brien has knowed better days. And never because I am betterer off will I crow over one as isn't, for the best of us may see worserer days, being all born and not dead, as the saying says."

When the voluble dame paused for breath, a voice was heard from the upper landing.

"Pray bring me the brandy if you can get it."

"Coming, sir, coming. If you was to fly it would be crawling in the eyes of some gents. Mr. O'Brien is took with the shudders, and asks for brandy, which stops them, when all the publics are shut up, and I don't keep it by me."

"I have no brandy, but there is some fine Old Tom."

"Which is a word I never hear without a-fancying I see my poor dear husband a-sitting before me drinking his glass over his pipe. He always called it the venerable Thomas, and didn't he like it over his pipe! Well, he had his faults, for he drank up two homes, besides being brutal in his cups, as I had to call in the neighbours and also the police to save me from his blows; but this I will say, and I am proud to say it, that a more genteelerer, a more aristocraticker born gent never put one leg before the other."

Again the landlady paused for lack of breath, and again was heard the voice from the upper landing.

"Will you bring me the brandy?"

"Mr. Fraser aint got none, but he's got Old Tom, and nothing better for the shudders you can't take."

"I don't understand," said the voice, descending the stairs.

"He's coming down. I declare he [illegible] out of a tortoise."

"Well, mum!" said the voice in the passage. "What about the brandy?"

"It is this way," said the landlady, going to the door. "You see the publics is closed, and Mr. Fraser aint got no spirit but Old Tom; to which you are welcome."

"I will borrow a little of your gin," said Mr. O'Brien, putting his head in the room. "Brandy is my physic, but I dare say the gin will stop this confounded shiver."

Dick, whose back had been turned to Mr. O'Brien, took the bottle from the table and handed it to the shivering applicant. Mr. O'Brien had the bottle in his hand when he caught sight of Dick's face. Down fell the bottle with a smash.

"The devil!" exclaimed Mr. O'Brien.

"Where, where?" asked Dick in alarm, and looking in the apparition corner.

"Dear me! Mr. O'Brien," said the landlady; "if you only hadn't come down. There's the waste of the Old Tom, leave alone the splintered glass, which no sweeping will get up."

"Here's another bottle," said Dick. "I will take a glass, and give you the rest."

"Send it up, for I am awfully cold."

Mr. O'Brien was already ascending the stairs when he spoke.

"Show me a fidget, and I will show you a waster and everything that is bad. My husband was that fidgety towards the last that he had not temper to hear a body speak, but I always would have my say if I died for it, as the saying says."

"Here is the bottle," said Dick, when he had filled a tumbler with the spirit.

"Good night, Mr. Fraser. After this here performance you won't be for rising much afore breakfast is eaten and likewise washed up. I never let my things stand over from one meal to another."

The landlady made her exit. Dick glanced at the apparition corner.

"It's not come back," whispered Dick. "I'll be in bed before it knows I am alone."

Mr. O'Brien thanked the landlady for the gin.

"Very kind of Mr. Fraser. Has he been with you long?"

"His first week aint up. He came on the Tuesday."

"Well off, I dare say?"

zled what to make of him, unless he's a miser. Paid me
No stint so far as drink goes. Twice he has give me
But there is no luggage, and the shirt he took

off was coarse enough for riddling cinders through it; and as for colour the black was regularly grimed in."

"Good night, ma'am."

"Good night, sir. You shall have a cup of tea as soon as ever the kettle boils and the milk comes."

Mr. O'Brien, or, to be veracious, Lord Shamvock, mixed some of the gin with water and drank it.

"Better than cold water, and I suppose I am welcome to it, as it was paid for with my money."

His money! He could not have been more enraged with Dick if the two hundred pounds had indeed been his money. There is a torturing sting about retribution in kind. It is hard to be robbed of honestly earned money, but probably no one feels robbery so keenly as the thief who is plundered of his plunder. The man who never pays his debts is often a remorseless creditor. The slanderer resents the slightest misrepresentation. The critic who prides himself on his merciless, scathing criticisms is very often absurdly sensitive. The surgeon shrinks from the application of the surgeon's knife to his own body. What a divinely comprehensive prayer that is, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," and how few of us could, if memory were vivid, pray that prayer from the depths of the heart!

"To meet him here! To run down the scoundrel by a fluke! Why, I would have given a little finger to have done it. The wretch should be in prison within the hour, but I must be cautious. You won't have so soft a bed to-morrow night, and I shall sleep the easier, you scoundrel, from knowing that you are getting some of your deserts. You robbed me, but you shall pay for it, and I shall put you to prison. And some time or other you shall learn that I did it. That will torture the scoundrel."

His lordship opened a cheap and handy writing-case provided by the thoughtful Lawker, and wrote as follows:—

"At No. 1, Niagara Falls Villas, Old Kent Road, there is lodging in the first-floor back room a man who calls himself Mr. Fraser. He is Dick Feckles, the man who last week robbed the Nugget Bank of £200."

"Before eight in the morning I shall get a man or boy to leave that at the nearest police-station. Soon after eight o'clock the scoundrel who robbed me will be roused up and see two officers standing over him. How the wretch will s[illegible] f

spirit for him if it was to save his life. I must not be seen, but I hope I shall hear the scoundrel yell and blub. Those who rob Shamvock get the worst of it."

The haggard, contorted face was flushed at the prospect of revenge on Dick Feckles.

"It would complete the scoundrel's torture if he could be told that I had got the money. If his door is open I will have a look round. He is too drunk to rouse easily, and if he does I can scare him out of his senses. I shouldn't think he has run the risk of leaving the money at a bank."

His lordship waited for half an hour, every now and then drinking a little of the gin, and every time he did so grumbling at the liquor.

"The vile scoundrel! Why did he not buy brandy? Why did the thief waste my money for such stuff as this? I suppose the rascal has spent freely. I'll have a look for what is left. I shall be floored if the door is locked. If I get in and he wakes I will scare him."

He took off his boots and went down stairs as quietly as he could, and was irritated at the creaking, which sounded very loud in the dead of the night.

When he came to the door of Dick's room he put his ear to the keyhole and listened. There was no sound. He rattled the handle. There was no sound. He turned the handle and the unlocked door opened.

Dick was in a deep sleep. His lordship was in an almost uncontrollable rage. He shook his fist at the sleeper. His eyes gleamed with malignant hate. He held the flame of the candle near to the bed curtains, but before the scorch became a blaze he removed the light.

"It might wake him and lead to inquiry. Besides, penal servitude will be worse for the scoundrel than burning to death. Where is the money?"

His lordship looked round the room, but there was no luggage. He opened the drawers, and they were empty. He felt in trousers and waistcoat pockets, and transferred to his own pocket a sovereign, some silver, and coppers.

"He shan't have a copper if I can help it. Where is the coat?"

His lordship searched, but could not find the garment.

"Wherever the scoundrel's coat is, there is the gold."

His lordship searched about the bed and discovered the coat tucked under the pillow. Dick's head had slipped off the pillow to the

bolster, so that the coat could be removed. His lordship seized it and carried it up to his own room.

He thrust his hands into the pockets, and then flung down the coat with a horrible oath.

"Why did he have it under his pillow? The security for the money is concealed in it."

He took up the coat, turned the pockets inside out, and then felt the linings.

He could not restrain a shout of triumph.

"The scoundrel! I have it. As soon as the thief is in prison I shall be off with the money."

He tore the linings with his hands, and there was the gold. Each sovereign was separately sewn in, but he soon broke the stitches, and there was a glittering pile on the table.

"I will be off with this directly the thief is caged. The scoundrel has sewn it tight enough."

One sovereign was hard to remove. He dragged it out with his teeth, and, in doing so, disarranged them.

He jerked back his head. The coin passed into and stuck in his throat. His face became scarlet. He started to his feet, wildly struggling with his hands. He caught the table cloth, and off it came, the gold rattling on the floor, and over went the candle, and the light was extinguished. He made a movement in the dark. His foot slipped. He fell heavily, the back of his head striking on the edge of the fender.

The noise disturbed Dick, but he only turned, and again slept soundly.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE DEAREST FRIEND FLORA.

LORD WALSHER was surprised at receiving a note from the Dowager Lady Hare requesting him to favour her with a call at his earliest convenience. Lady Hare was a prominent member of the distinguished society from which men like Lord Walsher are rigidly excluded.

"I suppose the Hon. Noel has told his ma that he is in the clutches of debt, and perhaps that I have eased him of his ready money at chicken hazard. I don't mind a lecture. It will be a refreshing novelty."

Lady Hare, a stately dame, gave Lord Walsher a freezing reception.

"Although we are strangers, I believe your lordship is acquainted with my son, and I have troubled you to call on me about an affair that nearly concerns his happiness and honour."

"The Hon. Noel Hare is my friend, and any service I can render him will be a pleasure, and not a trouble."

"Do you know a person who calls herself Lady Shamvock?"

"There are two claimants to that name."

"I see by the newspaper that Lord Shamvock was a bigamist. I mean the woman who claims to be the lawful wife."

"I have heard of her, and indeed I have seen her, but she is not a person whose acquaintance any gentleman would own."

"I presume, then, that I have been correctly informed, and that she is a low, disreputable creature, who may or may not have married Lord Shamvock, and who has for many years led a scandalous life."

"That is a fair description of the woman. She must be getting old now, but ten years ago Laura Marshall—that was her name—was a notorious profligate. I am at a loss to understand why your ladyship condescends to mention her."

"Perhaps I ought not to have named her, but to have left my son to his fate—his infamous fate."

"Surely my friend can have no association with this woman. If so he will soon be disenchanted."

"But the disenchantment may be too late to save him from lasting shame. The Hon. Noel Hare threatens to marry this profligate woman, this widow of a bigamist, thief, and forger."

"Impossible! Noel cannot contemplate such folly."

"Folly is not the word, my lord. It would be a crime to brand his family with disgrace."

"May I ask your ladyship who told you of this shocking project?"

"My son. The day the death of Lord Shamvock in the hovel to which he had fled from the pursuit of justice was announced, my son told me a stupid story about the woman Laura, and that he intended to marry her. I represented to him the horror and infamy of allying himself to the widow of a notorious culprit. He replied that he promised to marry her when she was free, and that he would do so. I consulted my solicitor, and from him I learnt that the woman is a debased profligate."

"Unless I had heard it from your ladyship, I should not have believed the statement."

"My eldest son inherits the estates. Noel has dissipated the

small fortune left to him by his father. For his present support and for his future prospects he depends upon me. My solicitor will be here before dinner with a codicil to my will revoking every bequest to Noel, and leaving him only fifty-two pounds a year, to be paid to him weekly, if he marries the woman. He knows of this, and defies me."

"He must be mad. He must in some way be saved from utter ruin."

"I shall rejoice if the fool can be saved. How can it be attempted? I sent for your lordship to ask if there is any plan that can be tried."

"These cases of infatuation are not easily managed. Persuasion and threats, instead of curing, increase the disease."

"If the woman were told that my son would be a beggar if he married her, would she go abroad for a sum of money?"

"I am afraid not. She would not believe that Noel was penniless, and for such a woman it is a fortune to marry into a noble family."

"I thank you for your candour, Lord Walsher," said Lady Hare, in a voice that betrayed her deep vexation. "I see that nothing can be done. If my son will persist he must perish."

"Pardon me, but I do not think we need despair. With your ladyship's permission I will try what can be done with the woman, and to open my friend's eyes to his folly, and, I will add, crime."

"I thank you for the attempt, and if you succeed, you impose on me a debt of gratitude. Noel has been my favourite son, and I would make any sacrifice to save him from such a terrible fate."

"I will try, and I do not think I shall fail. May I call in a day or two and report progress?"

"Call as soon as you can, and accept in advance my hearty thanks for the trouble you are undertaking."

Lord Walsher was delighted with her ladyship's cordial farewell, which was in strong contrast to his frigid reception.

"By Jove!" he said when in the street, "this may be a splendid connection for me if I can stop the marriage. Noel is an idiotic mule, and Laura Marshall is as cunning as she is high, but I may checkmate her."

The interview with the Hon. Noel was even more unsatisfactory than Lord Walsher anticipated. His lordship did not oppose the marriage, for he knew it would be worse than useless to do so. Fanaticism and infatuation are strengthened by open opposition. Neither did he directly refer to the career and character of the woman, but he irritated the Hon. Noel by speaki
Marshall.

"Her name is Lady Shamvock, and if any one speaks of her b the name the villany of her husband forced her to assume I sha resent the insult."

"It was a slip of the tongue, my dear Hare. When you we doing your football and cricket at Eton I was, like other fellows town, an admirer of her ladyship, and all the world and his w knew her as Laura Marshall. But I am wrong about the dat How time flies! Why, Hare, you could not have been in your tee when your bride elect was a reigning belle. She slipped out of sig Some said she was dead, and others that she was married, b clearly both reports were false."

The heightened colour of the Hon. Noel showed that the obser tions of his lordship did not please him.

"We will drop the subject, Walsher. I love her, and I tell y she is worthy of the love of a better man. I shall marry her if it co me fortune and family, and turned me out of society."

"I suppose the suit for the dissolution of the second marria will soon be settled?"

"That does not concern Lady Shamvock. I shall marry h immediately."

"Well, Hare, invite an old friend to the wedding."

"There will be no fuss; but if you will be my best man I shall glad."

"Delighted, my dear fellow."

Lord Walsher ascertained the address of Laura and called up her. He adroitly spoke of the intended marriage, and lamented t determination of Lady Hare to stop her son's income and to dis herit him. Laura was of opinion that the mother would relent, and not, she was content to take her chance with the son.

Mrs. Macgregor came in, and was introduced as "my dear friend." It occurred to Lord Walsher that the dearest friend mig be a useful ally. So, having left the house, he waited in the stre until Mrs. Macgregor appeared, accosted her, and readily persuad her to dine with him. His lordship was kind, sociable, and attentiv and the fascinating Flora was communicative.

Flora was secretly displeased and out of humour with her dear friend Laura. It was provoking that Laura should be so lucky, whi Flora, years younger, had not the remotest prospect of a settlemen Laura, too, had become patronising in her manner, and had assur Flora that, though it would be impossible for the Hon. Mrs. No Hare to receive Mrs. Macgregor, yet they would continue friends secret. This indiscreet speech filled Flora with indignation.

"Because she may fool an honourable into marrying her, that won't make her any the better. If you only knew what I do about her you would wonder how she could bounce, and how any man could think of marrying her."

"My dear girl," said Lord Walsher, filling Flora's glass with sparkling wine, "I know more about her than you suppose."

"I wonder you let your friend marry such a woman."

"My dear soul, I don't mind telling you in confidence that his family would give a thousand pounds to you or anybody else who stopped the marriage. But I am afraid it is hopeless. I have known many of these cases, and if a man resolves to crown himself with dirt, why he will do so, and that is the end of it."

"She is so old—though I must say it is a beautiful make up."

"Ah," said Lord Walsher, smiling, "I suspected the hair was attached and the complexion chemical."

"Why she is nearly bald, and ignorant as a coster's cat. I write all her love letters and begging letters for her. I read one of the honourable's to-day in which he says he kisses her precious letters a thousand times, and sleeps with them under his pillow. Wouldn't he be jolly savage if he knew they were mine!"

"He would not believe it. But what do you mean by begging letters?"

"Oh, letters to fellows she knows asking for money on all sorts of crams. How they can be taken in I can't think, but she bores them out of the money."

"Could you get hold of two or three of the replies?"

"As easy as possible."

"Do so. You shall be well rewarded for your trouble. I have another idea that may prevent the foolish business. Don't suppose you are really injuring your friend, for if she marries Hare he will be a beggar."

"Don't call her my friend. I am sick of her deceit and bounce. And I am sure it is a shame for an old creature like her to hook a young swell like the honourable."

"My dear, you are a clever, sensible girl. You are very nearly her height, but not her figure or face."

"The height is exact."

"Could you make yourself look something like her, with a veil on?"

"Yes, and without a veil. I have worn her dresses, though they are a loose fit, and with her paint, and chalk, and hair, I would defy you to know me for a minute or two. It is eas-
Moreover, I am a good taker-off. See."

Flora mimicked Laura's manner, and even imitated her voice.

"Capital," said Lord Walsher; "you would make a fortune on the stage."

"I wish some one would put me on the stage."

"I will do so. I can do as I please at the Lion. You could borrow one of Laura's dresses, and get some hair about her colour."

"I could borrow the hair too—that is, by taking it without leave. She has two lots, so that she has one to wear whilst the other is at the hairdresser's."

"Excellent. I will let you know if we want you to be Laura for five minutes. Meantime, get the letters, and be sure that Lady Hare will not be ungrateful for what you do for her son. Lady Hare is rich, and you will find her generous."

Flora returned to her lodging in excellent spirits. She had made the acquaintance of a lord. She had drunk freely of champagne. She had gone forth with an empty purse, and now it enclosed a ten-pound note. She had the cheering prospect of a large sum of money. She was still more exhilarated by the hope of becoming a belle of the stage. Above all else she was delighted that there was a fair chance of Laura being disappointed and humiliated. Lord Walsher could not have lighted upon a more zealous and unscrupulous ally.

A bundle of letters addressed to Laura, and sent to the Hon. Noel Hare by an anonymous friend, had an effect that alarmed Lord Walsher. The infatuated young man came to his lordship's chambers, and said that he had received the letters, and that after reading two or three of them he burnt them.

"Perhaps they were forgeries," said his lordship. "Would it not be well to call upon one or two of the alleged writers and make inquiries?"

"No, Walsher. That would imply a doubt, and a man is a knave and a fool who doubts the woman he is going to marry. I will not trust myself any longer to fight against the enemies of Lady Shamrock. That is how I will silence the slanders and end the opposition to my marriage."

He handed Lord Walsher a marriage licence.

"When is the ceremony to take place?"

"On Saturday."

"And to-day is Thursday. Not much time for preparation."

"I would have married her to-morrow morning, but Laura thinks Friday an unlucky day. If you do not like being present, Walsher, I will let you off."

"Certainly not, Hare. Where is the place, and what is the hour?"

"You are a good fellow, Walsher. The church is just by Laura's house. I will let you know the hour to-morrow. And, Walsher, will you lend me a hundred pounds? I am stumped now, but you may be sure I will repay you. When the job is done, and cannot be undone, my mother will come round."

"You are welcome to the money. When you look me up to-morrow I will give it to you."

"Shall we say in the morning?'

"No, my dear boy, I shall be out. Be here at six o'clock, and you can eat your last bachelor's dinner with me. I am rather pushed myself, or I would offer a larger sum."

He pressed his lordship's hand with fervour.

"Good night, Walsher. I shall never forget your kindness."

"This is a crusher," said Lord Walsher, when he was alone. "There is not, as far as I can see, a hope of success. I shall play the last card. It is a desperate game, but if it fails we are none the worse off."

The Hon. Noel Hare arrived at Lord Walsher's chambers punctually at the appointed hour. He entered without ceremony. The anteroom was empty. He was about entering the adjoining room, his lordship's saloon, the door of which was partly open, when he heard his friend's voice. He paused, and was unable to move or speak whilst he listened to the following conversation between Lord Walsher and a lady whose voice he immediately recognised :—

Lord Walsher: Nine o'clock is awfully early. The young man is in a hurry to be polished off.

The lady: I take him whilst he is in the humour I wouldn't take him at all, you dear old love, if you would take me.

Lord Walsher: I am lending him a hundred pounds to make your wedding day happy. Drown your care in wine. Besides, Laura, you will not have him always with you. We can meet as often as ever. You will be as dear to me, whether you are called Marshall, or Shamvock, or Hare. But he may be here soon for the coin. Come, my pet, I will see you to the entrance. Drop your veil and jump into the first cab.

The door was then opened. The lady, followed by Lord Walsher, advanced a few steps. There stood Mr. Hare, his face puckered with rage and agony, and his fists clenched. The lady screamed and rushed into the room she had just left, and Lord W
door on her.

His lordship was the first to speak.

"What is the meaning of this conduct, Hare? I told you that Laura was an old friend of mine."

"Stop!" gasped Mr. Hare. "I have been here some minutes. I have heard your conversation."

"How dare you play the eavesdropper here?"

"Lord Walsher, you are a villain, a brute, a wretch. You can tell Lady Shamvock that she is as free as I am. As for you, it is enough that your plot is foiled. I despise Lady Shamvock as much as I have loved her. That makes you safe from any fear of vengeance. But remember that henceforth we are enemies."

He pushed by Lord Walsher and opened the door, but he spoke without entering the room.

"Lady Shamvock, you can have a 'jolly night' with Lord Walsher. You need not return at nine or make any excuse."

He took up his hat and departed.

Next morning the church was opened and Laura was dressed for her bridal, but the bridegroom did not come. He had left town in haste the previous night. Laura did not hear of him again until she read in the papers that the Hon. Noel Hare had been married in Paris.

Lord Walsher went to Lady Hare's parties, and was received into the cream of society.

Laura's furniture was sold off under an execution for rent, and she retreated to lodgings, and found it convenient to drop her title. A lady of title in poorly furnished parlours was an intolerable incongruity.

Mrs. Flora Mabel Macgregor took a house and furnished it. She also was engaged at the Lion Theatre, and the boxes and stalls were crammed at her first appearance by an aristocratic and bouquet-throwing audience.

"Ah!" said Blewlite, "the critics may call her a stick, but splendid dress and patronage will fill a house with money."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HENRY CLAYTON'S REVENGE.

Dick Feckles left his lodging without a coat. The only one he had was found lying under Lord Shamvock, and the police, who were called in before Dick was aroused, would not have parted with the garment if Dick had been so foolish as to demand it. Dick

confused, almost demented, by the landlady's story. Her lodger had been found dead, and he was not Mr. O'Brien, but Lord Shamvock, who had stolen two hundred pounds from a bank, and the money was found with him, some of it stitched up in a coat. Dick looked under his pillow. The coat was gone. What did it mean? His coat taken from him. Shamvock in the house. The stolen money found with Shamvock, part of it stitched in a coat. Shamvock dead. Was he dreaming? Was he mad? A policeman came into the room and asked Dick if he could give any information. The ready-tongued landlady replied that Mr. O'Brien was a new lodger, and Mr. Fraser had not seen him. The policeman said that Mr. Fraser would be required at the inquest to state what he knew about giving the gin. When the policeman and landlady left the room, Dick left the house and walked as fast as he could, not thinking of any destination, not heeding the stare of curiosity at his shirt sleeves, but absorbed by the desire to get as far as possible from his late abode.

Presently he reached the confines of the great city, where country and town are mingled. He turned aside into a field, and sat on a felled tree. He was tired, and at length had noticed the curiosity of those who met him. He determined to remain where he was until dark.

And when it was dark?

How came he there? What had happened? His coat gone? How was it lost? Lord Shamvock dead? The stolen money found with Lord Shamvock? He sitting in the field? Was he dreaming? Was he mad?

Perhaps he had been drinking over much, and for awhile lost his senses. But where was his coat? Had he left it at his lodging? Where was he? Where was his lodging? Was it at Winsor Court? No. He had not been to Winsor Court since he drew the money from the bank. Ah! where was his coat? Lord Shamvock dead? Over and over again the same questions, until exhausted in body and mind Dick slipped from the felled tree to the ground, and for awhile he sat vacantly gazing at the hedge that screened him from the road. He was neither awake nor asleep. He was in a stupor.

It was a chill autumnal day, and the rain began to fall not a drizzling rain or a pelting rain, but a straight, steady rain. Dick was soon wet to the skin, and he shuddered. The shuddering aroused him from the stupor.

"It's cold. I must go somewhere. The coat gone and the money. Old Shamvock dead! Where am I? Where is he? I say, old Shamvock, I am so cold!"

He shuddered and laughed. With an effort he reseated himself on the felled tree. It was dusk. Down came the rain, and the fall was heavier. The murky clouds seemed almost resting on the tops of the trees and the houses. The ground had become a swamp. There was no traffic in the road. The gloomy silence was only broken, not relieved, by the sound of the falling rain.

"I'd better go. I must go. Where? I don't know anything. Now, Dick, don't you begin laughing again. I do hope I shan't laugh again. It's awful cold. I'll have a drink."

Dick felt in his pockets. It took him a long time to do so, for he was shivering, and his garments were wet through and through.

"All gone. The coat gone, and all gone. But I must go from here. It's awful cold and dark."

He arose, and tried to walk, but his limbs were shaking, and so weak that he could not move his feet. He sat down again.

"There it is. It has followed me. It will spring on me. It will kill me. Its eyes burn me."

Dick tried to call out, but the phantom of the red-eyed creature tongue-tied him with terror. A few minutes passed, Dick moaning and staring at the phantom.

"Its eyes burn me. It opens its mouth. It breathes fire. Fire, fire! See, it is coming; it is coming. Mercy! It is on me. Mercy!"

And, with a shrill shriek, Dick slipped from the felled tree, and lay moaning on the slushy grass.

Henry Clayton was passing along the road, and heard the scream. He turned into the field, and, guided by the moaning, found Dick lying on the ground.

"Have you fallen? Are you much hurt? Let me help you."

"It has killed me. Mercy! I am so awful cold."

"Don't be alarmed. I will help you. Poor fellow! how long have you been here?" asked Henry, as he lifted Dick from the ground.

"It's gone!" said Dick feebly. "Take me away. Don't let it come after me."

"Who is it? No one is here."

"It burnt me with its red eyes."

Henry took off his overcoat and put it round Dick.

"My coat is gone, and Shamvock is dead."

"Shamvock! Who are you?"

"I forget. Take me away. Give me drink. My coat gone, and all gone. Take me home."

Henry put his arm round Dick and carried him into the road. There was a lamp, and Henry could see the face of the man he had rescued.

"Is it possible! You are Feckles, the father of Ruth."

"Don't give me up. In mercy don't."

"Poor fellow! No, I will not give you up. Where shall I take you? Where is your home?"

"I forget. My coat is gone. I don't know my name. Don't give me up."

"Shall I take you to a hospital? You are very ill."

"No, not there. They would find me."

"That is true. For to-night you shall come to my house."

Henry hailed a passing cab and took Dick to his home. It was not a great distance, for Henry had bought and taken up his abode in the house wherein his wife had lived and died. Mrs. Stot had vainly opposed what she called hugging his unhappiness. But it made little difference to Henry where he lived. His sorrow was too deeply graven on his heart to be alleviated by change of scene.

Stimulants were administered to Dick without any perceptible effect. He continued to shake and moan, and he did not reply to the questions of Henry or the doctor. Probably he did not heed what was said to him.

"Your benevolence has brought some trouble on you," said the doctor.

Henry took the doctor aside.

"Can anything be done for him?"

"Nothing. The poor creature is going, and I cannot even give ease to his last moments."

"How long will he last? He has a daughter."

"Send for her immediately. The struggle may continue for three or four hours, but it may be over in an hour."

"I must go for the girl. She is not altogether right in her mind, and would not understand a messenger. Can you remain with him whilst I am absent?"

"Yes. I will not leave the poor creature until your return."

Whilst Henry was hurrying to Winsor Court he could not but remember the last death scene he had witnessed in that room. What a contrast between the dying! His pure devoted wife, and now a drunkard—a thief fleeing from justice.

It needed great tact and perseverance to induce Ruth to leave Winsor Court. She did not comprehend that her father was unto death. She smiled and said he had

and would come back, but not yet. Eventually Henry succeeded by telling her that she had not far to go, and could return to sleep.

Dick was quieter when Henry returned with Ruth.

"Is he asleep?" asked Henry.

"Well, he is unconscious. It seems a pity to disturb him, but the daughter will no doubt like to speak to him. Poor girl," he whispered, "they will not be long parted."

Ruth went to the bed-side.

"Why, this is father! Who brought him here? Let him come home. Father, do come home and be with me till I go to my mother. Do, father."

Dick opened his eyes and looked at her.

"Father, do come home. I have cried, father, because you left me, and the angels were not angry. Come, father dear; it is a dark night, but the angels will guide me."

"Ruth, dear Ruth!"

"You are not well, father. Kiss this;" and she held the cross to his lips.

"Pray for me, Ruth."

Ruth turned from the bed and laid her hand on the doctor.

"You are the doctor? Do not let my father die till I have prayed for him, and behold the angels shall watch over you now and for ever, amen!"

She went to the bed-side again, knelt, and covered her face.

Dick moved. Henry put his arm under his head and raised him a little.

"I am ill. I want to tell Ruth about—"

Ruth rose hastily. Her face was flushed and her eyes sparkled.

"Father, father, at last my mother has called for you too. She smiles on you. The angels are with you. You go to her as I go to her. Father, father, oh bless my mother!"

"Your father would speak to you," said the doctor.

"Hold me up," said Dick feebly. "Ruth, come near to me."

Ruth leant across the bed and took her father's hand. The doctor whispered to Henry that he would wait downstairs.

"Ruth, dear, I had a great sorrow, and that made the home unhappy. But I loved your mother then and always. I am faint, dear."

Ruth gave him some brandy. He swallowed a little, and spoke more distinctly.

"I was wretched because I swore falsely against a friend, my only
From the hour when he went to prison I have been
fearful, wretched, lost."

Henry was pale even to his lips.

"Father, my mother smiles on you, and the angels are with you."

"Ruth, dear, my name is Frank Mellish, and my friend is Henry Clayton. If he knew my misery he would forgive."

Surely the thumping of Henry's heart must be heard by the dying man. He, Henry Clayton, ministering to his enemy, in that place, too, in the room wherein his wife died. Shall he forget his wrongs, and those oaths of revenge? Shall he keep his vow, take Mellish by the throat, and let him die with a curse smiting his ear?

"He was my only friend, dear Ruth. We loved each other, and I know Clayton would forgive."

"Mellish, Frank, I am here. I am Henry Clayton. Forgive me, as I forgive you."

"That is the voice. Nearer to me. More light. It is Clayton. Henry, forgiveness. Kiss me, Henry."

And Henry stooped and kissed Frank Mellish.

"I am falling. Hold me tightly. Henry, pray for me."

Henry repeated the Lord's Prayer, and the dying man roused himself at the supplication "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

"Help me, Ruth. Kiss me, Henry."

Again Henry stooped and kissed Frank Mellish.

"I am happy, Henry."

A smile played over the face of the dying man. He looked so young, so changed. No one would have recognised in him the outcast of Winsor Court.

"Father, dear, speak to me."

But his last word had been spoken, and with that smile he had died.

The doctor was called, and he coaxed Ruth from the room.

Henry remained for awhile. He closed the dead man's eyes. He kissed him once more and tenderly, and tears fell on the cheek of the dead.

Such was the revenge of Henry Clayton.

(To be concluded next month.)

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

I WISH I could see the figures which old De Piles would have placed after the name of Sir Edwin Landseer. The ingenious critic drew out a list of about fifty of the more famous painters of Italy, France, Flanders, and Holland, and after their names he drew four columns wherein for various merits he awarded to those immortal men so many marks, as if they were competitors in a Civil Service examination: the greater the number of marks the higher the honour. The heads of merit were "composition," "design," "colouring," and "expression." Thus, Corregio stood 13 in composition, 13 in design, 15 in colouring, and 12 in expression; while to Rafaelle were given 17 for composition, 18 for design (the highest on the list except Claude Lorraine, who also took 18), 12 for colouring, and 18 for expression. Eighteen was the greatest number of marks attainable, and the only men in the list who secured highest honours in the composition column were Lorraine, Guercino, and Rubens. Only two are placed at the top figure for colouring, namely, Giorgione and Titian, while Rubens has to be thankful for 17 against the 18 marks of those two more fortunate rivals. There are several noughts in these columns. Thus, Guido Reni draws a blank for composition, Polidoro da Caravaggio and Pietra Testa for colouring, and there are five utter failures in expression—namely, Bassano, John Bellini, Claude Lorraine, Michael da Caravaggio, and Palma the Elder. I suppose the late Sir Edwin Landseer, who has just left so wide a gap in the front rank of British painters, would have been entitled to 18 marks under one or more of these heads. In "expression," surely De Piles would not have withheld his highest award, even though on his whole list I find only one who wins 18 for expression, and that one is the transcendant Rafaelle. If the shade of De Piles permit me, I will set down 18 marks to Sir Edwin for expression, even though Rafaelle alone shares with him the dignity. Then what, Monsieur De Piles, may I say for composition? If Claude Lorraine, Giovanni Guercino, and Rubens among the old masters enjoyed the highest number of marks under this head, while Rafaelle stood at 17, I think Sir Edwin ought to have 17.

For design I suppose I must not give him more than 10, since Albert Durer, Holbein, and Paul Veronese had to be content with that figure; while for colouring I am afraid De Piles would not have given him more than 8 or 9, for he awards only 9 to Reni and Giordano, only 8 to Lebrun and Salviati, and only 6 to Nicholas Poussin. But, after all, he must have made a new column, I think, for Landseer. For where is there one among these old masters who saw certain forms of animate nature as Landseer saw them? The faculty is modern, and wholly outside De Piles's category. It is only in these later ages that there has existed that broad sympathy with the manifold forms of creation which gave Sir Edwin Landseer his splendid position.

TAKING counsel with friends upon ordinary matters of the world may be a good thing; but I have long since come to the conclusion that in authorship a man is his own best counsel. The writer who has not the power to plan and construct, who has not the creative faculty, who has not the boldness to go out of the common groove and be original, has not the patience, nor the capacity, nor the genius of execution. I say this *apropos* of nothing at the moment, and without the fear of Dr. Johnson, who is said to have been called up at a West End spiritual *séance* lately to discuss poetry with a well-known critic. The doctor declined to acknowledge any of the modern poets, and actually quoted as superior to Morris and Buchanan verses from the *Gentleman's* during the days of Cave. Taste in these matters is the creation of the age in which we live and have our education. "Men grow out of fashion as well as language."

LUXURY in the pit districts is becoming a favourite theme with journalists. The increase of wages is said to be making itself apparent in expensive dresses and extravagant living. It is certain that a collier beat his wife to death a short time ago because she gave him veal for dinner two days running. At all events, that was the excuse he made for his violence. The pitmen, no doubt, do live and dress better than they did fifty years ago; but the illustrations given in the Press of the change which has recently come upon pit districts are exaggerations. Some of them are humorous exaggerations, and only as such deserve permanent record. The following story is told by a Glasgow paper. Two young colliers from Carluke drove down in a waggonette to a coal pit near Wishaw for the purpose of inspecting a working place which they had secured from the underground manager on the previous day. They were extrava

dressed, and wore heavy gold watch chains. They had rings on their fingers and gold-headed canes. On driving up to the pit they asked a man who happened to be near if he would "haud the horse," and they would give him "something tae himsel'." The man agreed. Our two friends went down the pit, inspected their "rooms," came up again, and on the pit-head held the following consultation:—First Collier: "Hoo muckle will we gie that cove for haudin' the horse?" Second Collier: "Oh, dasht, we'll gie him a shilling. He's a hard-up-looking sowl." Accordingly the "hard-up-looking sowl" received the shilling, touched his hat, thanked them, put the coin into his pocket, and retired, with a queer smile struggling for a place on his features. He was the proprietor of the colliery. If a little extra money in wages has already made such a change in "Geordie," what will the educated pitman of the future be like?

Following up some thoughts about animals in my talk of last month, I am reminded of a characteristic story of my illustrious contributor Dr. Johnson. The Rev. Mr. Deane's essay on the future lives of brutes cropped up in conversation. The doctrine of another world for animals was insisted upon by a gentleman whose unorthodox speculations were discouraged by Dr. Johnson. Presently the metaphysical gentleman, with a sadly puzzled expression of face, said, "But really, sir, when we see a very sensible dog, we don't know what to think of him." The doctor was delighted; he had the would-be philosopher on the hip at once. His face beamed with the happy reply which came to him at the moment. "True, sir," he said; "and when we see a very foolish fellow we don't know what to *think* of him."

An esteemed correspondent, referring to my note last month on the alchemists, says the public mind is rarely occupied with more than one great illusion at a time, and that spiritualism is the "popular fad" of the hour. He thinks, however, that there is an opening for the return of the alchemists, especially judging from the credulity of the public upon subjects connected with money. My friend refers to Dr. Mackay's descriptive essay on "The Alchemists" as one of the best narratives concerning the searchers for the philosopher's stone and the water of life in all ages. Devotees of the art of alchemy regard Moses as the greatest of the brotherhood. He gained his knowledge in Egypt, and the 32nd chapter of Exodus is cited in favour of the theory. A learned Jesuit says alchemy was practised

by the Chinese two thousand five hundred years before the birth of Christ. Pretenders to the art of making silver existed in Rome at the commencement of the Christian era. In the fourth century the transmutation of metals was believed in at Constantinople. Dr. Mackay says the Greek ecclesiastics wrote much upon the subject. "Their notion appears to have been that all metals were composed of two substances: the one metallic earth, and the other a red, inflammable matter, which they called sulphur. The pure union of these substances formed gold; but the metals were mixed with and contaminated by various foreign ingredients. The object of the philosopher's stone was to dissolve or neutralise all these ingredients, by which iron, lead, copper, and all metals would be transmuted into the original gold." The last of the great pretenders to the philosopher's stone was Cagliostro, who was born at Palermo about 1743. His career is perhaps one of the most remarkable stories of imposture, fraud, and at last unjustifiable punishment, on record. The study of this spurious art, however, was of material advantage to science. "While searching for the philosopher's stone, Roger Bacon discovered gunpowder; Van Helmont discovered the properties of gas; Geber made discoveries in chemistry which were equally important; and Paracelsus, amidst his perpetual visions of the transmutation of metals, found that mercury was a remedy for one of the most odious and excruciating diseases that afflict humanity." Though alchemy in Europe is exploded, it still flourishes in the East.

In these days, when a flesh and blood school of poetry shuts out heaven altogether, the question of a future state for animals seems more than ever out of place; but eminent writers in all ages have thought the subject worthy of discussion. Landor and Southey evidently believed in a new life for animals after their worldly end. Mr. Jacox, who has an interesting chapter in one of his recent commentatory compilations, thinks Landor rather implied that some of his horny-eyed readers might be soulless than that the insect king is immortal when he wrote:—

> Believe me, most who read the line
> Will read with hornier eyes than thine;
> And yet their souls shall live for ever,
> And thine drop dead into the river!
> God pardon them, O insect king,
> Who fancy so unjust a thing.

Mr. Charles Bonnet, the Swiss naturalist, settled in his o-

the nature and character of the various paradises to which both man and animals would be translated. Mr. Leigh Hunt regretted that he could not settle the matter, at the same time confessing that he would fain have as much company in Paradise as possible, and he could not conceive much less pleasant additions than of flocks of doves or such a dog as Pope's "poor Indian" expected to find in that universal future. A London cab-horse, upon the doctrine of punishments and rewards, is surely entitled to some consideration in the future. Meanwhile, I would like to leave him with his 'bus companion in the hands of Mr. Smiles and his "Friends in Council," who have lately taken certain of our dumb animals under their special literary protection.

THE

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SOME LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB;

WITH REMINISCENCES OF HIMSELF AWAKENED THEREBY.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

THE other day, in looking over some long-hoarded papers, I came across the following letters, which struck me as being too intrinsically delightful to be any more withheld from general enjoyment. The time when they were written—while they had all the warm life of affectionate intercourse that refers to current personal events, inspiring the wish to treasure them in privacy—has faded into the shadow of the past. Some of the persons addressed or referred to have left this earth; others have survived to look back upon their young former selves with the same kindliness of consideration with which Charles Lamb himself confessed to looking back upon "the child Elia—that 'other me,' there, in the background," and cherishing its remembrance. Even the girl, then known among her friends by the second of her baptismal names, Clare and not long after she had exchanged her maiden name of Mary Victoria Novello for the married one with which she signs her present communication, can feel willing to share with her more recent friends and readers the pleasure derived from dear and honoured Charles Lamb's sometimes playful, sometimes earnest allusions to her identity.

The first letter is, according to his frequent wont, undated; and the post-mark is so much blurred as to be undecipherable; but it is addressed "V. Novello, Esqre., for C. C. Clarke, Esqre.":—

"My dear Sir,—Your letter has lain in a drawer of my

upbraiding me every time I open the said drawer, but it is almost impossible to answer such a letter in such a place, and I am out of the habit of replying to epistles otherwhere than at office. You express yourself concerning H. like a true friend, and have made me feel that I have somehow neglected him, but without knowing very well how to rectify it. I live so remote from him—by Hackney—that he is almost out of the pale of visitation at Hampstead. And I come but seldom to Cov^{t} Gard^{n} this summer time—and when I do, am sure to pay for the late hours and pleasant Novello suppers which I incur. I also am an invalid. But I will hit upon some way, that you shall not have cause for your reproof in future. But do not think I take the hint unkindly. When I shall be brought low by any sickness or untoward circumstance, write just such a letter to some tardy friend of mine—or come up yourself with your friendly Henshaw face—and that will be better. I shall not forget in haste our casual day at Margate. May we have many such there or elsewhere! God bless you for your kindness to H., which I will remember. But do not show N. this, for the flouting infidel doth mock when Christians cry God bless us. Yours and *his*, *too*, and all our little circle's most affect^{e}

C. Lamb.

"Mary's love included."

"H." in the above letter refers to Leigh Hunt; but the initials and abbreviated forms of words used by Charles Lamb in these letters are here preserved verbatim.

The second letter is addressed "C. C. Clarke, Esqre.," and has for post-mark "Fe. 26, 1828":—

"Enfield, 25 Feb.

"My dear Clarke,—You have been accumulating on me such a heap of pleasant obligations that I feel uneasy in writing as to a Benefactor. Your smaller contributions, the little weekly rills, are refreshments in the Desart, but your large books were feasts. I hope Mrs. Hazlitt, to whom I encharged it, has taken Hunt's Lord B. to the Novellos. His picture of Literary Lordship is as pleasant as a disagreeable subject can be made, his own poor man's Education at dear Christ's is as good and hearty as the subject. Hazlitt's speculative episodes are capital; I skip the Battles. But how did I deserve to have the Book? The *Companion* has too much of Madam Pasta. Theatricals have ceased to be popular attractions. His walk home after the Play is as good as the best of the old Indicators. The [illegible]hmen are emboxed in a niche of fame, save the skaiting one that [illegible]e still fugitive. I wish I could send a scrap for good will. But

I have been most seriously unwell and nervous a long long time. I have scarce mustered courage to begin this short note, but conscience duns me.

"I had a pleasant letter from your sister, greatly over acknowledging my poor sonnet. I think I should have replied to it, but tell her I think so. Alas for sonnetting, 'tis as the nerves are; all the summer I was dawdling among green lanes, and verses came as thick as fancies. I am sunk winterly below prose and zero.

"But I trust the vital principle is only as under snow. That I shall yet laugh again.

"I suppose the great change of place affects me, but I could not have lived in Town, I could not bear company.

"I see Novello flourishes in the Del Capo line, and dedications are not forgotten. I read the *Atlas*. When I pitched on the Ded^n^ I looked for the Broom of '*Cowden* knows' to be harmonised, but 'twas summat of Rossini's.

"I want to hear about Hone, does he stand above water, how is his son? I have delay'd writing to him, till it seems impossible. Break the ice for me.

"The wet ground here is intolerable, the sky above clear and delusive, but under foot quagmires from night showers, and I am cold-footed and moisture-abhorring as a cat; nevertheless I yesterday tramped to Waltham Cross; perhaps the poor bit of exertion necessary to scribble this was owing to that unusual bracing.

"If I get out, I shall get stout, and then something will out—I mean for the *Companion*—you see I rhyme insensibly.

"Traditions are rife here of one Clarke a schoolmaster, and a runaway pickle named Holmes, but much obscurity hangs over it. Is it possible they can be any relations?

"'Tis worth the research, when you can find a sunny day, with ground firm, &c. Master Sexton is intelligent, and for half-a-crown he'll pick you up a Father.

"In truth we shall be most glad to see any of the Novellian circle, middle of the week such as can come, or Sunday, as can't. But Spring will burgeon out quickly, and then, we'll talk more.

"You'd like to see the improvements on the Chase, the new Cross in the market place, the Chandler's shop from whence the rods were fetch'd. They are raised a farthing since the spread of Education. But perhaps you don't care to be reminded of the Holofernes' days, and nothing remains of the old laudable profession, but the clear firm impossible-to-be-mistaken schoolmaster text hand with which is subscribed the ever welcome name of Chas. Cowden C. Let me end

in both our loves to all. C. L. [Added on the fold-down of the letter:] Let me never be forgotten to include in my remembr^ce my good friend and whilom correspondent Master Stephen.

"How, especially, is Victoria?

"I try to remember all I used to meet at Shacklewell. The little household, cake-producing, wine-bringing out, Emma—the old servant, that didn't stay, and ought to have staid, and was always very dirty and friendly, and Miss H., the counter-tenor with a fine voice, whose sister married Thurtell. They all live in my mind's eye, and Mr. N.'s and Holmes's walks with us half back after supper. Troja fuit!"

His hearty yet modestly rendered thanks for lent and given books; his ever-affectionate mention of Christ's Hospital; his enjoyment of Hazlitt's "Life of Napoleon," minus "the battles;" his cordial commendation of Leigh Hunt's periodical, *The Companion* (with the witty play on the word "fugitive"), and his wish that he could send the work a contribution from his own pen; his touching reference to the susceptibility of his nervous system; the sportive misuse of musical terms when alluding to his musician-friend Vincent Novello, immortalised in Elia's celebrated "Chapter on Ears;" his excellent pun in the word "insensibly;" his humorous mode of touching upon the professional avocation of his clerkly correspondent's father and self—the latter having been usher in the school kept some years previously at Enfield by the former—while conveying a genuine compliment to the handwriting which at eighty-five is still the "clear firm impossible-to-be-mistaken schoolmaster text hand" that it was at forty-one, when Lamb wrote these words; the genial mention of the hospitable children; the whimsically wrong-circumstanced recollection of the "counter-tenor" lady; the allusion to the night walks "half back" home; and the classically quoted words of regret—are all wonderfully characteristic of beautiful-minded Charles Lamb. In connection with the juvenile hospitality may be recorded an incident that illustrates his words. When William Etty returned as a young artist-student from Rome, and called at the Novellos' house, it chanced that the parents were from home; but the children, who were busily employed in fabricating a treat of home-made hard-bake (or toffy), made the visitor welcome by offering him a piece of their just finished sweetmeat, as an appropriate refection after his long walk; and he declared that it was the most veritable piece of spontaneous hospitality he had ever met with, since the children gave him what they thought most delicious and

best worthy of acceptance. Charles Lamb so heartily shared this opinion of the subsequently-renowned painter that he brought a choice condiment in the shape of a jar of preserved ginger for the little Novellos' delectation; and when some officious elder suggested that it was lost upon children, therefore had better be reserved for the grown-up people, Lamb would not hear of the transfer, but insisted that children were excellent judges of good things, and that they must and should have the cate in question. He was right; for long did the remembrance remain in the family of that delicious rarity, and of the mode in which "Mr. Lamb" stalked up and down the passage with a mysterious harberingering look and stride, muttering something that sounded like conjuration, holding the precious jar under his arm, and feigning to have found it stowed away in a dark chimney somewhere near.

Another characteristic point is recalled by a concluding sentence of this letter. On one occasion—when Charles Lamb and his admirable sister Mary Lamb had been accompanied "half back after supper" by Mr. and Mrs. Novello, Edward Holmes, and Charles Cowden Clarke, between Shacklewell Green and Colebrooke Cottage, beside the New River at Islington, where the Lambs then lived, the whole party interchanging lively brightest talk as they passed along the road that they had all to themselves at that late hour—he, as usual, was the noblest of the talkers. Arrived at the usual parting-place, Lamb and his sister walked on a few steps; then, suddenly turning, he shouted out after his late companions in a tone that startled the midnight silence: "You're very nice people!" sending them on their way home in happy laughter at his friendly oddity.

The third is addressed to "C. C. Clarke, Esqre.," without date; but it must have been written in 1828:—

"Dear Clarke,—We did expect to see you with Victoria and the Novellos before this, and do not quite understand why we have not. Mrs. N. and V. [Vincent] promised us after the York expedition; a day being named before, which fail'd. 'Tis not too late. The autumn leaves drop gold, and Enfield is beautifuller—to a common eye—than when you lurked at the Greyhound. Benedicts are close, but how I so totally missed you at that time, going for my morning cup of ale duly, is a mystery. 'Twas stealing a match before one's face in earnest. But certainly we had not a dream of your appropinquity. I instantly prepared an Epithalamium, in the form of a Sonata—which I was sending to Novello to compose—but Mary
light for the occasion—as if the subject

in a tiff with her, I sent no congratulation at all. Tho' I promise you the wedding was very pleasant news to me indeed. Let your reply name a day this next week, when you will come as many as a coach will hold; such a day as we had at Dulwich. My very kindest love and Mary's to Victoria and the Novellos. The enclosed is from a friend nameless, but highish in office, and a man whose accuracy of statement may be relied on with implicit confidence. He wants the *exposé* to appear in a newspaper as the 'greatest piece of legal and Parliamentary villainy he ever rememb^{d},' and he has had experience in both; and thinks it would answer afterwards in a cheap pamphlet printed at Lambeth in 8° sheet, as 16,000 families in that parish are interested. I know not whether the present *Examiner* keeps up the character of exposing abuses, for I scarce see a paper now. If so, you may ascertain Mr. Hunt of the strictest truth of the statement, at the peril of my head. But if this won't do, transmit it me back, I beg, per coach, or better, bring it with you.

"Yours unaltered,

"C. Lamb."

This letter quaintly rebukes, yet, at the same time, most affectionately congratulates, the friend addressed for silently making honeymoon quarters of the spot where Charles Lamb then resided. But lovely Enfield—a very beau-ideal of an English village—was the birthplace of Charles Cowden Clarke; and the Greyhound was a simple hostelry kept by an old man and his daughter, where there was a pretty white-curtained, quiet room, with a window made green by bowering vine leaves; combining much that was tempting as an unpretending retirement for a town-dweller to take his young new-made wife to. The invitation to "name a day this next week" was cordially responded to by a speedy visit; and very likely it was on that occasion Charles Lamb told the wedded pair of another bridal couple who, he said, when they arrived at the first stage of their marriage tour, found each other's company so tedious that they called the landlord upstairs to enliven them by his conversation. The "Epithalamium," here called a "Sonata," is the "Serenata" contained in the next letter, addressed to "Vincent Novello, Esqre.":—

"My dear Novello,—I am afraid I shall appear rather tardy in offering my congratulations, however sincere, upon your daughter's marriage.* The truth is, I had put together a little Serenata upon

* Which marriage took place 5th July, 1828.

occasion, but was prevented from sending it by my sister, to ›se judgment I am apt to defer too much in these kind of things; hat, now I have her consent, the offering, I am afraid, will have the grace of seasonableness. Such as it is, I send it. She thinks little too old-fashioned in the manner, too much like what they te a century back. But I cannot write in the modern style, if I ever so hard. I have attended to the proper divisions for the ;ic, and you will have little difficulty in composing it. If I may ise, make Pepusch your model, or Blow. It will be necessary to e a good second voice, as the stress of the melody lies there:—

SERENATA, FOR TWO VOICES,

'he marriage of Charles Cowden Clarke, Esqre., to Victoria, eldest daughter of Vincent Novello, Esqre.

DUETTO.

Wake th' harmonious voice and string,
Love and Hymen's triumph sing,
Sounds with secret charms combining,
In melodious union joining,
Best the wondrous joys can tell,
That in hearts united dwell.

RECITATIVE.

rst Voice. To young Victoria's happy fame
Well may the Arts a trophy raise,
Music grows sweeter in her praise,
And, own'd by her, with rapture speaks her name.
To touch the brave Cowdenio's heart,
The Graces all in her conspire;
Love arms her with his surest dart,
Apollo with his lyre.

AIR.

The list'ning Muses all around her
Think 'tis Phœbus' strain they hear;
And Cupid, drawing near to wound her,
Drops his bow, and stands to hear.

RECITATIVE.

:ond Voice. While crowds of rivals with despair
Silent admire, or vainly court the Fair,
Behold the happy conquest of her eyes,
A Hero is the glorious prize!
In courts, in camps, thro' distant realms renown'd,
Cowdenio comes!—Victoria, see,
He comes with British honour crown'd,
Love leads his eager steps to thee.

AIR.

In tender sighs he silence breaks,
The Fair his flame approves,
Consenting blushes warm her cheeks,
She smiles, she yields, she loves.

RECITATIVE.

First Voice. Now Hymen at the altar stands,
And while he joins their faithful hands,
[illegible] brought down,
Immortal [illegible] bright,
Array'd in [illegible] ght,
Descend [illegible] ites to crown.
Her golde [illegible] s brings;
Its ma[illegible]
Commar[illegible] all around,
And str[illegible] ttune the strings.

First Voice. The Swain [illegible] essing,
Second Voice. The Nymp[illegible] ssing,
First & Second. Shall still im[illegible] ing,
For ever kind and true.
Both. While rolling years are flying
Love, Hymen's lamp supplying,
With fuel never dying,
Shall still the flame renew.

"To so great a master as yourself I have no need to suggest that the peculiar tone of the composition demands sprightliness, occasionally checked by tenderness, as in the second air,—

She smiles,—she yields,—she loves.

"Again, you need not be told that each fifth line of the two first recitatives requires a crescendo.

"And your exquisite taste will prevent your falling into the error of Purcell, who at a passage similar to *that* in my first air,

Drops his bow, and stands to hear,

directed the first violin thus:—

Here the first violin must drop his *bow*.

"But, besides the absurdity of disarming his principal performer of so necessary an adjunct to his instrument, in such an emphatic part of the composition too, which must have had a droll effect at the time, all such minutiæ of adaptation are at this time of day very properly exploded, and Jackson of Exeter very fairly ranks them under the head of puns.

"Should you succeed in the setting of it, we propose having it performed (we have one very tolerable second voice here, and Mr. Holmes, I dare say, would supply the minor parts) at the Greyhound. But it must be a secret to the young couple till we can get the band in readiness.

"Believe me, dear Novello,

"Yours truly,

"C. LAMB.

"Enfield, 6 Nov., '29."

Peculiarly *Elian* is the humour throughout this last letter. The advice to "make Pepusch your model, or Blow;" the affected "divisions" of "Duetto," "Recitative," "Air," "First Voice," "Second Voice," "First and Second," "Both," &c.; the antiquated stiffness of the lines themselves, the burlesque "Love and Hymen's triumph sing;" the grotesque stiltedness of "the brave Cowdenio's heart," and "a Hero is the glorious prize;" the ludicrous absurdity of hailing a peaceful man of letters (who, by the way, adopted as his crest and motto an oak-branch with Algernon Sydney's words, "*Placidam sub libertate quietem*") by "In courts, in camps, thro' distant realms renown'd Cowdenio comes!"; the adulatory pomp of styling a young girl, nowise distinguished for anything but homeliest simplicity, as "the Fair," "the Nymph," in whom "the Graces all conspire;" the droll illustrative instructions, suggesting "sprightliness, occasionally checked by tenderness," in setting lines purposedly dull and heavy with old-fashioned mythological trappings; the grave assumption of technicality in the introduction of the word "crescendo;" the pretended citation of "Purcell" and "Jackson of Exeter;" the comic prohibition as to the too literal "minutiæ of adaptation" in such passages as "*Drops his bow*, and stands to hear;" the pleasant play on the word in "the minor parts;" the mock earnestness as to keeping the proposed performance "a secret to the young couple;" are all in the very spirit of fun that swayed Elia when a sportive vein ran through his Essays.

The next letter is to Charles Cowden Clarke; though it has neither address, signature, date, nor postmark:—

"My dear three C's,—The way from Southgate to Colney Hatch thro' the unfrequentedest Blackberry paths that ever concealed their coy bunches from a truant Citizen, we have accidentally fallen upon —the giant Tree by Cheshunt we have missed, but keep your chart to go by, unless you will be our conduct—at present I am disabled

from further flights than just to skirt round Clay Hill, with a peep at the fine back woods, by strained tendons, got by skipping a skipping rope at 53—hei mihi non sum qualis—but do you know, now you come to talk of walks, a ramble of four hours or so—there and back—to the willow and lavender plantations at the south corner of Northaw Church by a well dedicated to Saint Claridge, with the clumps of finest moss rising hillock fashion, which I counted to the number of two hundred and sixty, and are called 'Claridge's covers'—the tradition being that that saint entertained so many angels or hermits there, upon occasion of blessing the waters? The legends have set down the fruits spread upon that occasion, and in the Black Book of St. Albans some are named which are not supposed to have been introduced into this island till a century later. But waiving the miracle, a sweeter spot is not in ten counties round; you are knee deep in clover, that is to say, if you are not above a middling man's height—from this paradise, making a day of it, you go to see the ruins of an old convent at March Hall, where some of the painted glass is yet whole and fresh.

"If you do not know this, you do not know the capabilities of this country, you may be said to be a stranger to Enfield. I found it out one morning in October, and so delighted was I that I did not get home before dark, well a-paid.

"I shall long to show you the clump meadows, as they are called; we might do that, without reaching March Hall—when the days are longer, we might take both, and come home by Forest Cross, so skirt over Pennington and the cheerful little village of Churchley to Forty Hill.

"But these are dreams till summer; meanwhile we should be most glad to see you for a lesser excursion—say, Sunday next, you and *another*, or if more, best on a week-day with a notice, but o' Sundays, as far as a leg of mutton goes, most welcome. We can squeeze out a bed. Edmonton coaches run every hour, and my pen has run out its quarter. Heartily farewell."

Charles Lamb's enjoyment of a long ramble, and his (usually) excellent powers of walking are here denoted. He was so proud of his pedestrian feats and indefatigability, that he once told the Cowden Clarkes a story of a dog possessed by a pertinacious determination to follow him day by day when he went forth to wander in the Enfield lanes and fields; until, unendurably teased by the pertinacity of this obtrusive animal, he determined to get rid of him by fairly *walking him out!* So he took him a circuit of many miles, including

several of the loveliest spots round Enfield, coming at last to a by-road with an interminable vista of up-hill distance, where the dog turned tail, gave the matter up, and laid down beneath a hedge, panting, exhausted, thoroughly worn out and dead beat; while his defeater walked freshly home, smiling and triumphant.

Knowing Lamb's fashion of twisting facts to his own humorous view of them, those who heard the story well understood that it might easily have been wryed to represent the narrator's real potency in walking, while serving to cover his equally real liking for animals under the semblance of vanquishing a dog in a contested foot race. Far more probable that he encouraged its volunteered companionship, amusing his imagination the while by picturing the wild impossibility of any human creature attempting to tire out a dog—of all animals! As an instance of Charles Lamb's sympathy with dumb beasts, his two friends here named once saw him get up from table, while they were dining with him and his sister at Enfield, open the street-door, and give admittance to a stray donkey into the front strip of garden, where there was a glass-plot, which he said seemed to possess more attraction for the creature than the short turf of the common on Chase-side, opposite to the house where the Lambs then dwelt. This mixture of the humorous in manner and the sympathetic in feeling always more or less tinged the sayings and the doings of beloved Charles Lamb; there was a constant blending of the overtly whimsical expression or act with betrayed inner kindliness and even pathos of sentiment. Beneath this sudden opening of his gate to a stray donkey that it might feast on his garden grass while he himself ate his dinner, possibly lurked some stung sense of wanderers unable to get a meal they hungered for when others revelled in plenty,—a kind of pained fancy finding vent in playful deed or speech, that frequently might be traced by those who enjoyed his society.

The next letter is addressed "C. C. Clarke, Esqre.," with the post-mark (much defaced) "Edmonton, Fe. 2, 1829":—

"Dear Cowden,—Your books are as the gushing of streams in a desert. By the way, you have sent no autobiographies. Your letter seems to imply you had. Nor do I want any. Cowden, they are of the books which I give away. What damn'd Unitarian skewer-soul'd things the general biographies turn out. Rank and Talent you shall have when Mrs. May has done with 'em. Mary likes Mrs. Bedinfield much. For me I read nothing but Astrea—it has turn'd my brain—

about with a switch turn'd up at the end for a crook; and Lambs

old, the butcher tells me, my cat follows me in a green

ribband. Becky and her cousin are getting pastoral dresses, and then we shall all four go about Arcadizing. O cruel Shepherdess! Inconstant yet fair, and more inconstant for being fair! Her gold ringlets fell in a disorder superior to order!

"Come and join us.

"I am called the Black Shepherd—you shall be Cowden with the Tuft.

"Prosaically, we shall be glad to have you both,—or any two of you—drop in by surprise some Saturday night.

"This must go off.

"Loves to Vittoria.

"C. L."

The book he refers to as "Astrea" was one of those tall folio romances of the Sir Philip Sidney or Mdme. de Scudéry order, inspiring him with the amusing rhapsody that follows its mention; the ingeniously equivocal "*Lambs* being too old"; the familiar mingling of "Becky" (their maid) "and her cousin" with himself and sister in "pastoral dresses," to "go about Arcadizing"; the abrupt bursting forth into the Philip-Sidneyan style of antithetical rapturizing and euphuism; the invented Arcadian titles of "the Black Shepherd" and "Cowden with the Tuft"—are all in the tone of mad-cap spirits which were occasionally Lamb's. The latter name ("Cowden with the Tuft") slyly implies the smooth baldness with scant curly hair distinguishing the head of the friend addressed, and which seemed to strike Charles Lamb so forcibly that one evening, after gazing at it for some time, he suddenly broke forth with the exclamation, "'Gad, Clarke! what whiskers you have behind your head!"

He was fond of trying the dispositions of those with whom he associated by an odd speech such as this; and if they stood the test pleasantly and took it in good part he liked them the better ever after. One time that the Novellos and Cowden Clarkes went down to see the Lambs at Enfield, and he was standing by his book-shelves talking with them in his usual delightful cordial way, showing them some precious volume lately added to his store, a neighbour chancing to come in to remind Charles Lamb of an appointed ramble, he excused himself by saying:—"You see I have some troublesome people just come down from town, and I must stay and entertain them; so we'll take our walk together to-morrow." Another time, when the Cowden Clarkes were staying a few days at Enfield with

ab and his sister, they, having accepted an invitation to

spend the evening and have a game of whist at a lady-schoolmistress's house there, took their guests with them. Charles Lamb, giving his arm to "Victoria," left her husband to escort Mary Lamb, who walked rather more slowly than her brother. On arriving first at the house of the somewhat prim and formal hostess, Charles Lamb, bringing his young visitor into the room, introduced her by saying:—"Mrs. ——, I've brought you the wife of the man who mortally hates your husband"; and when the lady replied by a polite inquiry after "Miss Lamb," hoping she was quite well, Charles Lamb said:—"She has a terrible fit o' toothache, and was obliged to stay at home this evening; so Mr. Cowden Clarke remained there to keep her company." Then, the lingerers entering, he went on to say,—"Mrs. Cowden Clarke has been telling me, as we came along, that she hopes you have sprats for supper this evening." The bewildered glance of the lady of the house at Mary Lamb and her walking-companion, her politely stifled dismay at the mention of so vulgar a dish, contrasted with Victoria's smile of enjoyment at his whimsical words, were precisely the kind of things that Charles Lamb liked and chuckled over. On another occasion he was charmed by the equanimity and even gratification with which the same guests and Miss Fanny Kelly (the skilled actress whose combined artistic and feminine attractions inspired him with the beautiful sonnet beginning

> You are not, Kelly, of the common strain,

and whose performance of "The Blind Boy" caused him to address her in that other sonnet beginning

> Rare artist! who with half thy tools or none
> Canst execute with ease thy curious art,
> And press thy powerful'st meanings on the heart
> Unaided by the eye, expression's throne!)

found themselves one sunny day, after a long walk through the green Enfield meadows, seated with Charles Lamb and his sister on a rustic bench in the shade, outside a small roadside inn, quaffing draughts of his favourite porter with him from the unsophisticated pewter, supremely indifferent to the strangeness of the situation; nay, heartily enjoying it *with him*. The umbrageous elm, the water-trough, the dip in the road where there was a ford and foot-bridge, the rough wooden table at which the little party were seated, the pleasant voices of Charles and Mary Lamb and Fanny Kelly,—all are vividly present to the imagination of her who now writes these few memorial lines, inadequately describir [illegible]ion of that

happy time, when Lamb so cordially delighted in the responsive ease and enjoyment of his surrounders.

The last letter is addressed "V. Novello, Esqre.," with post-mark "No. 8, 1830":—

> Tears are for lighter griefs. Man weeps the doom
> That seals a single victim to the tomb.
> But when Death riots, when with whelming sway
> Destruction sweeps a family away;
> When Infancy and Youth, a huddled mass,
> All in an instant to oblivion pass,
> And Parents' hopes are crush'd: what lamentation
> Can reach the depth of such a desolation?
> Look upward, Feeble Ones! look up, and trust
> That He, who lays this mortal frame in dust,
> Still hath the immortal Spirit in His keeping.
> In Jesus' sight they are not dead, but sleeping.

"Dear N., will these lines do? I despair of better. Poor Mary is in a deplorable state here at Enfield.

"Love to all,

"C. LAMB."

These tenderly pathetic elegiac lines were written at the request of Vincent Novello in memory of four sons and two daughters of John and Ann Rigg, of York. All six—respectively aged 19, 18, 17, 16, 7, and 6—were drowned at once by their boat being run down on the river Ouse, near York, August 19, 1830. The unhappy surviving parents had begged to have lines for an epitaph from the best poetical hand; but, owing to some local authority's interference, another than Charles Lamb's verse was ultimately placed on the monument raised to the lost children.

The rather, therefore, dear SYLVANUS URBAN, is it transcribed from the original manuscript and enshrined in your pages for the behoof of yourself and your readers by

MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

Villa Novello, Genoa.

MAKING THE WORST OF IT.

BY JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE STOLEN SCARF PIN.

"GIVING up all the days of his life and also his family for the sake of running after a wicked hare that wasn't worth catching if it had run into his game bag, and then, when he did catch it begging the hare's pardon. I tell you, Stot, I'm disgusted with such bite you to-day and kiss you to-morrow nonsense, and it will be a two month moon before I feel the same towards Henry Clayton."

"My dear, they were children together, boys together, and young men together. Then comes the quarrel. Mellish got into a passion, which is the same as getting mad; told a lie of his friend, and whilst he was on his back, the stupid doctor thinking the wound was mortal, Clayton was taken into custody. Mellish, still smarting a little, stuck to the lie when he got up, or, probably, had not the pluck to say he had lied. One word from Clayton would most likely have saved all the trouble, but that word Clayton would not speak. When it is too late Mellish repents. He got a terror on him that stuck to him for life, and he became a criminal and an abject outcast. Clayton thought only of revenge, though for the worst of his troubles his own obstinacy was to blame. Now, old love, I think, and so do you, that the least Clayton could do was to forgive the dying man who had suffered so much for his bad temper and false oath."

"He would have been a brute not to forgive, but why didn't he forgive years and years ago?"

"Because it is human nature to be perverse. If a man gets a hurt he knocks his head against the first post he comes to. A fellow gets into some sort of trouble, very often poverty, and instead of taking the black ox by the horns, he takes to drinking and goes headlong to destruction."

Mr. Stot is right. We are most of us prone to make the worst and not the best of the storms of life. An adverse wind stops the onward

progress of our ship. If we are patient and wise we make a little progress by tacking in spite of the adverse gale. Too often we are impatient and unwise, and we oppose the prow of the ship to the fury of the wind, or we abandon the helm and let the ship take her chance, and by so doing we are engulfed in mid ocean or wrecked on the rocky coast.

The perversity of Rose is very provoking, but those who have suffered the most will be the least disposed to condemn her. Sorrow is apt to warp the judgment. When we are under the cloud all things we look at through the encircling darkness seem black. A word of pity is scorned as an insult. A word of hope is resented as a cruel mocking at our misery. A trifling incident is accepted as a conclusive proof that our gloomy foreboding is correct. Thus it was with Rose. The moment she heard that Frank had not been at Malvern the thought took possession of her mind that her husband had deserted her. Why if he were not going to visit his rich relation should he leave in haste and not tell her whither he was going? Surely then, believing that she was deserted and being penniless, she should have returned to her profession. Instead of that, she submits to direst poverty. When she met Blewlite and had the offer of a sufficient income she did not for a moment think of returning to the stage. She still loved Frank, for though neglect may kill the lover, the love is immortal. She would not do that which might make him doubt her love. And the resolution formed by her love was supported by anger. Let her suffer and let her die. Perhaps he might hear of her misery and repent his cruelty. Alas, for the perversity of human nature! Rose would if she could afflict the man she loved with a bitter and lifelong regret.

We have thus the key to her rejection of Mrs. Thompson's kindness. She did not want kindness. She did not want comfort. She did not wish her husband, if ever he heard of her, to be told that she had been well cared for. Let him hear only a tale of misery. So when Rose left the coffee-house with a few shillings in her pocket she was glad to escape not only from the persecution of Lord Shamvock, but also from the loving kindness of Mrs. Thompson. Her conscience was not seared, and she hugged the thought that Mrs. Thompson was a hypocrite and the vile tool of the vile lord.

It was the first cold night of autumn. Coats were buttoned, ungloved hands were thrust into pockets, in thousands of London homes the first parlour fire of the season was being enjoyed by old and young. Rose, though thinly clad, did not feel the cold. She walked quickly until she came to Regent's Park. The enclosure

were shut for the night, but she sauntered along the dark paths that skirt them.

What should she do? She was friendless and penniless, but neither friends nor money could give her happiness. Forsaken by the man she loved, only death could end her misery and her bitter humiliation. But to die, and for Frank not to know of her affliction, her devotion, and her death! But for Frank to live on thinking she was living, and perhaps happy! That was an intolerable thought. She would die, but he must know that she was dead, and that she loved him unto death.

What had she suffered since the day he left her! The cruel robbery and the still more cruel fever. Her escape from the hospital that she might find her husband. The theft of the purse that she might have the means of seeking him. The anxious journey to Malvern. The toilsome ascent of the hill. The terrible storm. The awful roar of the thunder. The noise of the heavy, beating rain. The lightning that flashed through her closed eyelids. And then the discovery that Frank had deserted her. If the woman had not come to her from the hill-side cottage she would have died without learning that he did not love her. But he would not have known of her fate. She must die, but he shall hear of her sufferings and her death.

What did the girl tell her about the tree to which she clung during the storm? It was called the haunted tree.

"There I will go, and by the side of that tree I will lie until starvation and cold and sorrow kill me. Oh, Frank, if you had known my love!"

Love! Yes, and also the hope of revenge. Rose imagined that Frank had forsaken her for another. She pictured him and the woman he loved as happy and undisturbed by a thought about the deserted wife. They should both think of her. They should both hear how the deserted wife died by the haunted tree.

Rose returned to the main road, and got into an omnibus going eastward. She took that direction because she did not wish to remain in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Thompson. She alighted at the City Road. Presently she saw a coffee-house, and inquired if she could have a bed.

"Not at this crib," said the man. "Single women aint in our line, nor more aint double ones which have been mislaid by their husbands. No, mum, this aint the rub for your bob."

Rose did not wait to hear the conclusion of the man's reply. It was late, and she had no desi [illegible] all night.

An hour or two ago, and [illegible] troubled

her, but now she had something to live for. She had resolved to die by the haunted tree, and in such a manner that Frank and the woman he loved might hear of her fate. In her feeble health a night in the streets might kill her, and then she would die like a houseless dog, and he would not know that she had loved unto death and had died for him.

A shabbily dressed woman accosted Rose.

"If you are in luck, my dear, for pity's sake stand me three of something warm. I swear I have not touched food to-day, and togged as I am no fellow will give me so much as a drink of porter. I'd do the same for you or any other soul that asked me to-morrow, for I shall have money in the morning. Don't say 'No,' there's a kind dear. I am so cold, and I know a quiet place where you won't be seen with me."

"I have very little money, but you shall have what you want. Can you tell me of a respectable coffee-house where I can get a bed?"

"What, are you a stranger, and on the search for a bed? You seem so well up that I should never have guessed it."

"Do you know of one?" asked Rose.

"There are a good few about here, and most of them queer, and those that are not queer turn their noses up at women."

"What shall I do?" said Rose.

"Go halves in my bed. It's very humble, being a second floor back, with furniture that wouldn't fetch a crown, but it's the best I can afford, and that comes to ten shillings a week. If I starve I always pay the landlady, for you know what a landlady is if you are behind a day."

After a moment's hesitation, Rose accepted the offer.

"I will pay you what I should have to pay elsewhere."

"No, you won't, my dear. My place is quite near, being a turning out of Shepherdess Walk. Come and let us have a drink."

"I don't want to drink. But you get what you please," said Rose, offering her a shilling.

"If you are ashamed to drink with me because my style does not equal yours, keep your money. Although I am down, I've got a trifle of spirit in me yet. Besides I told you I know of a quiet place."

"I will go with you," said Rose, who was faint after her long fast and long walk.

"What's your name?" asked the woman.

"Rose."

"Oh, I like Rose. Mine is Violet. That is what my lover called me, and, my dear, I was fair as the violet, and as innocent, when I first knew him, and that is not so long ago. I shall not be twenty-two till come next spring, but when a girl is cast on the world she soon grows old."

They entered the narrow side door compartment of a public-house, in which only glasses were served and no smoking was allowed. Rose and her companion were the sole occupants, but on the other side of the low screen a crowd of men were smoking, drinking, laughing, and chaffing.

"Give me four of gin hot, and with a good piece of lemon in it. My friend will take a glass of stout."

The barman shook his head and jerked his thumb in the direction of a black board covered with chalk marks.

"Sorry to disoblige, but the stopper must be drove in at some point. Can't do another drain on tick."

"Nobody wants your tick. My friend will pay."

The gin hot with lemon and the stout were forthcoming, and were paid for by a shilling handed to Violet. When Rose looked at her companion she half regretted the promise to pass the night with her. A woman with a thin pale face, on which was the stamp of dissipation, perhaps of vice. Shabby black dress, with a bright scarf about the throat. Altogether an appearance that does not inspire confidence; but it was very late, and Rose had no lodging.

Violet's room was one of those intensely shabby lodgings that are almost peculiar to London. In other cities, both at home and abroad, there is some attempt at decoration in the poorest lodgings, but in Violet's room a painted wooden bedstead, with the paint for the most part worn off, two cane chairs, old and creaking, a deal washstand, with a cracked basin and handleless ewer, and a large tin candlestick, thickly bespattered with tallow, were the only articles of utility or ornament.

"There, my dear; and my old ogress of a landlady has the cheek to call the place cheap at ten shillings a week. But you see, my dear, when you are down a worm can walk over you."

"Do you live here alone? Do you work?"

"I've tried it, my dear; but, working myself blind, I couldn't get my rent. I don't know how I live, and I don't care."

Rose felt uncomfortable, and repented not seeking another lodging.

Violet did not improve on acquaintance.

"You have got the badge, and so have I," said Violet, holding up her finger. "Are you married?"

"Yes. But you are tired. Go into bed. I will rest on the chairs."

"Not likely, my dear," said Violet. "Married, eh! Some girls would give their heads to be married, but many are none the better off. I dare say, if you had your time over again, you would keep single, instead of running helter-skelter to church."

"Please don't talk about me. I'm tired, and I have a long way to go to-morrow."

"Where?"

"To Malvern."

"How far is it?"

"Over a hundred miles."

"If it had been nearer I would have gone with you. A few hours' change would do me worlds of good. How much does it cost?"

"Ten shillings, and I have only five in my pocket. Do you think," continued Rose, colouring, "I could get a few shillings on some of my things?"

"It's shameful little they lend on clothes, unless it's a brand new silk. But, my dear," said Violet, taking her hand, "that ring of yours looks like gold."

"Yes. It is gold," said Rose, rather wondering at the suggestion that her wedding ring was made of base metal.

"What a thick beauty it is! Why, my dear, you can get ten shillings on that for certain, and perhaps twelve. I had a gold one once, quite a thin thing, and I got six on it."

"I could not part with my wedding ring," said Rose, with determination.

"Nonsense. A sixpenny imitation—of course the penny ones are no good—looks like the real thing for a month. I have worn this over two months, and if it didn't black the finger no one would notice it."

"I could not part with my ring. Would my cloak fetch five shillings?"

"And if it would, my dear — which it wouldn't — you could not go a long journey without a penny in your pocket. But I may help you. What do you think of that? I am no judge of these things."

Violet drew from her pocket a scarf-pin.

"It looks good," said Violet. "Is the stone real?"

"Yes," replied Rose; "it's a diamond."

"That is jolly. I thought it sparkled like a real gem when I saw it in the scarf of that spoony young swell. He will think he lost it, for he was pretty well gone."

"Did you steal it?" asked Rose indignantly.

"What is that to you, Mrs. Virtuous? This is the reward of being kind. Perhaps if it were known it would come out that you had not been particular when you were hard up."

Rose remembered the purse, and she sat on the chair abashed.

"Do not be angry."

"I am not angry, my dear. I wish you would take it for me in the morning. You look genteel, and you could say it was your husband's. You shall have a pound out of it, and that will pay your journey, and make you comfortable."

Rose thought the proposal was in itself a retributive judgment. The last time she had gone to Malvern with stolen money, and that money, though she knew not how, was the cause of her misery. Would she do so again? No, let her wedding ring be pawned, and let the pawn ticket be found upon her when she was dead. That would tell Frank the depth of her misery.

Violet was cross and abusive, and at length hysterical, on account of Rose refusing to pawn the scarf pin. Again and again she bemoaned her hard fate, saying that she was kind to everybody, and everybody was unkind to her. However, before sleeping she asked Rose to forgive her, and vowed eternal friendship. It was agreed that Violet should rise early and pawn the ring, and that Rose should lend her dress and cloak for the errand.

"You see, dear, if you look poor they won't lend you nearly so much, besides suspecting you."

Violet went out about nine in the morning, and was absent for an hour and a half. She was in exuberant spirits on her return.

"I could not be quicker, my dear, for I had to go to the West. In this neighbourhood they lend nothing on good things. What do you think, my dear? I asked ten on the pin and they gave me eight pounds. And then, my dear, I got fifteen shillings on your ring. Let us have a jolly day, and you can go to Malvern to-morrow."

Rose said she must leave immediately, and in spite of Violet's protests refused to accept the loan of a sovereign.

"Oh, I wish you would have stopped here, or taken me with you. I do want some one to love."

Rose shrank from the parting embrace. She was
the scarf pin—shocked and pained. If she
purse she would not have gone to Mrs. T

have known Violet. The stolen scarf pin had pricked her conscience. Would he not despise her as she despised him? If she had not taken that purse she might yet have had some hope. Perhaps he might hear of her guilt after she died, and despise her.

Rose was riding in an omnibus when these gloomy thoughts filled her mind.

"Are you not well, mum?" asked a fellow passenger.

The question roused Rose, and she replied that she was very well.

"Ah," she thought, "let him despise me if he can. I have been true to him, and I am dying because I love him better than life."

CHAPTER XL.

BY THE HAUNTED TREE.

It was late in the afternoon when Rose stood before the house at Malvern at which she had been so roughly received by Frank's uncle. She wished before she died to see the house in which Frank had lived, and in which he would live when she was forgotten. If she could look upon him for a moment, that glance would comfort her even, as she thought, in the moment of death. But no, she must not hope for such a joy as once more seeing her husband. But was it possible that he had been reconciled to his uncle, and was perhaps staying in the house? Even that would be some solace. When she was lying by the haunted tree, it would be a blessing to think that he was near to her, that perhaps when he heard that she had perished, he would look at her, and for a minute, only for a minute, be sorry that he had forsaken her for another.

Presently a man, groom or gardener, came to the gate. Rose timidly approached him, and timidly asked if young Mr. Boliver had been there lately.

"Young Mr. Boliver! May be you are strange in this place. And lucky if you are, for a month of it has given me a sickener."

"Yes, I am," said Rose.

"You haven't heard of the death then?"

Rose caught the gate, or she would have fallen.

"Dead! Oh, mercy! Dead!"

"Did you know the old gentleman?"

"The old gentleman!"

"old boy, the uncle. He died about three weeks ago

I'm in here to take care of the place for the nephew. He's tumbled in for a tidy haul."

"He's not here, then?"

"No. Malvern is a good deal too near solitary confinement with the toothache to suit his complaint. Mr. Boliver is in London enjoying the old boy's savings."

"Do you know if he is married?"

"The lawyer recommended me this job. I have only seen him once. Do you want anything of him? I shall be writing in a day or two just to say all's right."

"Only please to tell him that Rose called here, and was glad to hear he was well, and hopes he may be happy. Will you do so?"

"I suppose you were in the family service?"

"Do as I ask you, for Mr. Boliver will be glad to hear I called."

"Come in and take a little something."

"No, thank you. I have some distance to go. Good night. Pray don't forget the message. Rose called and is glad he is happy."

Rose turned from the house and walked down the road. The man shut the gate, and went into the house. Presently Rose returned and put her hand through the bars of the gate to pluck a sprig of jasmine, but she could not reach the flower.

"I have no right to the flower. They are his and hers. But he will not mind if I take this."

She stooped, picked up a fallen leaf, kissed it, and put it into her bosom.

"Again I feel the life, but we must not live. I can't live without him, and he is lost to me. And his child shall not live to be despised by her or fed by her. If Frank knew my suffering he would hate her for taking him from me."

It was late in the afternoon, and twilight.

"I must hasten. In the dark I might not find the haunted tree, and have to suffer another day."

Her mind, weakened by bodily and mental suffering, was controlled by the thought that if she lay by the haunted tree she would die ere morning. And towards the spot thus deemed fatal she seemed drawn by an irresistible force. She wished she had never been in Malvern. She wished the girl had not told her of the haunted tree. She wished some one would compel her to return to London. Yet on she went, shivering, sorrowing, doubting.

She paused for a minute at the turning leading to the Some men were talking in the public-house, and it refres

hear the sound of human voices. Then, after a glance at the lighted shops, she began to toil up the hill.

At the Well she moistened her lips with water.

"I will not drink; for the more faint I am, the sooner it will be over. Oh, the life within me. Peace! mercy! oh, is there no one who will save me?"

She continued the ascent, guided by the lights in the windows of the houses on the hill. She frequently stumbled, but toiled on and on. She stole past the cottage that had given her shelter. She came at last to the solitary rugged, haunted tree. There she sat down, and vainly tried to fix her thoughts on the fate before her.

She listened to the moaning and whistling of the wind. She watched the stars as they appeared one after another to cheer the darkness of the night. She was utterly prostrate and benumbed with cold. She stretched upon the ground and slept. Unless disturbed she would not have awakened from that sleep.

A man who lived in one of the cottages was returning from the town, and his road lay within a few yards of the haunted tree. His dog had been scampering hither and thither, and ran to the haunted tree. He barked furiously.

"Hist. Here, boy, here."

The dog ran towards his master, and then back to the haunted tree, and did not cease his barking.

"What is it, boy, what is it? A woman lying here? Off, boy. Off, sir."

The man carried a lantern, and he turned it towards the face of Rose, and then shook her violently.

"Oh, Frank, dear, do not leave me again."

"Wake up," said the man, shaking her. "What brings you here? Where have you come from? Where do you live? You might have died here if it had not been for my dog."

Rose was bewildered, and did not speak.

"You must come into the cottage, anyhow. You can't stop here to perish of cold, whatever you may be."

He was a burly man, with the strength of an ox, and he lifted Rose from the ground and carried her.

"Hist, boy, go and tell mother."

The dog ran forward, and at the door of a cottage stopped and barked.

"Where is the father?" asked a woman who opened the door.

"Here I am, mother," said the man to his wife. "I am bringing in a queer load, but don't be scared."

"What are you carrying?"

"Why Nip found this poor woman sleeping under the haunted tree. I couldn't leave her to freeze to death."

"Poor soul. No. But, I say, Tom, she looks uncommon bad."

Rose had been laid on the sofa, and for awhile was motionless.

"Had I best get the doctor to her?" asked Tom.

"No, she will be herself before long, and then she shall have a basin of tea. She is just frozen, that's what ails her."

Rose shivered, opened her eyes and closed them again.

"Just lift her up, Tom, whilst I try if I can get a little warm tea down her throat."

Rose swallowed some of the tea, and then began to sob violently. Tom was alarmed.

"She is all right now, father, or leastways will be before long. When it has come to the crying it has come to the mending. Leastways that is the nature of woman."

Tom beckoned his wife to the further corner of the small room and spoke in a whisper—

"I shall hie away to the police station and tell them what has happened."

"What for? Why should you give a fellow creature that has never hurt you into custody."

"Why you see, mother, it is but right to let the authorities know about it."

"Smother the authorities! They might find out for themselves. Nip is our dog, and Nip's findings is our keepings."

"I hold it's the law to give the information."

"Suppose it may be, don't you be the one to think the authorities object to the law being broken if it does no harm and saves them trouble. Your tea is ready, and take it, unless you have lost your appetite."

"That I never do, except for half an hour after the Christmas dinner."

Tom took his tea, whilst his wife attended on Rose, chafing her limbs, giving her tea, and asking her questions. Then Rose expressed, as warmly as she could, her thanks, for the paroxysm of despair was over and she rejoiced at her rescue. She had been by the haunted tree and had not died there. The spell was broken. Frank was in London. She must go to London. He would never look on her, but she might see him. When the woman asked her what she was doing in Malvern, how she came to be on the hill, what was her name, and who was her husband, the questions were unanswered.

"If you will give me shelter for the night I shall be so thankful, and I will go in the morning. If not, I will go now, but how shall I get down the hill?"

The woman took her husband out of the room.

"Father, may be you are in the right. I cannot make fish, or flesh, or fowl of her. She shall stay here for the night, but where will she go in the morning? Let them hear about it at the station and come early to look into it."

"That is just my way of looking at it," said Tom, and he whistled his dog and went on his errand.

The inspector of police was of opinion that he could not interfere. On what ground was he to take the woman into custody? Did Tom know anything against her more than that she was on the hill when she ought to have been under shelter?

"I have done my duty in giving notice to the authorities," said Tom.

"But you have come to the wrong shop. You should see one of the guardians. Mr. Brook is hard by, and I will send one of our men with you."

Mr. Brook commended Tom for taking care of the woman.

"If anything happens it gets into the papers, and does harm to Malvern; it's scandalous that tramps and wanderers come near a place that is kept so perfectly respectable."

"She looks a decent sort of body in a peck of trouble. But who she is, what she is, or where she is going she will not say."

"She will tell me, I warrant; I shall be at the cottage soon after breakfast, and I give you authority to keep her till I come."

Mr. Brook, the parochial magnate of Malvern, found Rose still exhausted, though much better for her night's rest. But she would tell him nothing about herself. As coaxing did not succeed he used threats.

"Do you know that I could send you to prison as a rogue and vagabond, and keep you there till you told us who you are?"

Rose did not reply; Mr. Brook, as one of the guardians of the extra-varnished respectability of Malvern, was averse from turning her loose and perhaps shocking some of the gorgeously arrayed and immaculate visitors.

"Are you going to London?"

"Yes."

"Have you the money for your fare?"

Rose was indignant at this questioning.

committed no crime, and you have no right"—and then he taking of the purse was remembered.

"Crime! what do you call coming to the genteelest place in England without a penny in your pocket and being found sleeping on the hill? If I undertook to pay your fare, would you go to London by the afternoon train?"

"If you choose to lend me the money I will do so."

"If your purse was equal to your pride it would not be over light. Here, Tom, take this person to the afternoon train and see her off. Here's the money for her ticket."

"It shall be done, sir."

"And Tom, a word with you. Don't," said Mr. Brook when they were outside the door, "take her till it is dusk; don't breathe a word of this affair, or else it may get into the papers; don't trust her with the money. You can call and let me know that she is off. There are plenty of places for such baggage as this without coming to Malvern. What with excursionists and vagabonds coming here we shall be no more genteel than other places, and then down goes the class of visitors and down go our profits. See her off, Tom, and keep an eye on her till she starts."

Rose was as anxious to be in London as Mr. Brook was for her to be out of Malvern. She knew not what she could do for her living; she would think of that presently. Her one thought was that Frank being in London she might see him. She was not to speak to him. He was not to see her. Rose was alone for a minute before leaving the cottage, and she went on her knees and returned thanks for her rescue from death.

Poor Rose! She knew not the secret purpose of her heart and mind. She knew not that her hope was not to see Frank only, but to woo him for a little, ever so little, regard for his deserted wife. The paroxysm of passion that had brought her to the verge of the grave was over, and her thoughts and her purpose were true womanly. Love was victorious over the bitter sense of cruellest wrong, and if the opportunity came she would ask him to suffer her for a moment to caress the hand that had struck the dreadful blow.

CHAPTER XLI.

MRS. STOT PUTS ON MOURNING.

IF a physician were limited to the use of a single drug he would choose opium. With all the pharmacopœia at his disposal the physician cannot cure a disease. It is the function of physic to help the effort of Nature to overcome disease. Now, the curative power of Nat is most effective during the hours of sleep. Therefore,

but one being proscribed, the wise physician would select opium for his patients.

Rest not only restores health, but preserves the priceless boon that is never duly appreciated until it is lost. All work or all play is alike destructive to life. In this age the idlers are few, the incessant workers many. If you want to be well, and to see your children's children, let one day in seven be a day of rest from work. Strive for an annual holiday. The month or six weeks devoted to recreation is not waste, but the truest economy of time.

The seventh day of rest and the yearly holiday are not of themselves sufficient. Daily rest is indispensable to health of body, mind, and soul. The interval between toil and bed may be short, but it should be an interval of cheerful peace. That means, the home should be happy. Domestic unhappiness is a deadly foe to health and longevity.

Mr. Stot was unwell. There was no organic disease, but his nervous force was debilitated. He had been working hard, and had not taken a regular holiday for years. Latterly—and this was worse for him than the work—his home had not been cheerful and peaceful. Mrs. Stot had become morbid about Alice, and was perpetually talking on the subject and reproaching her husband. If Mr. Stot kept silence he was upbraided for his hard-hearted indifference. If he attempted to convince Mrs. Stot that nothing had been left undone, she tried his patience by asserting over and over again that if Alice had been a runaway wife something else would have been done. It is not surprising that Mr. Stot determined to have a three months' tour as soon as he had arranged his City business, and that he contemplated a visit to America because Mrs. Stot had an invincible dread of a sea voyage.

The search for Alice had become a troublesome affair to Messrs. Doloski and Gouger. The reward of £500 had been offered for any information as to the present whereabouts of Alice, or for any satisfactory evidence of her death. It is needless to remark that Mrs. Stot was excessively angry at the assumption of the possible death of Alice, but Mr. Stot was persuaded that the assumption was true, and hoped by proof of death to put an end to his wife's fretting and pining. There was a shoal of answers to the advertisements, and nearly all of them were flung into the waste-paper basket as soon as opened. People who had heard of the death of a Miss Clayton thought that the deceased might be the Alice Clayton; and others who had heard of the death of a Mrs. Alice Somebody thought that the deceased might be the Alice *née* Clayton. Letters came from

abroad offering information if a small advance was made for the purpose of prosecuting an inquiry. A few letters were noticed, but they led to no result. Thereupon the advertisements were stopped, every one but Mrs. Stot being convinced that any further search was useless. Messrs. Doloski and Gouger had tied up the Alice Clayton papers and put them out of sight, when Citizen Delorme appeared and announced that he had information.

Mr. Gouger, who was not favourably impressed with the Universal Revolutionist, told him that the proof must be forthcoming at the trouble and expense of the informant.

"I tell you that what I have now is sure quite."

"You were quite sure about the party called Frank, and we spent money over the clue, and it turned out that you were quite wrong."

"Bah! It was a mistake that for Mr. Gouger was also not impossible. But now I say I have no mistake. You offer reward for something. I have that something."

"If you have the information we seek the reward is yours. But I tell you we are not going to spend a sixpence on the clue. We will only pay for satisfactory proof of the whereabouts or of the death of Alice."

"So much will I tell you, Mr. Gouger. It is of the death that I have the proof."

"Produce it."

"Pardon, Mr. Gouger. The proof is with the lawyers Bull and Spearman, who help me to get documents. It is Bull and Spearman who will give you proof."

"Well, your lawyer can call on me."

"He shall this day."

"Not to-day; I am busy. Say to-morrow or the next day."

"If you do not want to know quick, it must be the same for us."

"You see, M. Delorme, there is no hurry for a few hours about the proof of death."

"You say £500 for life or for proof of the death."

"Precisely. If Messrs. Bull and Spearman produce the proof of death they shall have our cheque for £500."

Mr. Gouger had a consultation with Mr. Stot.

"No doubt," said Mr. Stot, "the Citizen thinks he has the proof, or he would not have gone to the lawyers after the liberal way we treated him. He made a nice picking out of Clayton, besides what he got from me."

"He had an idea we should do him out of the reward"

what he has had for the Frank blunder. We must be careful, for Bull and Spearman are not white sheep."

"You can tackle them, Gouger. I would give him £500 for information. Mrs. Stot worries about it so that I believe a few weeks more of uncertainty will cover my hat with crape."

"Won't the news of the death make her worse?"

"It will be a break-down blow, but she will get over that. What kills is uncertainty."

Mr. Spearman, of Bull and Spearman, called on Mr. Gouger, and he proceeded with a degree of caution that bordered on the offensive.

"Have you any other clue in hand? If so, our information can keep until your investigation is over. Any dispute in a matter of this sort is unpleasant."

"Very politely put, Mr. Spearman. I will repay your politeness with candour. We have no clue whatever."

"So far so good. Now do not be offended, for no offence is meant. It is not Bull and Spearman dealing with Doloski and Gouger, or there would be no reserve and no preliminaries; but it is our client, a suspicious fox, dealing with your client, and formalities must not be neglected."

"The advertisement is a legal guarantee."

"Perfectly, Mr. Gouger, perfectly. But it would be well for you to give us a letter stating that at this date you have no information that can clash with the information to be disclosed by us on behalf of our client."

"I will do so on one condition."

"What is that, Mr. Gouger?"

"That you promise me to charge your client an extra guinea for obtaining the letter."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Spearman, laughing, "we know enough of the law to make out a bill of costs, and depend upon it we shall not forget the item you mention."

The letter was written and pocketed by Mr. Spearman.

"And now, Mr. Gouger, for the information. It is soon told, and is authenticated by documents I have with me. We start with the assumption that Alice Clayton was married to Francis Martin, but we have no proof of the marriage."

"You are far too shrewd to build on a mere assumption. In these affairs the foundation must be solid."

"Perfectly, Mr. Gouger, perfectly. We do not build on a marriage that we cannot prove. But we say and we prove that whether married or unmarried, Alice Clayton, the daughter of Henry Clayton, who

was put to school in France by Mr. James Stot, lived with Francis Martin as his wife. For our purpose that renders a certificate of marriage superfluous."

"Yes, the legality of the marriage is not in question."

"Perfectly, Mr. Gouger, perfectly. We come to the proofs. Letters written by Alice."

"Any proof of the handwriting?"

"We have better evidence than handwriting, or I should not have spoken so positively. I will show you how the letters are proved to be Alice's. You had an interview with Madame Delorme?"

"My partner had."

"Perfectly, Mr. Gouger, perfectly. The lady could give no information about her early friend."

"She could only recollect what she was told by Mr. Doloski."

"But, my dear sir, afterwards she remembered that she received some letters from Alice, and that the letters, unless destroyed, were in a box at her old Paris lodgings. Of this she informed her husband, who had renewed correspondence with her. Delorme consulted us."

"Without knowing whether the box was to be found, or if the letters were in the box, or if the letters were worth finding!"

"He came to us because he had no money. If he applied to your people they might—he is a suspicious fox—take the clue and refuse the reward. By our advice the box was delivered by the woman into the hands of the police. There is her sworn declaration that the box had been in her hands and not opened for four years at least."

"That is your proof as to the date of the letters?"

"Any additional proof, though not much by itself, is a link in the chain. Here is a list of the contents of the box certified by the official who opened it. Here are two letters certified to be taken out of the box."

After glancing at the certificates Mr. Gouger read the letters which purported to be written by Alice Martin. Neither of them was dated, but both were enclosed in one envelope which bore the Paris postmark. Although under one cover they were written at different periods, and Marie explained that she was in the habit of putting several letters into one envelope if she wished to keep them. One letter stated that the writer had been two months married, that she was not happy on account of her husband being cross and jealous. She entreated her friend never to mention her maiden name. The other letter announced that the writer was leaving Paris for Bremen, and that from Bremen she and her husband were going to America. "You alone know my secret," she wrote, "and"

betray me. My husband thinks that my name was Stot, which was the name of my guardian who took me to the school. The only dread I have in going to America is that I don't know where my father is, and he may be there, and if he met me what would he do to me for leaving the school as I did? Oh, Marie, I often wish I was back there."

"What do you think of the letters? You are, I presume, so far satisfied?"

"The value of the letters depends entirely upon the verification of the story that they were for years in the possession of this woman. There is nothing in the letters that could not have been found out by any one who knows our client, and nothing is unknown to your client."

"But the oath of the woman is not to be lightly set aside, and I am sure the letters would be received as good evidence in a Court of Law. But it happens that the letters are further verified. Having business in Liverpool, I conducted the inquiry, and found that in the year Miss Clayton disappeared Francis Martin and Alice Martin sailed in the steamer Orient, bound for New York. There, Mr. Gouger, is an attested copy of the entry in the shipbroker's books. I thought it better to have the case clear."

"It is clear that Francis and Alice Martin sailed in the Orient."

"And what became of them, Mr. Gouger? Here is the affidavit of the broker that the Orient was wrecked on that voyage, and that only a few of the passengers were saved. There, Mr. Gouger, is an attested list of the passengers who were rescued. It does not include the names of Francis Martin or Alice Martin."

"I think it is fair to conclude that Francis and Alice Martin perished."

"Perfectly, Mr. Gouger, perfectly. And if the letters are genuine, that the Alice Martin was Alice Clayton?"

"The presumption would be strong. Speaking without pledging my client, I should say strong enough to entitle your client to the reward."

"Well, Mr. Gouger, if our case rested only on the oath of the woman, backed as it is with collateral evidence, we should claim the reward, and if necessary ask it at the hands of a jury. But we have another bit of evidence that will, I must think, pretty well satisfy you. For three years this box was kept in a room occupied by a lodger who swears—here is her attested declaration—that she was told it had been left there by a former lodger, and that for the three years the box was not touched, and that she was witness to the box being given to the police in the state it had been for the three years."

"Does that complete your case?"

"Yes; and it is a case that cannot be answered. I presume you will consult with your client, and perhaps make inquiries. I will send you copies of the documents."

Mr. Gouger and his partner were indisposed to credit the information, even after an investigation in Paris and Liverpool had so far confirmed the statement of Mr. Spearman. Mr. Stot contended that it was a case that would perfectly satisfy a jury, and ought to satisfy them.

"It is not presented at the commencement of the search, but when the search has failed and there can be no reasonable doubt that Alice is dead."

With the consent of Mr. Clayton, the reward was paid. For two or three days Mrs. Stot refused to believe in the death of Alice, but at length was convinced, put on deep mourning, and bore her grief better than her husband had hoped.

"She has gone, poor dear, where no pining will bring her back, and I will try not to sorrow more than I can help, for, Stot, it is wicked of me to make you miserable for a misfortune that is not your fault."

The house became peaceful, if not cheerful, and Mr. Stot gave up his trip to America.

CHAPTER XLII.

ROSE MEETS RUTH.

THERE is no [illegible] game we are [illegible] play of our [illegible] choice is [illegible] makes the [illegible] tion. In [illegible] the will of a [illegible] The [illegible] unwise [illegible] well for [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

hours of agony on the Malvern hill had reconciled her to life. She would work and live independently, no matter how poorly. She would see her husband perhaps once, perhaps oftener. In that thought there was the germ of hope of happier days. Rose was not conscious of the hope that had warmed her almost dead heart. All her days were to be days of affliction. There was to be no return of her love, not even a look of kindness. But the future depended on the present. She had paid for a night's lodging. She had paid for a meal. She was alone in London with sixpence in her pocket. It might be days before she could get work. It might be a fortnight before she could get any money by her work. What could she do? Perhaps Violet would lend her two or three pounds. No. Not for life itself would she touch stolen money. She was sure that her heavy sorrow was in some way connected with the taking of the purse. As she sauntered along a boardman thrust a bill into her hand. It was a bill of the Lion Theatre, announcing the prodigious success of the new burlesque "Hamlet and his Orchard." Rose started. Blewlite had offered to lend her money. Why not go to him? Frank would be angry. She remembered her poverty and destitution.

"I will ask him. This bill seems like the interposition of Providence."

It wanted two hours to the time of opening, but Rose went direct to the theatre, for she knew that the manager sometimes arrived early. She walked up and down the street until it was dark, and then she stood near the stage door. She recognised, or thought she did, two or three of the people who went in. A lady arrived in a brougham. No doubt she was the star of the burlesque. Rose did not envy her, and had no desire to again appear on the stage. She was not an artist, or she would have done so. The company had gone in, and Mr. Blewlite had not appeared. Perhaps he had entered by the front.

She pushed open the stage door. Dick's successor, like other stage-door keepers, was a ginny, ill-clad, rough-mannered man.

"Who do you want?"

"Mr. Blewlite."

"What's your business?"

"I want to see Mr. Blewlite."

The doorkeeper, who was regaling himself with bread and cheese and porter, eyed her with contempt.

"Then you just won't. First and foremost, he never sees any one as don't send in their business; and next, he don't happen to be here."

"Do you expect him soon?"

"Not for a week. Letters forwarded. Now, mum, out of the way."

The disappointment well nigh stunned Rose. She had been so confident of getting the help she needed. She had reconciled herself to apply to Mr. Blewlite by the reflection that he was her sole resource. The words of the doorkeeper smote on her ear like a sentence of desolation and death. For a moment, only for a moment, she wished that she had died by the haunted tree. Should he seek Violet? Worn and weary, sick and sad, destitute and despairing, she resolved to do so.

Utterly wearied and worn, sick and sad, destitute and forsaken, she sat on a doorstep and wept.

"Why do you cry? Do you not know the Father of the fatherless? Why do you cry?"

"I am ill and alone. What shall I do?"

"Not alone. The angels are with those who mourn."

Rose uncovered her face and looked up. Sister Ruth stood before her.

"Pray help me, or I shall die."

"Are you going home?"

"Don't leave me. I am so ill," said Rose, taking hold of Ruth's cloak.

"Who are you? Who thinks that Sister Ruth would leave the afflicted? I am their angel to minister unto them."

"I am Rose. You were kind to me a little while ago."

"Rose! Yes, that was the name of the sister sent to me, and she is gone. But I see her often with the angels."

"You forget me," said Rose.

She stood up and Rose looked at her face.

"Why, sister, you are not gone. It's for you I have prayed. It is you I have seen with the angels. My mother [illegible]"

Ruth put her hand on Rose and kissed her.

"I am not alone, dear, because the angels are with me. I [illegible] prayed for a sister to be with me till I go to my mother."

"I am so ill. What shall I do?"

"Come with me, sister."

"I am poor and homeless."

"I am rich, dear. I have no money, but I have all things. All things are provided. Come, dear, you [illegible] with me."

* * *

Ruth took Rose by the hand, and in a few minutes they were at the old lodging in Winsor Court. It was now clean and comfortable. Henry Clayton had striven to persuade Ruth to leave Winsor Court, and failing, he had the rooms cleansed and furnished. He had also instructed the landlady to give Ruth what she required, and to look to him for payment.

"Rest yourself, dear. Not there, not there. That is my father's corner. He is out. No, dear, not out. He has gone to my mother."

"Is he dead? I am sorry for you."

"Sister, dear, do not say 'Dead!' I want to be with my mother and my father, yet to die is dreadful."

Ruth shuddered, and kissed her cross.

"If I could go to her without dying! If I could be taken away! I will tell you, dear, why I ran away when my father had gone to my mother. I am not afraid of going to heaven, but I dare not look on death."

"I am faint. Will you give me a little water?"

"Faint, dear? You want food. I shall get it for you. I do so for my poor."

Ruth stirred the fire and made tea.

"All things are provided. The angels minister unto me. Do you know—but sister, tell me your name."

"Rose."

"Rose, Rose. I will not forget it. Rose and Ruth, Ruth and Rose."

Ruth sat on the floor, and leant her head on Rose's lap.

"Rose, my head and my eyes burn and ache. But if you abide with me I shall be well. I have been lonely since he left me. You will not leave me, Rose?"

"No, I will not leave you. But oh, I am so ill."

"Do not be ill. Do not go from me. When the angels call you ask them to let you abide with Sister Ruth, and they will do so, for the angels love me."

Ruth went to the window, and drew aside the curtain.

"The stars will not shine to-night, but I can always see them when I shut my eyes, and they shine so brightly that my head aches. When I was a little child I saw the sea. Have you seen it, Rose?"

"Yes," said Rose faintly.

"Is it not awful and sad? People die in the sea, and they moan for ever and ever. Every night before I sleep I hear the moaning, my mother does not moan. She is happy, and sings such sweet me when I am in heaven. When I sleep I go to heaven,

and when I wake the angels bring me back to earth. When I go come to me, Rose, and I will sing to you so sweetly that you will not wish to leave me."

"I am very ill, dear. Let me lie down."

"Oh, Sister Rose, do not be ill. Come to bed. I will sing you to sleep."

"Are you alone here?"

"Alone? Yes, Rose. My mother never was here, and father has gone to her. At last she smiled on him, and he is with her, and Ruth is alone."

"What shall I do? I am ill. What shall I do?"

"You are ill. You must have a doctor. I will go for him."

"Do not be long. I am so ill, Sister Ruth."

Ruth departed, and in less than half an hour returned with the doctor.

"I do not understand this," said the doctor. "Who is this? How came she here?"

"This is Sister Rose. My mother sent her to me."

"Are you related to Sister Ruth?"

Rose was in too great suffering to reply.

"I must see the landlady."

"You must make Rose well, for if you let her die the stars will not shine on you, and the angels will not love you."

"I will look after her, but first call the landlady."

When the woman of the house appeared, the doctor took her aside and spoke to her.

"I have not set eyes on her till this moment. She may be a relative, but most like to be a whim of Sister Ruth's."

"Any way, it is almost too late to think of moving her. [illegible] Mr. Clayton will be vexed, but I will explain to him that it is [illegible] fault or yours."

"He said that Sister Ruth was to do whatever the [illegible] the woman.

"Sister Ruth, the [illegible]

"Find a bed? [illegible]

"We will [illegible]

Ruth drew herself up, [illegible]

"Sister Rose [illegible] hat the angels [illegible]

"So be it, Sister [illegible] note he had [illegible] ives you. I [illegible]

"Do not leave me, Ruth," murmured Rose.

"I will not leave Sister Rose."

"Then we must find another messenger. Here, mum, help the patient to the bedroom."

Ruth beckoned the doctor to the window.

"It's a bad night, for the stars do not shine, and neither doth the moon give forth her light. But do not let her die."

"I do not think there is any cause for alarm. But don't you frighten the patient."

Ruth held the cross to her lips, and with the other hand shaded her eyes.

"I cannot see my mother till I sleep. Do not let Sister Rose die. I am so lonely, and she is sent to be with me till I go to my mother. Do not let her die!"

The doctor took her hand, and was about to speak when they heard a cry from Rose.

"We must go to the patient."

"Oh, I pray you do not let her die!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

DYING AND UNKNOWN.

A CHILD came to her father and said: "They tell me that there are more stars than have ever been seen; that there are beautiful things in the deep sea; that flowers grow in places where there is no one to look at them. What is the use of flowers, and beautiful things, and shining stars, if no one sees them?" The father replied: "My darling, perhaps the angels see them. Certainly God sees them, for all things are created by Him for His glory."

Again the child came to her father, and said: "There was a frost last night, and the blossoms are lying on the ground, and the gardener says there will be no fruit. Tell me why God lets the cruel frost kill the blossoms." The father replied: "My darling, because it pleases God, and all that is done on earth is for our good, and for His glory."

It is not always easy to answer a child. How impossible it is to satisfy our own minds! We behold a great crowd of infants and little children continually passing through the Gates of Death. Why are the loved ones, the shining stars, the things of beauty, the sweet flowers of home taken away, leaving the home dark and

gloomy? Why do the blossoms of humanity fall to the ground? Philosophy does not help the inquirer. Religion alone can calm the soul and heal the wounded heart. Behold the Gates of Death are still open. At the end of the Dark Valley there shines the light of the life immortal, ever to be seen by the eye of Faith. The mourners must pass through that Valley and enter by those Gates. Those for whom you mourn are not lost. You will be with them in the Eternal Home.

There is a pillow on an easy chair by the side of Rose's bed. On the pillow swathed in wool is an infant. But that it moves, and now and then utters a feeble cry, you might think it was one of Chantrey's exquisite works, save that the marble is somewhat discoloured. The doctor said that the infant would not survive an hour, yet hour after hour it moved, and now and then roused the mother by a tiny cry. The eyes were closed, and would never see the light of the sun. The attempt to give food failed. When the doctor came again Rose asked him if the baby might not live. He told her it was impossible. Still it lived until the next morning. For hour after hour Rose watched the struggles of her child. It seemed such a trying effort for life, such a terrible struggle with Death. Every two or three minutes the face was puckered, and the tiny arm was drawn to the head. The nurse told her that the babe was not conscious and did not feel pain. The woman spoke according to her knowledge.

When the struggle was over, when the feeble cry was hushed, and the face was still, Rose would not be persuaded that her child was dead. Sometimes she thought she heard the feeble cry or saw a movement of the sheet. The babe had been, save for the feeble cry and the movement, like death when it lived; and now when it was dead, more like life. Yet not lifelike, but as marble made lifelike by the art of the sculptor.

The doctor convinced Rose that the child was dead, and she whispered to him that the child was to be buried with her.

"Come, come, this won't do. You must cheer up, my dear."

"Oh, Sister Rose, do not leave me!" cried Ruth.

"I want to sleep, dear," replied Rose.

Ruth looked pleadingly at the doctor.

"Let her sleep now, if she will. I will soon be back."

The doctor hastened to Mr. Clayton's, and told him what had happened.

"The poor thing may go off; it is a very critical case, and we ought to find out who she is. It is useless to ask Ruth."

"I am glad you have done what you could for her. Most likely she is one of Ruth's poor friends."

"I wish we could get a lady to see the patient she might discover who she is. Women can always manage these things better than men. Do you know anybody who would visit her?"

"I will ask Mrs. Stot to do so. There is not a kinder or more motherly woman in the world."

"Let her go as soon as possible."

Mrs. Stot was to start in two days for the Continent with her husband and Henry Clayton. She wished to see Paris, where Alice had been, and the school at which Alice had been left. She was busy preparing for the journey; but when Henry had told his errand, she got into a cab, and set off for Winsor Court without delay.

On entering the room she remarked that it was very dark.

"Yes, mum," said the nurse; "it's by the doctor's orders. Shall I let in a little light?"

"Of course not. Do as the doctor tells you."

Ruth was crying, and asked her to save her sister.

"My dear girl, if you had followed my advice when your kind friend brought you to me, you would not have been in this trouble. But there, never mind. I dare say it's all for the best. Keep a good heart, Ruth."

Mrs. Stot looked for a moment at the baby.

"Poor dear, she must feel it. But, nurse, the little thing should be removed. She will never be better whilst it is in the room with her."

There was a whisper and a moan from Rose.

"What is it, my dear?" asked Mrs. Stot.

"Do not take it from me. I shall soon die."

"Oh, if you are good it shall remain a little while; but, instead of thinking of dying, you must try and get well."

"She will take nothing, mum; not physic or food."

"I will soon see to that. Give me a teaspoonful of that brandy and put on the table, mixed with a tablespoonful of water."

"Let me die," whispered Rose.

"If you were not low, you would not talk such wicked nonsense. Now, my dear, you must swallow this, and in a few minutes another, and then some gruel. Come, my dear, take it, or else away the child goes."

Rose swallowed the brandy and water.

"That will do you more good than physic. Nurse, you go

and get some sleep. There are too many breaths in this small room. You may do the same, Ruth. I will look after the patient."

"I must not leave her," said Ruth.

"Lie down with me," whispered Rose.

"Very well," said Mrs. Stot, "but I will have no talking, no crying, and no nonsense."

The room was very dark, and no one could see that Mrs. Stot's cheeks were wet with tears.

When the doctor came Rose and Ruth were asleep.

"That is her best chance of life. But we must expect the worst. The poor creature is utterly exhausted. The moment she wakes give her stimulants, and, if you can, get down some beef tea. If she recovers, she will owe her life to your attention."

"I hope she will get over it."

"There is life, and there is hope. You have not, I suppose, found out who she is?"

"It was no use questioning her whilst she was so low."

"You are right. I will call again in two hours."

Rose became restless in her sleep. Presently she began to talk

"Oh, why did you leave me? No, dear, I did not leave you They took the money, and I was ill. But you have come to me at last, and I am happy. You know how I love you, Frank!"

Mrs. Stot listened attentively, in the hope that she might learn something about the patient.

"I thought you had deserted me. But no, dear, I never told our secret. I would not tell my name. In all my trouble, I never said I was the wife of Mr. Bellver. In spite of all, you know, I love you away from me, Frank. Kiss me, dear, and say you forgive me."

Mrs. Stot, who was accustomed to the peculiarities of her husband, and knew [illegible] lines to her husband, and [illegible] Square. Mrs. Stot thought of the [illegible] and of the sorrow he would feel when he should [illegible] misery of his wife. Mrs. Stot had remembered [illegible] spoken of the misery which [illegible] altogether an object of compassion, [illegible] on account of her warm and [illegible] nature.

The doctor came and went [illegible] he signed to Mrs. Stot to come [illegible]

"Sister Ruth will [illegible]"

Ruth followed the doctor [illegible]

"Is my sister [illegible]

"No," said the doctor, "but we must be cheerful and hope for the best."

Ruth kissed his hand.

"Let the lady mother soon return."

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Stot, when they were out of the room, "that you think the poor thing is worse."

"Yes, Mrs. Stot, I fear she is sinking. We must stimulate her frequently, and even rouse her to do so. But there are indications that she is sinking. It is unfortunate that we have no clue to her identity."

Mrs. Stot told the doctor of the discovery she had made, and briefly explained the circumstances of Frank and the search for his wife.

"Very sad, Mrs. Stot. Her husband should be sent for instantly. She may live for hours, or it may be that her life can only be counted by minutes."

"You have no hope, then?" said Mrs. Stot, mournfully.

"No, there is no hope. But, my dear madam, we will do all that can be done."

"It seems so hard that she should die just when she could be happy with her husband."

"Death always seems hard and untimely; but we must remember that He who is the giver of life decrees the moment of the great change. Where is the husband?"

"I have sent for Mr. Stot, and told him in my note that the patient is Mr. Boliver's wife. I think he has arrived."

Mr. Stot and Frank Boliver entered the room. Mrs. Stot was crying, and there was a moment's silence.

"Am I too late?"

"No, my dear sir," said the doctor. "Your wife lives, but her life is in extreme jeopardy."

"Let me see her."

"She must be prepared for the interview; for the shock might be fatal."

"Then there is hope of recovery?" said Frank, eagerly.

"I must not say that," replied the doctor. "I mean that by preparing her for the surprise the shock may not be instantly fatal. Come, Mrs. Stot, we will adjourn to the sick room. You will soon wanted, Mr. Boliver, and keep yourself calm."

er up, there's a dear soul," said Mrs. Stot.

But let me see her soon."

CHAPTER XLIV.

HENRY CLAYTON IS REWARDED FOR HIS KINDNESS TO DICK.

IT was with difficulty that Rose was aroused from her stupor.

"It is cruel," said the doctor to Mrs. Stot, "to the patient; but if we can restore her to consciousness we must do it for the sake of her husband."

"Let me sleep," murmured Rose.

"Hold her up. You must take this, my dear."

"Let me sleep," said Rose.

"Sister, dear, do take it," said Ruth.

Rose slowly swallowed the liquid.

"Now let me sleep."

"Not yet, my dear," said the doctor. "Please to prop her up. My dear, you are not trying to help us. When you feel a little better we have something to tell you."

"I am so tired."

"Rose, we have heard of your husband," said the doctor.

There was a flush on the face of Rose, and she looked at the doctor.

"Here, my dear, take another dose, and I will tell you more."

Rose swallowed the medicine, her eyes still fixed on the doctor.

"We have heard of your husband. He has been seeking you."

"Frank," whispered Rose.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Stot. "He so longs to see you."

"Frank!"

"He's coming to see you," said the doctor.

Rose put her hand to her head and sighed.

"Let him come," said the doctor to Mrs. Stot. "We can do no more."

Mrs. Stot brought Frank to the bedside. He took her hand.

"Rose, my love. Rose. I am here, dear."

Rose opened her eyes. She looked at Frank. There was a convulsion of the whole body. Then her eyes closed.

"She has fainted," exclaimed Frank.

It was a weary half hour before the restoratives had any effect. When she gave a sign of vitality, the doctor told Mrs. Stot and Ruth to leave the room.

"She must be alone with her husband. I shall remain, but out of sight."

Ruth refused to obey the doctor until he warned her that disobedience might cost the life of the patient. She remained outside the door, and for the greater part of the time on her knees.

Mr. Stot was severely tried. He urged his wife to go home. Mrs. Boliver would be provided with the best attendants, and why should Mrs. Stot, who was in delicate health, exhaust herself by nursing a stranger? Besides, to-morrow they and Clayton were to start for the Continent, and there were many things to arrange.

"You go, Stot, my dear, and don't think that it is unkind of me to stop here. Who is to speak to that poor man when it is all over?"

Mr. Stot paced the little room like a gigantic and untamed lion in an uncomfortably small cage. He was tormented by a suppression of temper. If he could have told his wife that she was unreasonable and foolish he would have been at ease, but a word of reproach was impossible when his wife was crying and sighing. Still the position was aggravating. His plans were likely to be frustrated on account of a woman he had never seen, and whom his wife had not seen until that day. Mr. Stot was not hard-hearted, but it was provoking, as his wife could do no good by remaining, and would most likely be laid on a sick bed. He smoked cigar after cigar with vindictive energy. Nearly two hours passed before the doctor appeared.

"You need not tell me," said Mrs. Stot, sobbing. "I know it is all over. Poor girl, poor Frank Boliver!"

"My dear madam, it has been a terrible crisis, but I believe the worst is over. I hope she will recover. She knows her husband and is crying. When there are tears I am sanguine."

"Bless you for that hope. I will go and do what I can for her."

"No," said the doctor. "You must not see her. Ruth is with her, and I shall remain in the house for some hours. But I do not want her to speak to anybody except her husband."

"I am glad there is good news," said Mr. Stot, "and, my dear, I think you should now go home. If you don't get rest you are sure to be ill, and the doctor will let us know how she is before we go to bed. Won't you, doctor?"

Reluctantly Mrs. Stot yielded to the wish of her husband and went me. Henry Clayton, who had been making arrangements for the to the Continent, was at his friend's house. When he heard

what had happened at Winsor Court he expressed regret that Mrs. Stot should have had such a long day of anxiety and misery.

"Knowing that you are still weak and ailing I ought not to have told you of the affair."

"Well, Clayton, it has turned out well. If Mrs. Stot had not been there the poor creature would most likely have died, and no one would have known who she was. As it is, I hope she will live and be happy with her husband. And, my dear," he continued addressing his wife, "you must take some refreshment and then to bed. You will have little rest to-morrow night."

"Had we not better wait for a day or two to see how Mrs. Boliver gets on? I shall feel so anxious."

"Really, my dear, that is too bad. You can do no good by remaining. Mrs. Boliver will have the best attention, and for your own sake and mine we ought to be off. I feel ill, and I know that I must get change if I am not to be laid up."

"Of course we will go, Stot. I am getting the most selfish woman in the world. I think of nothing but my own whims and feelings."

"Never mind, my dear, a fortnight of moving about will make us all right."

The servant brought in a note.

"It's from Boliver. I hope it's good news."

"I can see by your face that it is not good news. Oh, Stot, has the poor dear gone?"

"No. It is only two lines from Boliver asking you to see his wife immediately. You ought not to go out again to-night."

"I must go, Stot. You would not have me refuse."

"Well, no; but I hope it will not make you downright ill. Go with us, Clayton. You have the most influence over Ruth."

When Mrs. Stot entered the sick room at Winsor Court the doctor pressed her hand and whispered to her that she must keep up her courage. Rose was leaning on her husband.

"My love, here is Mrs. Stot."

"Tell her, Frank. Speak to her."

"Come, my dear, this will not do. You must be calm, and get well for the sake of your poor husband."

"I mentioned your name to my dear wife, and then she told me"——

Frank paused.

"I am Alice. Oh, pray forgive me."

The doctor brought the candle and held it so that

the face of Rose. Mrs. Stot gazed for a few moments, and then, with an outcry that was heard by her husband and Henry Clayton, she knelt by the bed.

"Oh, Alice. Speak to me."

Mr. Stot and Henry came into the room.

"What is the matter with Mrs. Stot?" asked her husband, anxiously.

She arose, and seeing Henry put her arms about him.

"Oh, Clayton, pray for us, pray for us. Oh, my dear, it's our Alice!"

Again Henry stood by the bedside of his child after years of separation, and this time Alice, with what strength she had, fondly embraced her father.

THE END.

Our Merry Mass Song.

1873.

BY EDWARD CAPERN.

THE merry merry Mass,
With its ever merry hum;
Let us fill again the glass
For joy that it is come.
Hear the old familiar ringing
Of laughter in the bells,
And the sweet and simple singing
Of children in the dells.

O the merry merry Mass,
With its ever merry hum;
Let us fill again the glass
For joy that it is come.

There is magic in the air,
And a witchery on earth;
For Love is everywhere,
With Charity and Mirth.
Ope the door unto the mummers,
See the mistletoe is in;
Give a greeting to all comers,
And let the games begin.

O the merry merry Mass,
With its ever merry hum;
Let us fill again the glass
For joy that it is come.

Throw wider yet the door,
Feast away until you tire;
Give the first place to the poor,
And stir the cheery fire
Till the lights dance on the holly,
Making crimson every wall;
While that antiquated folly,
Sweet kissing, fills the hall.

O the merry merry Mass,
With its ever merry hum,
Let us fill again the glass
For joy that it is come.

LIFE IN LONDON.

X.—ON 'CHANGE.

PERHAPS you have never been bonneted on 'Change? I have. It is one of the liveliest experiences in the Life of London; and perhaps the sweetest revenge I can take upon the pleasant and amiable Bear who put me through the ceremony is to throw together in the congenial pages of the *Gentleman's* a little of his chit-chat over a bottle of claret about the life of this mysterious and all but inaccessible fortress of the City—the Tattersall's of commerce—the business that is carried on there, the men by whom it is carried on, its system of government, its rules of work, and its laws and customs.

It is only candid to say at once that the Stock Exchange is one of the most dangerous courts within the Metropolitan Police District. It is governed by lynch law, tempered only by a beadle. The police know nothing of it—know no more of it than they know of Tattersall's or the Carlton. Perhaps as a special compliment the Shah might have been allowed to pass beyond the glass vestibule which surrounds the daïs of the porter who guards this sanctuary of Plutus; but no one less than the descendant of Darius ought to tempt his fate; for Bulls and Bears, stock-jobbers and stock-brokers, hang together like Whitechapel thieves and game preservers, and administer a merciless code of laws with the promptitude and energy of a band of Texan hunters. The Stock Exchange, perhaps I need hardly say, lies in the centre of a wilderness of courts and alleys off Throgmorton Street. Here and there as you stroll along you may come across the façade of a noble pile; but take this part of the City all in all, it is a dingy region, distinguished neither by the beauty of its architecture nor the historic interest of its relics. The streets are narrow. The paths are narrow. All the men you meet are in a hurry, all trampling upon each other's heels, and, except perhaps a flower girl or an orange woman, you will meet no one but men in this wilderness of courts and alleys. It is a bit of old London, the London of Sir Dudley North and of Sir Thomas Gresham; and although the builders are now playing pranks with it that are enough to make the worthies turn in their shrouds, it still retains enough of

s original character to be worth a visit on its own account. This art of London must originally have been built upon the plan of Osamond's Bower, and afterwards jumbled together by an earthquake. Its present state of confusion is to me inexplicable upon ny other hypothesis. The Stock Exchange forms the centre of this laos of courts. It stands at the lower end of Capel Court, and is stinguished by its large pillared front. It is guarded by a porter, ho, like the doorkeeper of the House of Commons, knows everybody, eps his eye upon everybody who presents himself at these glass doors, d can tell a member of the House from a stray visitor by a talisman it would have puzzled even the Persian. You may contrive now and en to pass that glass door—it is a risk; and if you can—I did a few ys ago even alone—you will find yourself in what is to commerce d commercial men, to finance and to financiers all over the world, ly ground. There is nothing in the place to take the eye. There is thing like architecture about it. There is not a spark of luxury. You ll find no tesselated pavements here—no club settees—no ornate coration upon the walls. It is as bald and bare as a Norfolk corn change. It is simply a large hall with desks and tables dotted re and there, a stand-up bar where you may call for a glass of stout d a sandwich, an ice or a glass of claret, and a rostrum for the adle, who plays the part of a semaphore by shouting out the names the Yorks who are wanted here and there all through the day to do siness. All that you see is a crowd of men, made up apparently the odds and ends of all the professions of London. All that ou hear is a buzz of talk, a horse laugh now and then, and the outs of the porter, which rise, like the voice of the toastmaster, ove the general hum of conversation. Perhaps if you keep your rs open as you pick your way through the throng you may hear, y, "No. 40," passed on from mouth to mouth oftener than is easant to think of, if you are not quite sure about yourself and do ot wish to find yourself hunted from pillar to post with a kick and a iff, and turned out into the street at the end in the style of a panloon disappearing through a trap door at the close of a stage revelry Christmas. But that is all. The Stock Exchange, for anything ou can note at a glance, might be an auction room, a wing of Tatersall's, one of the lobbies of the House of Commons, or a ockpit.

Yet this hall, with its bare whitewashed walls, is the heart of the ty of London—an institution rivalling in power even the Bank self; and these men lounging about with buff waistcoats and flowers their coats, with their hats cocked awry and their hands under their

coat tails, talking and laughing as if talking and laughing were the business of their lives, hold the credit of all the States of Europe in their hands. To men of business in all parts of the globe, in the Gulf of Mexico, in the Ægean Sea, in the treaty ports of the Chinese Seas, this hall is holy ground. It is the Mecca of commerce. It is the international centre of the commercial world. It governs, by its price current, all the Exchanges of Europe—the price of gold at New York, and the rate of exchange at Calcutta. It is, in money matters, the market of markets. All the surplus cash of this country, and most of the surplus cash of Europe, of America, of India, of Australia, and the rest of our colonies, finds its way through the banks and the bank-brokers to the Stock Exchange for investment; and, by a corresponding process, borrowers are brought face to face with lenders from Monte Video and Calcutta—from Constantinople and San Francisco. The Stock Exchange, through the brokers, acts the part of an intermediary. All, or nearly all, the great loans that are raised, either by Governments or by private speculators, are brought out in Capel Court. If the Emperor of Russia wants to annex the territory of the Khan of Bokhara, to restore the fortifications of Sebastopol, to emancipate the serfs, or to open up his country by a network of railways—if the Sultan of Turkey wants to build a new palace at the Golden Horn, to set up an iron fleet, to suppress an insurrection in Crete, or to erect a fresh nest of fortresses on the Danube—if the Emperor of Austria wants to convert his paper currency, or to re-arm his troops—if a French speculator wants to construct a Suez Canal, to tunnel the Alps, or to make a railway across the steppes of Turkestan from the shores of the Caspian to the foot of the Hindu Koosh—if a German Jew takes it into his head to set up Persia with all the apparatus of civilisation complete at a commission of 5 per cent. to cover the risk—if an English engineer wants to make a railway from Shanghai to Pekin, and from Pekin to Hong Kong, to construct irrigation works in Odessa or Berar—or if a set of London merchants take it into their heads to establish tea plantations on the slopes of the Himalayas, to boil down sheep in Australia, to cultivate the pampas of the River Plate, or to work diamond mines in the highlands of Brazil,—they all go to the Stock Exchange, like Mr. Micawber, to do their little bill; knowing that there, and there only, they can raise all the cash that they require; whether it be simply an odd £10,000 to add a fresh wing to a cotton factory in Lancashire, or £10,000,000 to work a revolution or to carry on a war.

All these schemes, however, if they are to be floated in the English

market, must first of all pass under the eye of the Stock Exchange Committee; and perhaps few people beyond the shade of Capel Court have any conception of the power of this committee. It is simply marvellous. Self-constituted, possessing no more legal powers than the committee of a trade union, or the benchers of an inn of court, the Stock Exchange Committee plays the part of a high commercial police, keeping a keen and vigilant eye upon all financial and commercial schemes that are brought out, investigating their *bona fides*, testing their prospectuses, considering the objects and antecedents of their promoters, and exercising generally the powers of a commercial court of justice as far as our own speculations are concerned, and the powers of an international high court of appeal on all general questions of commercial and financial morality. Compared with the power of this Committee of the Stock Exchange, the power of the Council of Ten in the Republic of St. Mark, the power of the Committee of Public Safety, and the powers of the Star Chamber and High Commission Court, were nothing more than the powers of a petty band of inquisitors, administering a rough and lawless justice by the aid of the stiletto and the thumbscrew.

I have the rules and regulations of this committee before me. They are very brief and very simple. But with all their simplicity and brevity, these rules and regulations form the most effective code of commercial and international morality that you can find in Europe. The object of each member of the Stock Exchange, taking them individually, is simply to do all the business that he can get. Yet you have only to run your eye through this code of rules to find the Committee of the Stock Exchange, systematically and upon principle, postponing their own personal interests, sacrificing brokerages and "turns," to what they believe to be the general interest, protecting the public against frauds which the public cannot protect themselves against, and administering, with rare impartiality and vigour, a code of laws that strikes at the very root of commercial and financial fraud, and strikes at it more directly and more effectively than any Act of Parliament can possibly do.

The necessity for rules and regulations of this kind will easily be understood by any one who runs his eye through the *Times'* City article, and reflects for a moment upon the nature and extent of the business that is carried on in Capel Court. Even within these rules and regulations there is scope and verge enough for every form of speculation consistent with anything like the principles of honesty, and for some forms of speculation bordering very closely on chicanery; and I need not say that there is plenty of

of both descriptions carried on under the wings of the Stock Exchange Committee. The Stock Exchange is the great gambling-house of the Empire, of all the capitalists and speculators of Europe, and of many of those of America; it is the chief market for investments all the world over, and the amount of money in stocks and bonds that is turned over by the brokers of this dark and dingy court upon a good settling-day is larger than the whole of that which is yearly turned over in all the rest of the Exchanges of Europe and America. The City articles of the newspapers give no idea of the amount of business done; but now and then, in times of excitement, we get a glimpse of the working of the machinery by which the business of the Stock Exchange is carried on; and, reflecting on the mass of capital in the form of securities that is floating about,—not only in our own markets, but in the markets of Paris, Frankfort, Vienna, and Amsterdam,—seeing how all these markets act and re-act on each other—we may, by the exercise of a little imagination, form some sort of conception of the extent of the business that is carried on. The electric telegraph has brought all these markets within speaking distance; and a note of war or peace sounded yesterday at Constantinople or Washington, at Paris or Berlin, St. Petersburg or Vienna, sets all the Exchanges next morning in a flutter. Take the recent panic on the Bourse of Vienna. It came upon us like a bolt from the blue. A few days before the storm burst all was still. There was not a single breeze to ruffle the waters. Prices were high, and these prices had been run up principally by speculation. But every one believed the securities which he held to be as safe as the Bank. Every one was apparently rich and flourishing. A suspicion—a whisper—a little pressure—and all this was changed. The system of credit upon which all this prosperity was built collapsed in an hour like a pricked balloon. Banks put up their shutters by the dozen—the market was flooded with securities. Prices fell. Vienna was panic-stricken. People lost their heads. Business was brought to a stand-still. This was on a Friday. The feeling of insecurity spread to Frankfort, Berlin, Hamburg, and Paris; and from those markets on Saturday morning came heavy orders to the brokers of London to sell all descriptions of foreign stock. The prices of these stocks of course at once fell, in many cases two or three per cent.—fell so much that even the price of the Three per Cents. was brought down at a bound a quarter per cent. upon a capital of, say, five hundred millions! Now, when we recollect that these stocks represent the funded debt of all the Governments of Europe, from British Consols to Greek Coupons, Turkish Consolidés, and Spanish Passives, and

that a fall in the value of these stocks brings down with a run the price of 700 or 800 inferior forms of stock—bank, railway, and mining shares, for example—it will be well understood that it is not very easy to set down in plain black and white a precise and arithmetical account of the commercial portent known as "a panic on the Stock Exchange." English railway stocks alone represent a capital sum of four hundred millions sterling, half the amount of the National Debt. The panic of 1866 and 1867 reduced the value of these stocks to the tune of seventy-five millions; and the depreciation in the value of bank shares in the corresponding period was double even this amount, one hundred and fifty millions. It is impossible to estimate with anything like exactness the total amount of all these kinds of security. But taking the amount at a thousand millions sterling, and assuming that in the ordinary way of business only one per cent. of this amount changes hands every day, the amount of the daily business of the Stock Exchange is ten millions; and in times of panic, when the surplus paper of all the Bourses of the Continent is thrown upon our market, and every pulsation of the telegraph brings orders to sell, these ten millions may be trebled, and even quadrupled.

In a general way the transactions of the Stock Exchange may be said to represent, not the real work of the country, but the gambling of capitalists upon that work. The annual savings of the country have been set down by Mr. Gladstone at fifty millions; and the greater part of this sum, the spare cash of the country, finds its way through the banks and the bank brokers to the Stock Exchange for investment. Then, too, in addition to this, there is the surplus of what I may call the floating capital of the country, in contradistinction to its fixed capital, money, that is, intended for the purposes of trade and commerce, but temporarily out of employment, and existing generally in the form of balances at the banks: this money ordinarily finds its way into the Stock Exchange for investment. When trade is slack every avenue of the Stock Exchange is gorged with this spare cash, the rate of interest is low, and the price of sound and good-paying securities is high. If, on the other hand, trade is active, this surplus cash is taken up in the form of commercial discounts, and if concurrently with this demand for discount there is a demand, by credit and international banks, for investment in foreign works, say in India, China, Australia, or America, or by European Governments, there must be what, in the language of the City, is called "tightness" in the money market; and "tightness," I need hardly add, means a high rate of interest. The rate of interest is the barometer

of the money market and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] the price of the Funds the more [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] the value of credit and [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] prepared to [illegible] the great enterprises [illegible]
[illegible] to the Stock Exchange [illegible] [illegible]
the money markets of the Continent. The [illegible]
[illegible] the regulator of the price of all [illegible]
part of the world, and the City article in the [illegible]
of the paper that a man of business turns to [illegible]
and the egg in the morning.

The distinction I have drawn between the regular business of the Stock Exchange and the gambling part of it [illegible] the line of division which it is necessary to draw between the world of Capel Court. The regular business is carried on by the brokers. The gambling is for the most part carried on by the jobbers. Not wholly, of course, for if there were no gamblers in the Stock Exchange but the jobbers themselves the business of gambling would soon come to an end. But there are many gamblers who are *not* there: and any one who wishes to take part in that variety of profit and loss must do his business through a broker. The broker is the intermediary between the public and the jobber. He never dabbles in stocks on his own account. His business is simply to buy and sell on commission. He has an account with most of the jobbers, and when he gets a commission to buy a stock all he does is to walk into Capel Court, find a dealer with the stock he wants, and "make a bargain"—that is, settle the price. At the moment the jobber may not have a single share or bond of any kind in his possession. What he does, however, is this: he undertakes to deliver the stock required, and to deliver it at the price fixed by the bargain the next settling day. The transaction between the broker and the jobber is thus settled by the exchange of a couple of cheques or an entry in a book. The real purchaser, or seller, makes no appearance on the scene. The broker is his representative, and the broker stands in relation to the jobber pretty much in the position of an attorney to a barrister. He is simply an adviser and a go-between paid by a trifling commission, varying from an eighth per cent. on Consols to a fourth on inferior descriptions of stock. The broker, need not say, is a great convenience on the Stock Exchange. The is obvious. He facilitates the transaction of business. Dealing with an intermediary whom he knows, the jobber is able to devote his whole mind to his own peculiar line of business without troubling himself with petty trifles of credit or commission which the bro

must take into consideration. It may also, I think, be said that the broker is a protection to the public against the frauds and machinations that might otherwise be practised by experts on the Stock Exchange. The position of the stock-jobber differs a little, and but a little, from that of the broker. His true description is a privileged gambler. He is a man who, by the payment of a trifling fee to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City, is permitted to act as his own broker, and, possessing this privilege—a very valuable one—he buys and sells stock on his own account, looking for his profit, not to fees levied upon buyers and sellers in the form of brokerages, but from the variations of the market value of the stock he deals in. The jobber is the life and soul of the Stock Exchange. He is the author of most of the excitement that generally develops in the newspapers into "a monetary panic;" and it is to his manœuvres and to his speculations that investors owe for the most part those violent fluctuations in the value of stock which one day sends them into Mahomet's seventh heaven, and the next varies their sensations by a fit of blue devils. It is his business to job in shares, and he plays a useful part in testing the value of stock. In order that he may carry on his business, such as it is, with anything like success, it is necessary that a stock-jobber should be keen, adroit, and bold. He ought not to possess a spark either of passion or sentiment. Contemplating the revolutions of States, and the rise and fall of rival statesmen, it is his business to look only at two points—"Will this or that Government or statesman pay the interest on their bonds, and keep up the credit of the State?" and those two points represent the Alpha and Omega of all political discussions on the Stock Exchange. All considerations beyond these points are superfluous. All information bearing upon either of them is in the highest degree valuable. It was in search of information upon points of this kind that Mr. Disraeli, in "Coningsby," sent Sidonia, the *beau idéal* of a thoroughly educated City banker, to all the Courts of Europe, to Sennaar and Abyssinia, to Tartary, Hindostan, and the isles of the Indian Sea, to Valparaiso, the Brazils and Lima, Mexico, and the United States, in quest of the information that made him "lord and master of the money market of the world, and, of course, virtually lord and master of everything else." The stock-jobber who wishes to be prepared for anything that may turn up, to know the true meaning and value of every telegram that is published in the morning's *Times*, ought, like Sidonia, to know every ruler and his policy, from the Shah of Persia and the Mikado of Japan to the Presidents of the United States and of Honduras; and to know, if possible, not only the ruler, but his

Ministers, and possible Ministers, and their ideas of policy. He ought, like Fouché, to have his spies and correspondents everywhere. Had Talleyrand turned his thoughts to the business of financial speculation, he might have founded a house of business wealthier and more powerful than even the house of Rothschild. That remark of his about the Austrian Ambassador—"What can possibly have induced my dear brother of Austria to go to bed with the scarlet fever at a crisis like this?" hits off the cool, sceptical, and scrutinising temper of the Stock Exchange speculator to a T. He sets down nothing to accident. He looks for the cause of everything, and, like Talleyrand, passes a sleepless night in speculating upon the mystery of an Ambassador taking to his bed with a fever.

It is impossible, of course, for every stock-jobber and broker to be the equal of Talleyrand in keenness or of Sidonia in information; and very few, if any, attempt, like Baron Rothschild, to speculate in every kind of stock. Here, as everywhere else, there is a division and a sub-division of labour. One broker takes French Rentes, or Mexican Bonds, or Greek Coupons. Another takes American Bonds, or Spanish Passives, or Turkish Consolidés. Confining his attention thus to one or two countries, noting every political incident that occurs there, and every incident in the general politics of Europe bearing on its policy, and therefore on the value of its stock, the jobber is able, with a clear head and shrewd intelligence, to time his purchases and sales so as to find himself at the end of the year with a handsome balance in the form of profit upon his capital. Stock-jobbers, like other people, do occasionally come to grief, for none of us are exempt from blunders, and even stock-jobbers may now and then find it impossible to square up a Bear account on settling day. But this is a very rare occurrence, and a stock-jobber who understands his business, and does not attempt to play too deep, generally finds himself, like the professional whist-player, with a good balance at his banker's at the end of the year, even though he may now and then have lost heavily by honours. It is the points that tell; and in making points skill more than balances luck. To the outsider, to the man who, like Sam Weller, looks upon Consols as things that run up and down in the City, perhaps nothing is more mysterious than the fluctuations in the price of stock. "Consols left off yesterday at 92⅛, opened this morning at 92⅛, and subsequently touched 92⅜. The final price was 92¼." You may read these sentences, with perhaps a slight variation now and then in the [illegible] of the fractions, in the City article of the *Times* nearly every week. I take them as they stand in the first paper that

lies on my table. To nine people out of ten these sentences are simply a conundrum—a mystery to be solved, if at all, by the rule of three. Yet to men of business these mysterious figures and their fractions are fraught with the highest interest. To them the price of the Three per Cents. is the final test of the value of money in the central money market of Europe. It marks the rate of interest—the rate of interest upon the highest form of security to be found for investment in the Stock Exchange, and the fluctuations upon this price, illustrating as they do every variation in the rate of interest, or the loanable value of money, are telegraphed to all the centres of trade and commerce in the world. Permanently the price of Consols, like that of every other variety of stock, is governed by the credit of the State; but their price from day to day is ruled by the Bank rate of discount. The price follows that as a shadow follows the sun, although there are scores of trifles happening from hour to hour to alter the quotations; and only those who keep their eyes closely upon the money market can form anything like an adequate conception of the trifles that affect the price of stock, even of Consols. The hero in "Vivian Grey," crossed in love, or out of sorts for some cause or other, occasions a depression in the Funds fatal to half the banking houses in Europe. That of course is caricature; but there is a grain of truth at the bottom of it, nevertheless; and even this bit of caricature expresses broadly and generally the nature of the causes which from day to day govern the price of stock.

The general impression of the Stock Exchange is that it is the native region of calm sense and keen critical intelligence. This is all a delusion. The Stock Exchange is the most sensitive and least critical quarter within the Three Kingdoms. It is open to every rumour—even the wildest. It is influenced by every trifle: a whisper puts it in a panic. I have known a slip of the pen on the part of a *Times'* reporter keep the price of Consols firm all day, and its correction the next morning by the Chancellor of the Exchequer lower the quotations an eighth. And the facilities which the telegraph has established for prompt intercommunication upon politics and business has made the Stock Exchange ten times more sensitive than ever it was. The Bourses act and re-act on each other. What affects one affects all. They are all within the influence of a single electric current. A panic in the Gold-room of New York is reflected the next day by a panic at Frankfort; and the price of American bonds is within a fraction at San Francisco, New York, and Hamburg. A fall in the value of French Rentes at Paris lowers the price of European stocks all round; and if the fall be severe, as it often is, and if it be occasioned,

as it generally is, by a rumour of war, originating no one knows how —in a hazy suspicion, in the suggestion of a newspaper editor, or in the haphazard interpretation of a few words of mystery or bravado from some powerful ruler—a fall in French Rentes may end in a series of Stock Exchange panics, in the ruin of hundreds of nervous people, flustered out of their wits by a diplomatic straw, and in the enrichment of a few Bears by perhaps a million of money. It is in moments of excitement and panic like these that the men of information, the Sidonias of the Exchange, make their fortune; for they alone are in a position to estimate the value of the rumour, and to discount the fact when the rumour has grown into a fact. At no time was this information more valuable than it is at present; for with all our forms of government the destinies of Europe are to-day as much in the hands of half a dozen men as they were in those days of autocrats and anarchy when three or four Sovereigns and their secretaries met together in a German village, and by a stroke of the pen abolished, *ipso facto*, all the free constitutions of Europe. Politics, especially the high politics of war and peace, are the imperial influences that govern the Stock Exchange; and the man who knows the secrets of Cabinets—who knows when a State has a good round sum in its exchequer, and when it is renewing its bills—can interpret by the help of a hint the diplomatic hieroglyphics which are every day put into circulation under the form of "Reuter's telegrams," may manipulate the markets to the tune of 100,000*l.* a year, if he have the capital or the credit to launch into speculation, and the skill of a Rothschild to take the market at its turn and to wait.

The customary hours of business on 'Change are from 11 to 2 or 3, and the prices which are published day by day in the newspapers are the prices which were quoted during that time—the official prices, although a large amount of business is sometimes done "after hours;" but even during the three or four hours of chit-chat and speculation which constitute the official hours, five, ten, or even fifteen millions of property may pass through the hands of the two or three hundred gentlemen in frock coats and white hats who represent the plutocracy of London, and, as its representatives, give the cue to all the money markets of Europe. To say nothing at all of our own funds, representing in themselves many millions of capital, the official list of the Stock Exchange comprises the funded debts of not only every Power in Europe, but, with the exception of Persia, of China, and, till to-day, of Japan, the debts of every Government to be found upon the face of the globe three degrees out of the picturesque civilisation of

and over and above these Government stocks,

the scrip of all our own railway, banking, mining, and telegraph companies, mounting up probably in value to a higher figure even than the amount of the largest debts in Europe, those of Great Britain and France. Taking the amount of these stocks at a thousand millions, and assuming that one per cent. of the paper changes hands every day, the average business of the Stock Exchange would be £10,000,000; and in times of excitement, when a whisper may put the Bourses of Paris and Frankfort in a panic, when every fresh paragraph in an official or semi-official newspaper brings orders to buy or sell this or that, stocks may pass from hand to hand to the tune of fifty millions in three or four hours. Of course as a rule, and especially in times like these, the business does not mount up to perhaps more than five or six millions. But even now a settlement which represents less than £20,000,000 is thought poor, and the Clearing House returns often run up to £25,000,000 and £30,000,000. These Clearing House returns are the gauge of business on 'Change; and by keeping your eye upon these, and comparing them with the returns of previous periods, you may test the state of the market and the course of business at a glance. If we take the annual total of these Clearing House returns at £500,000,000, we shall, I believe, be within the mark; and the brokerages and turns upon this business represent the aggregate income of the Stock Exchange.

Of course a large proportion of this business is confined strictly to the four walls of "the House," and represents nothing more than speculative dealing; but the transactions of the brokers—the business, that is, which is done upon orders from investors—is often as much as £500,000 a day, and of course when speculation is active it may be very much more. It is not at all unusual for the Government Broker to purchase stock for a long period at the rate of £20,000 a day; and when the estates of millionaires like the Crawshays and the Brasseys are in course of partition, a million's worth of stock may pass through the hands of a single broker in a day, a scrawl on a strip of paper changing its proprietorship as completely as the tedious and costly process which the conveyancers have invented in the course of 500 years to transfer an estate in land. The commission upon these transactions varies from $\frac{1}{8}$ per cent., or 2s. 6d. in the pound, upon Consols, to $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on miscellaneous stock; and the transfer of the £800,000 which Mr. Crawshay held in the Three per Cents. put £1,000 at a stroke into the hands of the broker by whom it was carried out, with very little more trouble than would have been involved in the transfer of £800. A stock-jobber may, and often

does, make twice and thrice this amount upon a transaction. But in the case of a jobber this profit represents insurance against risk as well as remuneration for his skill, whereas in the case of the broker it is payment for work that involves no risk, very little trouble, perhaps nothing more than a scrawl and a ticket, and an entry in a pocket book. All that the broker, with a commission to lay out £10,000, say, in Consols, or to invest £100,000 in Indian Railways, has to do is to walk into Capel Court, find out the jobber who deals in these stocks, and make a bargain. The transaction is but the work of three minutes and an entry of a couple of lines in a note-book. The delivery of the scrip itself generally stands over till settling day, perhaps ten days or a fortnight hence; and it is quite possible that the jobber who sells the stock may not at the moment possess a single bond in his pigeon-holes. Perhaps if the stock is plentiful in the market he may have a handful of scrip in hand. But it is a mere chance; and as a rule it may be taken that the jobber does not possess the stock which he deals in. All he does is to undertake to find it for you by hook or by crook on settling day, and to sell it to you then at the price of to-day. He looks for his profit from the turns of the market, that is, from the variations in the daily price of stocks which the newspapers note in their City articles with such particularity about the fractions; and if he has sold to you at, say, 92½ he must manipulate the market so as to buy at 90 or at any intermediate sum; or, if he cannot do this before the day fixed for the settlement, he must purchase or borrow the stock at any price at which it is to be had, if you insist upon its delivery, or pay you a trifle to put off the delivery till the next settling day if you are in no hurry for the stock itself.

This is stockjobbing in its simplest form; but most of the business that is carried on upon 'Change is pure speculation. It is a game partly of chance and partly of skill between the Bulls and the Bears, with the public standing by to pay the scot when the game is up. The function of the Bull is by far the pleasantest, and is often the most profitable. It is simply to run up the price of stock to the highest possible amount, and to appropriate as much of the price as he can for his pains. In popular estimation the Bull is an appreciator of values, and it is very seldom that one hears even a whisper against his operations for a rise. All the odium of the Stock Exchange falls upon the head of the Bear. It is the business of the Bear to run down stock, to depreciate values; and the popular imagination ks of the Bear as he was sketched in 1762 by the author of Man his Own Broker," as a creature with meagre, haggard

looks and avaricious fierceness in his countenance, continually on the watch, seizing on all who enter the alley, and by his terrific weapons of groundless fears and false rumour, frightening all around him out of the property he wants to buy—as much a monster in nature as his brother brute in the woods. What the Bear was in 1762 he is in 1873—"a person," as Mr. Mortimer put it, "who has agreed to sell any quantity of the public funds, more than he is possessed of, and often without being possessed of any at all, which, nevertheless, he is obliged to deliver against a certain time. Before this time arrives he is continually going up and down, seeking whose property he can devour. You will find him in a continual hurry, always with alarm, surprise, and eagerness painted on his countenance; greedily swallowing the last report of bad news; rejoicing in mischief or any misfortune that may bring about the wished-for change of fall in the stocks, that he may buy in low and so settle his accounts to advantage." A year or two ago all England was in arms against the Bears, and all the failures, or nearly all the failures of Black Friday were traced to these wreckers, as it was then the fashion to call them. The *Times* denounced them. Investors anathematised them. The House of Commons talked of making their tactics a penal offence. And, of course, the Bears do play frightful havoc in the market. But there are Bears and Bears, and Bears acting honestly within the limits of their function may and do play a useful part in the City. Their true function is to counteract the freaks of the Bulls, to test every prospectus to the bottom, to prove all things, to find out the true value of stock, and to keep the quotations of the market fluctuating as nearly as possible about that amount. Of course now and then the Bear, like the Bull, overdoes his part, plays pranks with stock that would bring him into the hands of the police in no time if they were played in the street with people's pocket-handkerchiefs or watch chains, starting all sorts of *canards*, attacking the credit of railways, banks, and companies in a way that would bring a newspaper into Court in no time, if any newspaper were to print what the Bear is whispering about. But where the business of a railway or the credit of a bank is, as it ought to be, above suspicion, the Bear in the long run ruins no one but himself; and, perhaps, in the case of a house like Overend and Gurney, or in the case of a bank like the Agra, the sooner its credit is blown upon the better, when it is doing business which must in the end bring its proprietors to grief. A concern that is strong enough to stand against the Bears is all the stronger after its shares have been beared, and, where it is not, perhaps the sooner it is broken up by the Bears the better.

The ordinary business of the jobber is a very different thing to this. It is to anticipate the market, to find out how things are going, where stocks are likely to come down, to find out what the public will wish to sell before long, and to sell that stock in anticipation of its present holders. To know, for instance, that a country like Egypt, Turkey, or Portugal is reduced to the necessity of raising money or renewing bills ought to be, and probably is, worth £10,000 to a Bear, for there is the indication of another loan before long, and another loan weakens the credit of the State, and lowers the price of its stock, and a Bear in possession of a fact of this kind sets to work at once to speculate for a fall—that is, to sell Egyptian, Turkish, or Portuguese stock at a price 1 or 2 per cent. below the quotation of the market, trusting to the public rushing into the market when the fact is known, and offering its stock at a still lower price. This is the meaning of a Bear account, and it is practised upon every stock in turn, even upon the Three per Cents. It is generally the easiest thing in the world to flutter the Volscians into throwing their scrip upon the market, and this tendency of the public to take alarm at trifles and to sell pell-mell is the *datum* of the Bear's calculations. All that he has to do, as a rule, is to sell and to win. But now and then the fuse hangs fire. There is a slight fizz, a smell of damp powder, and that is all. The plot fails. The biter gets bitten, and when the settlement comes round the Bear has none of the stock he has been selling to deliver. The stock may even be higher in price than it was when he opened his account. His raid ends in a loss. But even in that case the Bear need not at once throw up the cards. He may, perhaps, borrow the stock and pay for its use—and this is often done. Or he may continue the speculation till the next settlement by the payment of what is called a "backwardation," and take his chance of picking up the stock from weak holders in the meantime. This, too, is often done, and may end, as it ended a year or two ago in the case of the Caledonian Railway stock, in a grand *coup* for the Bear. This prolongation of a speculation is peculiar to the Stock Exchange, and the method is expressed by these two words of Stock Exchange coinage—"contango" and "backwardation." The rates for "contango" and "backwardation" depend chiefly on the state of the account, as disclosed on the "making-up day;" that is, two days before the "account day," when the brokers and jobbers or dealers arrange the transactions of the previous fortnight. If it should then be found that there is a "Bull account," or more purchases than sales requiring to be "continued," the rates for "contango" are high, but if the purchases prove to be real instead of

speculative, and the stock is paid for and withdrawn from the market, the demand for "contango" is small, and the rates low. On the other hand, if the speculative sales for the fall are found, on "making up," to exceed the speculative purchases for the rise, it is designated a "Bear account," and the rates for "continuation" are low, or it may even be that the rates of "backwardation" are high; but real sales increase the supply of stock in the market, and tend to diminish rates of "backwardation." This is a fair specimen of the slang of the Stock Exchange; it is an uncouth dialect. Egyptian Bonds are "Mummies." Turkish Six per Cents. are "Muttons," because the loan was issued on the security of the sheep tax. American Five-Twenty Bonds are "Greens." Bank new Shares are "Babies." North Staffordshire Railway Shares are "Potts," because the line runs through the Potteries. And this is the way in which most of these abbreviations are coined. The shares of the South-Eastern Railway are "Dovers." The shares of the Great Northern are "Yorks." Those of the Lancashire and Yorkshire, of the North Eastern, and of the London and North Western, are "Leeds," "Berwicks," and "Brums;" and, upon the same principle, British-Indian Extension Telegraph Shares are "Singapores." Hardly any stock passes on 'Change by its own name. Almost every stock has its nickname, English and Australian Copper Shares, for instance, passing as "Smelts," and Newfoundland Telegraph Shares as "Dogs." It is all in this style; and the technical description of the business of the Stock Exchange, if published in the *Times* of to-morrow, would put Paterfamilias in a fever. Almost the only Stock Exchange phrase that appears in the *Times* now is "for account," although now and then we may hear a whisper about Bulls and Bears and the "backwardations" or "contangos" that they have to pay to keep their accounts still open. But it is only one glimpse of the day's business. A large amount of business is done every day for the "coming out," that is, for the special settlement which the Stock Exchange Committee fixes after the issue of the scrip of a new company. The mystery of "giving for the put," or "call," or "giving for the put and call," it is not so easy to explain in a sentence. It is a species of option dealing, and is a special business by itself. It is the chicken-hazard of Stock Exchange gambling. Generally it may be said that the public gives for the put, that is to say, pays the jobber a premium to deliver to him, say ten days' hence, £1,000 worth of stock in a specified company, and that the jobber takes "for the put," or, in plain English, agrees to take stock. This is one of the most interesting strokes of business on the Stock Exchange; but

must know well what you are about before you enter upon it, must be able to look ahead, to see how the world is going, what the course of the market is likely to be, and you ought to be able to see how the public is likely to act in the investment of its spare cash in every contingency that may arise in the course of the "option" that you are dealing in.

Yet with all this regular business—with all this apparently haphazard speculation—with all this mysterious buying and selling at "eighths," "sixteenths," "thirty-seconds," and "fiddles," you never by any chance come across a sovereign or even a bank-note on the Stock Exchange. It is all carried on by means of bits of paper, by orders, by entries in note-books and ledgers; and the account is finally adjusted by means of a crossed cheque which is passed through the Clearing House. All that you see on the Stock Exchange four days out of five are groups of men lounging about with their hands under their coat tails, with their hats often at the back of their heads, or with a flower in their button-holes, discussing the politics of the day, the prospects of war or of peace, the rates of exchange, the state of the Bank balances, the prospects of the harvest, and the value of money; and all that you hear of the business that is being done in this fashion is a shout from the beadle occasionally for a broker with Mummies or Potts. It is as quiet as Tattersall's. It is a trifle more talkative perhaps, and it can be noisy. But there is nothing theatrical about it even when every moment has its whisper, and every whisper is big with the fate of a bank like Overend and Gurney's or Masterman's, when a strip of yellow paper with a few ciphers upon it, passed secretly from hand to hand, may announce a war or proclaim a peace. It can and does sometimes work itself up into a panic—say once or twice in seven years. But even then the English Stock Exchange is, in comparison with the Gold-room at New York or the Bourse at Paris, like the lobby of the House of Commons in contrast with the gallery of Drury Lane Theatre on Boxing-night. On the Paris Bourse, when there is anything like a storm in the air, you may meet men and women of all ranks, from countesses to ballet-girls, from senators to cab-drivers, elbowing each other to get to their brokers, and shouting at the top of their voices to the brokers to sell or to buy this or that stock; and though the Gold-room at New York is a little more select, it is hardly less passionate and demonstrative than the Paris Bourse, especially when millionaires are manipulating the shares of the Erie Railway, or politicians in the White House at Washington are talking commercial treason about Five-Twenty bonds. [illegible] like tumult or passion or enthusiasm is as religiously shunned

in Capel Court as it is round the gambling tables of a German Kursaal; and with the exception of a spurt now and then among the Bulls and Bears, you will see nothing more in the Stock Exchange, where hundreds of thousands are changing hands every ten minutes, than you will see in the Cloth Hall of Leeds or on the Liverpool flags. Now and then you may hear a call for Egyptian Bonds or Russian Railways or Peruvian Bonds, Midlands or Metropolitans; but this is only when speculation for a rise or fall runs high and stocks are scarce, and, as a rule, the business of the Stock Exchange is carried on as quietly as the business of a provincial corn market. The topics of the day are discussed here as they are there, and perhaps nowhere are they canvassed with more keenness and point, or with a more vivid appreciation of the real value and meaning of facts; but men with special intelligence do not talk about it—they use it in the purchase or sale of stock, and use it as if they knew no more of the current of events than you know yourself. Two men meet, chat for a moment or two, crack a joke, laugh, make an entry in their books, exchange a strip of paper, and part; and it is not till the next day that you find out what it was all about—that one of these men was in possession of a secret which was worth perhaps £100,000 to him, and that he used this secret to clear the market of stock which he can now sell at his own price, or in selling the stock of other people at a handsome price which he can now pick up for an old song. Acting alone, acting in secret, acting from calculation, and acting against people who in the mass may be said to act merely from impulse, buying or selling upon the strength of the day's rumour or the caprice of the hour, the jobber who has his wits about him can hardly help finding himself at the end of the year with a handsome balance in his bank-book. Of course,

> The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft a-gley;

and the jobber may now and then find himself on the wrong side of the hedge. But the chances are ten thousand to one in his favour; and it must be very strange indeed if in this game of "pull devil, pull baker"—where the mass of investors are acting upon nothing but a haphazard reckoning of profit or loss, with no basis for their calculations but their own hopes or fears, a newspaper article, a speech in the House of Commons, or a prospectus, and where the Bull and the Bear, working upon different lines of attack, are acting nevertheless upon profound calculation, and perhaps upon secret information—the public do not go to the wall. These Bulls and Bears often do a

great deal of mischief, playing Old Harry with the investments of quiet people, to-day perhaps inflating stock far above its value, and to-morrow depreciating it far below its natural value: but they are both necessary on the Stock Exchange; and in these days of speculative finance, of international banks, and of co-operative associations for working the mines of Ophir, for planting tea plantations on the slopes of the Himalayas, for cultivating the pampas of the River Plate, for intersecting China with railways, and for working out every chimera that the wit of man can suggest and that capital and skill can accomplish, it is impossible to deny that these men do a great deal more of good than of evil in testing the *bona fides* and the prospects of success of the schemes that are every day floated in the market through the agency of the Stock Exchange.

CHARLES PEBODY.

THE THOMAS WALKERS:

THE POPULAR BOROUGHREEVE AND THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORIGINAL."

TWO BIOGRAPHIES DRAWN FROM UNPUBLISHED FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE AND DOCUMENTS.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER VI.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH WEDGEWOOD.

IT was in 1785 that Mr. Pitt submitted to Parliament an outline of his unfortunate plan "for finally adjusting commercial intercourse between the two kingdoms; admitting Ireland to an irrevocable participation in the commercial advantages of England; and securing, in return, a permanent aid from that country, to protecting the commercial interests of the empire." On the 12th of May the Premier, in an exhaustive speech, introduced his scheme, in the form of twenty resolutions, to the House of Commons. He was opposed by Fox and Sheridan, representing English manufacturers, who had declared the measure fatal to English interests.* The light in which Josiah Wedgewood looked upon Pitt's measure may be inferred from the following note to Mr. Walker, written while the Bill, after having passed the Commons, was under consideration in the House of Lords:—

"Mr. Wedgewood presents his best compliments to Mr. Walker and the triumphant corps—congratulates them on the many hours and days of festivity they have spent with their friends, and is sorry to disturb it one moment about business—but must just observe that nothing but petitions can save us, and the tone of petitioning now is for *union*, expressing the affection we feel for our sister,—that we wish to do everything to promote her welfare, etc., etc.; but are fully

* Grattan described the measure in the Irish House of Commons as: "A covenant not to trade beyond the Cape of Good Hope and the Straits of Magellan; a covenant not to take foreign [illegible] produce, nor American produce, but as Great Britain shall permit; [illegible] to protect their own manufactures, ever to guard the *primum*

persuaded that the present resolutions, instead of promoting that harmony and mutual goodwill which we wish for, would tend rather to sow discord between the two nations, and that nothing short of union in commerce, policy, and legislation can answer the desired end.

"Great George Street,
"May 23, 1785."

The next question on which the two enterprising manufacturers corresponded was Chambers of Commerce, the value of which was clear to both. Mr. Wedgewood writes :—

"Dear Sir,—I was much disappointed by the fall from my horse, having promised myself much pleasure from our intended interview at Buxton, otherwise I rec[d] no harm at all, and am much oblig'd by your kind enquiries. I hope you are now in perfect good health and spirits, and the full enjoyment of your friends in Manchester, and shall be happy to hear that you are so, when you have a moment to spare to tell so.

"I have just now been with Mr. Daintry of Leek. He is fully sensible of the necessity of the General Chamber in London being supported, and engages to form a provincial chamber, if possible, in Leek and Macclesfield, but they will wait the event of your meeting in Manchester, and which I now expect to hear a good account of every day.

"You would easily perceive why I wished a short history of the General Chamber to be given at your meeting, and of consequence to appeal in the public papers. Such a history is very much wanted to set people right upon that subject. I know it would do a great deal of good, and am therefore anxious for your introducing such a thing in some way or other.

"You have no doubt heard of the prohibition of our manufactures in the Venetian States; what will they leave us soon? I beg my respectfull compts. to Mrs. Walker, and your good brother, and all our friends, and am,

"Dear Sir,
"Most sincerely yours,
"Jos. Wedgewood.

"Etruria, 17 Nov., 1785."

The correspondence between Thomas Walker and Josiah Wedgewood, as indeed between the Manchester merchant and many other English merchants, betrays the unsettled state of the commercial

mind in those days; and how manufacturers lived in perpetual fear of rivalry. Wedgewood hastens to forward the following scrap of intelligence:—

"Etruria, Jan. 7, 1786.

"Dear Sir,—I wrote a line to you yesterday, and trouble you with another to-day, just to convey to you the following piece of information which I have since received. It may be of no moment to you, in which case you will burn the letter, and believe me to be,

"Dear Sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"JOS. WEDGEWOOD.

—"News I have none to tell you, for to say that the French are exerting themselves as much as possible to rival us in manufactures is no news to you. A Mr. Mills, late of Manchester, now in France, has obtained great privileges from the Government for establishing machines for spinning cotton, which my informant says (and he is no bad judge) are the completest he knows, and have less friction than any he has seen. My countrymen must therefore continue to exert themselves to keep our continental neighbours at a due distance behind us in trade and manufactures, which they now begin to feel are the only means of support that a country has to depend on with certainty."

A few days later he refers to a German edict, and advises that the General Chamber should take action.

"Etruria, Jan. 15, 1786.

"Dear Sir,—I have received your favour of the 12th (written at the suggestion of Mr. Fox), enclosing copy of a letter from Messrs. Romberg and Son, respecting a German edict which I think would be a very proper thing for all our manufacturers to be acquainted with, and therefore a suitable thing to come from the General Chamber. If you think so I hope you have sent it, or will send it on receipt of this, to our secretary. To save you trouble, I will send him a copy of the letter, but tell him not to publish it till he hears from you—so you will be so good as to send him a line by the next post.

"The Birmingham resolutions struck me much in the same manner as they did you. Mr. Hustler has written to our secretary to say that the manufacturers of Yorkshire still make use of the stale objection to the Chamber that it is a mere party affair, and that we never applied at all to the Minister or his friends, but only to Mr. Fox and his party, and that if he could contradict these [illegible]ions authoritatively, some-

thing might still be done. You well know they might be contradicted. but by what mode might such an authority be given to that contradiction as would silence the gainsayers? I have a great aversion to putting my name to such things in the public prints, and I daresay you and your brother would have the same feeling; otherwise I could say with great truth, and produce vouchers too for the truth of every syllable, that after being examined before the Committee of Privy Council, I waited upon Mr. Pitt in Downing Street. He was himself engaged, but I had two meetings with his private secretary upon the Irish business; after which your brother, Mr. Sylvester, and myself waited upon Mr. Pitt as a deputation from the General Chamber—that after this I had a meeting by appointment in a committee room of the House of Commons, with Mr. Pitt's confidential friends, Mr. Wilberforce being one of them—that I never once waited upon Mr. Fox, nor ever once exchanged a single word with him upon the subject.

" I must conclude. Mr. Eden tells me he does not leave England before the middle of next month, so I shall wait your further determination about going to town. Adieu.

"Yours sincerely,

"Jos. WEDGEWOOD."

Mr. Wedgewood was anxious, it would appear, to prove that his opposition to Pitt's Irish resolutions, which he had been compelled to withdraw before the determined hostility of the Irish House of Commons and the English manufacturers, was entirely independent of party. The excitement of the time is shown in a hurried letter, signed Denis O'Bryen, dated from Llangollen, August 17, and addressed to Mr. Walker:—

"Dear Sir,—I have tidings for you that will gladden your heart. In my way from Dublin (whither I went last week to see the fate of the propositions) I snatch a moment from the expedition of my journey to let you know that the Empire is rescued from this baneful project of our precious Government. Mr. Orde, fairly beaten out of the field, notified to the House of Commons that the scheme was abandoned—never to be revived again—on Monday night. I congratulate yourself, your fellow citizens, and the two kingdoms upon this signal victory over the most iniquitous attempt ever made upon the tranquility, the happiness, and the property of two nations—and I have the greatest satisfaction in assuring you that the Irish people the Irish Parliament entertain not any ideas hostile to you

manufactures, nor feel the least disposition to alienate their interests or affections from this country. In truth it was the King's Government against the two nations, and not Ireland against England. The whole Irish nation is in a blaze of exultation upon this defeat. You will, I think, rejoice no less in the event.

"Let me recommend among your toasts that you will drink Grattan and the 108 of last Friday. If ever minority was virtuous they were so—for they resisted every art of corruption, influence, and power, and the Minister dared not to fight them a second time. The termination of the business was at one o'clock on Tuesday morning, and I sett off about 4 hours after. I write this at a place called Langollen, in Denbyshire, while the chaise is getting ready, and I shall drop it in Shrewsbury. If it goes directly across the country you will have the intelligence long before it reaches Government. They will not have it before Friday night, for I left their messenger 30 miles behind me. Again and again I congratulate you.

"Yours very truly,

"D. O'BRYEN,

"Of Craven Street.

"Wednesday Evening, 17th August."

At the end of 1786 Wedgewood and Walker and others were in correspondence on the French treaty. Mr. Walker in his letters said that Manchester busied itself with the subject only in its relation to cotton manufactures; and that opinion was almost universally in favour of it as advantageous to the industry of the locality. Mr. Walker himself was not so sanguine—basing his doubts on the comparative cheapness of French labour, and on the duty raised on the export of French cotton, which made it 2d. per pound dearer to the Manchester than to the French manufacturer. He argued that the treaty would give the balance of trade to France—she having both raw material and manufactures to send to England, England having only the latter to return to her.

"Reciprocity," the Manchester manufacturer exclaims, "(Irish, I suppose, with ye advantage all upon one side) is pretended to be ye basis of this Treaty; now I would ask what reciprocity there is in ye Articles which permit a French manufacturer to settle in this country, and thereby afford him an opportunity to inspect, search, pry into, and make himself complete master of [illegible]ing skill, and whether it is counterbalanced by an E[illegible] to make himself equally master of ye productions of a country, which, whe[illegible]

own climate *absolutely* prevents him from *ever* deriving any advantage from his knowledge? Is not this part of ye reciprocity of ye 4th and 5th Articles?

"With respect to what duties there are in France upon their manufactures, or upon the raw materials of their manufactures, I believe—despotick as ye country is—*that Monster ye Excise is unknown there*—neither do I understand that ye French Government imposes any duty upon any raw material which they use in their own manufactures; in most places I am informed they have town duties upon ye admission of all goods, and which are from three to five per cent. upon ye values; ye Duke de Penthièvre, I am informed, has a grant which amounts to about one ½penny per lb. upon all cotton which comes from St. Domingo, but which is equally paid, whether it is consumed in France or exported; whether ye French will look upon it, that they have a right to countervail these duties, is yet to be determined, taking it for granted that my information is correct, but which I am not certain of. I expect in the course of ten or so days some letters from France upon these points; if there is anything worth communicating to you in them, you shall hear from me again.

"Should my suspicions respecting ye cotton manufacture prove groundless, does it appear to you that ye introduction of it, hardware, and earthenware into France, upon ye duties specified in ye Treaty, is in any degree an equivalent for ye admission of wines, vinegars, brandies, oils, and cambricks from France? admitting at ye same time that no injury is done either to our West India Islands, or to the *navigation* of this country; ye balance of the other manufactures stipulated for on each side, I take it, is in favour of France.

"From ye *spirit* of this Treaty, unless it can be made appear that it is as easy for England to grow grapes, &c., as it is highly probable that France will manufacture cottons, &c., we may in my opinion at ye expiration of ye twelve years *drink her wines*, provided we can *find money to pay for them*, but I am much afraid that she will *want few of our manufactures*, and what will then be ye comparative state of ye British and French marine, is, I am much afraid, a matter of still more serious consideration, should this Treaty take effect."

In a postscript Mr. Walker adds:—

"I am this moment informed that ye French have issued an Edict, which prohibits the exportation of cottons; how are we to reconcile that, and ye Edict, which revokes ye priviledge of arrests, with a sincere intention on their part to preserve a good understanding between ye two countries?"

In addressing Mr. Wedgewood on the same subject two days later, Mr. Walker prefaced his opinion with an expression of regret that it differed so widely from that of one whom he so much valued and esteemed, and from whom he had often received so much good counsel and useful instruction.

"From ye Treaty as it stands," he admits, "probably some temporary advantages may be gained in some articles of manufacture, but when ye *general principle* of it is taken into consideration, and it is viewed either in a political or in a commercial light, as far as I understand ye subject, it appears in a very objectionable point of view, and fraught with much evil to ye *general* interests of Great Britain."

These views are identical with those which were expressed by Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, in an exhaustive speech, when the Treaty was under discussion in the House of Lords in the following year. But they did not prevail. The argument of Pitt, that it was ridiculous to imagine the French would consent to yield advantages without any idea of compensation, and that the Treaty, if it benefited France, would benefit England more, carried the day; and a joint address of thanks for an act calculated to promote goodwill between the two countries and to preserve peace, was enthusiastically adopted.

CHAPTER VII.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH FOX.

THE position which Mr. Thomas Walker held in Lancashire and beyond Lancashire in the time of Fox and Sheridan, is shown by the correspondence which these leaders of the Liberal party held with him; by the anxiety with which they courted his advice, by the respect which they paid to his opinions, and by the strong personal regard in which Mr. Fox at any rate held his doughty ally. So far back as January, 1786, we find Mr. Fox asking for advice from the practical men of the north on the Emperor's Arrêt—the "German edict" referred to by Wedgewood in his letter of January 15, 1786 :—

"Dear Sir,—I have not been in London since the news arrived of the Emperor's Arrêt, and consequently have had no opportunity of informing myself of the effect it is likely to have. The circumstance of its being announced by the Chamber of Manufacturers leads me to suppose that it must be considered by them as a matter of importance, while on the other hand the great indifference with which it is, as I hear, rece[illegible] would make one suspect

that they have some ground to suppose it will not be attended with the consequences naturally to be dreaded from it. I am going to London in a day or two to stay, when I shall naturally have opportunities of learning what sentiments are entertained by the principal manufacturers and trades in the south upon this subject; but as I should wish very much to know what is thought of it in the north, and particularly in Lancashire and Yorkshire, I should be much obliged to you if you would favour me with a few lines upon the subject. If the thing be really as mischievous as I suspect and fear, two questions will naturally arise—first, whether proper steps have been taken to prevent it, and next what remedy, if any, can be now applied to the evil. With respect to the first question, it is possible that I may have better means of information than gentlemen in the country, or those who have not been in political situations; but with respect to the next, I should wish very much to know any ideas that may have suggested themselves to persons whose interest in these subjects is nearer, and whose opinions upon them more valuable than those of theorists and politicians.

"I have not yet heard it given out that any steps were taken for the prevention of the measure. Upon the first view it appears to me, as a politician, that the particular situation of things in Europe, especially while the Exchange of Bavaria was in contemplation, gave ample means for prevention; but I would not presume anything upon this till I have made further inquiries, which in London I shall find it easy to do. Permit me to take this occasion of assuring you that I never can forget the very obliging manner in which you expressed yourself to me at Manchester, and that I ever shall be, with true regard, dear sir,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"C. J. Fox.

"St. Anne's Hill, 6 Jan., '86.

"You will be so good as to direct to me in St. James's Street."

The most important communication which Mr. Walker received from Mr. Fox was one bearing date 11th January, 1788:—

"My dear Sir.—It was with great satisfaction indeed that I received, a few days since, your very obliging letter. My sentiments on the African trade are just what you suppose them, and I had some thoughts of having attacked it myself in Parliament if Mr. Wilberforce had not been beforehand with me. There are many reasons why I

he has undertaken it rather than I, and I think, as you do,

I be very useful in preventing him from betraying the

cause, if he should be so inclined, which I own I suspect. Nothing, I think, but such a disposition, or a want of judgment scarcely credible, could induce him to throw cold water upon petitions. It is from them and other demonstrations of the opinion without doors that I look for success; and I am the more happy that the town of Manchester sees the matter in this light, because the cotton manufacturers were one of the classes of men who were expected to think less liberally than they ought upon this subject. I am not at present well informed what are the other branches of manufacture the vent of which is supposed to be encouraged by this infernal traffic, but if the towns and places principally concerned in such branches would follow the noble example of Manchester, it would be of great advantage to the cause, and do great honour to themselves; and I think it will be difficult even for Liverpool, Bristol, etc., to appear openly in support of so invidious a cause as the defence of the trade.

"I shall be very happy to see you next month in town on every account, but particularly to talk over with you the business of the expiration of the East India Company's Monopoly. That event will, I believe, happen in 1791; but I am not sure. I never inquired enough into the subject to know what are the commercial objections to the opening of the trade. I am very sure indeed that of political and constitutional reasons there are abundance for it, and none against it. . . I have still more reasons than I can well mention in a letter for suspecting Wilberforce in the business of the Slave Trade, which I will tell you when I have the pleasure of seeing you, and at any rate it is certain that he will make his conduct on this, as on every occasion, entirely subservient to what he thinks Pitt's interest; but yet, the more I think of it, the more I think it is lucky that he is the leader in the business.

"I am with great truth, dear Sir,

"Yours ever,

"C. J. Fox.

"St. Anne's Hill, 11 Jan., '88."

"I received the game very fresh and good, and return you many thanks for it.

"P.S.—Upon looking over my letter I find I have forgot taking notice of what you say of your intention of making me acquainted with Mr. Cooper. I shall be very happy to be acquainted with a gentleman who has taken so spirited a part in this business, and whose love of liberty seems to be so genuine and sincere."

As chairman of the Manchester Committee for the Abolition of

Slavery, Mr. Walker was in constant communication with the active friends of that holy cause. His purse, his time, and his influence were all enthusiastically given to it. Granville Sharp, Major Cartwright, Clarkson, Lord George Gordon (from Newgate), Lord Loughborough, James Philips, Wilberforce, and others were among his correspondents.

Fox's anticipations as to the subserviency of Wilberforce to Pitt were amply realised in the course of the year. Pitt recommended that a Committee of the Privy Council should be appointed to inquire into the facts and allegations contained in the petitions presented to Parliament, and on the 9th of May took the place of Mr. Wilberforce, who was ill, by moving that the circumstances of the slave trade should be taken into consideration next Session. Both Fox and Burke condemned the delay, and the inquiry given over to the Privy Council, maintaining that it should have taken place before the House of Commons; but Mr. Pitt had his own way. Moreover, Liverpool and Bristol had the audacity to petition against the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage.

An active and friendly correspondence was kept up between the families of Mr. Fox and Mr. Walker to the day of the great statesman's death. Among Mr. Walker's papers is a letter from Mr. Fox to Mr. T. Stanley, in which he points out the conflict and confusion that would arise when the Irish propositions took effect in the glove and stocking trade.

"With respect to the business you mentioned," Mr. Fox writes, "nothing occurs to me but what must of course have occurred to others. In regard to the glove and stocking trade, the great danger seems to arise from smuggling. In the first of these trades it has been thought to be so dangerous that the *onus probandi* is thrown upon the person accused of selling foreign gloves. This Act could hardly have passed if it were not absolutely necessary, and yet all the effect of it will be lost when the Irish propositions shall have taken effect. The seller of gloves will only have to allege that the gloves are Irish, which, after these new laws, may be legally imported! You cannot put upon him to prove they were made in Ireland, and, of course, all the benefit to the glove trade resulting from the Act alluded to will be lost. The stocking trade will be equally liable to fraud. The great security against French stockings is that no foreign stockings are importable into this country, but when the Irish are once ...itted, who shall discern the Irish from the French, and may it ...come the interest of the Irish to be the dépôt for smuggling ...nd all other foreign commodities into Great Britain?"

During the last illness of Mr. Fox, Mr. Walker appears to have been in constant communication with Mrs. Fox. Her letters are full of thanks for inquiries, for fruit, for offers of service, &c. A box of apricots, "a few Lancashire apples and pears," &c., were constantly on their way from Longford to Mr. Fox's residence. In reply Mrs. Fox writes (August 26, 1806) that Mr. Fox is a great deal better; and that on the morrow they were going to Chiswick for a day or two, and then to St. Anne's Hill, where they hope the good air will soon make him quite well. But the end was at hand. Lord Holland wrote (September 11):—"Though I do not wish to raise any hopes of a final recovery, of which there is but a bare possibility, yet I have the satisfaction of saying that Mr. Fox has been for twenty-four hours better than we ever expected to see him, and that he has gained and is gaining strength and ease."

I find a letter from Mr. Walker to Mrs. Fox, dated October 3, 1806, from the Grecian Coffee House:—

"Dear Mrs. Fox,—Had it been in my power to have offered you the least consolation on the death of that great and good man, to know whom was to admire and love him, I should have been among the first to have paid so grateful a tribute to his revered memory. Not only the great affection and respect I bore to Mr. Fox, but the marked civility and attention I experienced on your part the few times I had the honour of seeing you, would have prompted me to discharge this melancholy duty. But judging from my own feelings, I was convinced I should only have added, if possible, to the poignancy of yours. The same consideration would restrain me from now addressing you, did I not flatter myself that after the first acute sensations of affliction, the mere expression of sympathy (for consolation I have none to offer) from one who so dearly loved Mr. Fox, and who feels with pride and pleasure that, in return, he enjoyed some portion of his esteem, may not be wholly unacceptable to you.

"With most fervent and sincere wishes for your health, and all possible happiness, I have the honour to be, with the highest respect and esteem,

"Dear Madam,

"Your very faithful and much obliged servant,

"THOMAS WALKER."

Mrs. Fox replied from St. Anne's Hill on the 8th:—

"*Dear Sir,—I* feel greatly obliged to you for your kind le
The only consolation I can now have is in the soothing attent

[illegible] from the breach if my ever to be esteemed husband enough which I am sure you were highly esteemed. And from reflecting that the Almighty in His infinite goodness gave me strength of body and mind to go through my last sad duty in the way that I was sure would be most necessary to his feelings. Oh, my dear sir, it was indeed a dreadful task but he is now happy, and I feel convinced that we shall meet again in a better and happier world, though at the same time I feel that the remainder of my journey in this must be a very sad pilgrim. I am, I thank God, very well in health, and though the sight of this place was dreadfully distressing at first, I am persuaded I shall be happier here than anywhere else. I beg you to present me to be dear sir, with best wishes for yours and Mrs. Walker's health and happiness, your sincerely obliged

"Elizabeth Fox."

With the death of Fox expired all chance, if not every spark of hope, that the Whigs would show common gratitude to a gallant servant of the good cause, who had spent his fortune as well as the better part of his life in promoting every popular question that had arisen in his time: and who never tired of work for what he conceived to be the public good. In 1804 he writes in profound disappointment to John Cartwright: "For some weeks after I had the pleasure of last writing to you I was, by the continuance of indisposition, unable to leave home. I have since been in Manchester, where I have seen several persons who profess themselves the friends of freedom and of Sir Francis Burdett; but I am very sorry to say it appears to me that neither their love of the former nor their respect for the latter will lead them to make any effort in support of their professions. Apathy and timidity seem, at present, to be the order of the day in a place which some years ago did not confine itself to [illegible]. . . . A wicked and a corrupt Minister is a much more dangerous enemy than any foreign one; but a money-mongering and a besotted people are worse than either."

Ten years later we find the veteran Reformer as elastic and eager as ever. Writing to his son Charles* he goes into the Corn Bill with vigour, after having expressed his delight at a recent chastisement given lately "to that impudent and incorrigible old rogue—George Rose."

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* Charles James Stanley Walker, now in his 85th year, who has throughout his life, both as magistrate, and a public servant in many capacities, enjoyed a high character for his public spirit, and his devotion to the public weal in Lancashire.

"A principal object of the clamour that has been raised against the Corn Bill," he opines, "is to prevent a union between the landed and commercial interests in favour of reform, and against the authors and supporters of the late sanguinary, *expensive*, and unnecessary war; the *origin* of which, at present, seems to be entirely lost sight of by the simple and undiscerning people. We must not go into the Baltic for our loaf; when, if agriculture is only properly encouraged, we may always have it cheaper at home. Our price of labour is regulated *not* by the price of corn, but by the *demand* which there is for it; the wages in the cotton and all other manufactures are sometimes high when corn is cheap, and sometimes low when grain is dear."

It was shortly before the death of Fox that Mr. Walker was encouraged to hope that his broken fortunes (his trial alone in 1794 cost him over £3,000) would be mended somewhat by a Government appointment. In May, 1806, he wrote to Fox claiming his interest (which Fox had cordially promised him) to obtain one of the Commissionerships of Customs for the port of London—a position for which his extensive knowledge and life-long pursuits eminently qualified him. He wrote also to Lord Erskine. The Commissionership of Customs having eluded his grasp, he wrote in July of the same year to Lord Erskine for a vacant Commissionership for auditing the public accounts, adding that Fox was too ill to receive any application on the subject. For the second, and last time—so far as any record remains—he failed.

Yet neither neglect, ingratitude, nor loss of fortune slackened the zeal of this true and earnest man. Nor did the injustice with which his party treated him prevent the chief of it from having recourse to his experience and his sagacity, to the end of his life.

In 1808 he is deeply engaged in a Manchester Waterworks Bill. In June, 1813, he is giving advice to Lord Dundas, and describing the awful condition to which Manchester had been reduced. In 1812 he is subscribing to the fund for the trial of "Mr. Knight and the 36 other friends of Peace and Reform," then in confinement in Lancaster Castle; and obtaining Lord Brougham (through his friend Major Cartwright) to defend them. His friend Richardson, of the Temple, once bantered him on his public spirit and his perpetual sacrifices of self. "Interest is the tutelary Deity that presides over all Places of Trade, and I look upon you as an odd, out of the way Apostate to the true Divinity of Manchester." Apostate to the Manchester Deity he remained to the end; and had it not been for the noble legacy which his affectionate friend and defender, Felix Vaughan, left him, he



A Lawn Meet.

IF not exactly a model lawn meet, the one I am about to attempt to describe was at least somewhat exceptional of its kind, and very characteristic of the "rough and ready" order. Model, indeed, it hardly could have been, for it did not take place in either of the "grass shires;" nor was it even in Devonshire, in praise of which county, remarkable runs over Exmoor and Dartmoor, stag-killing at Watersmeet, and fox-hunting at Ivy Bridge, poets and historians have of late run rampant. It was, in short, in a county beyond the reach of the ordinary sort of modern fox-hunters, and though our master boasted hard riders enough in his field, they were peculiar of their kind, and would have cut but a sorry figure in Leicestershire, or with the York and Ainsty. Yet were they for the most part gentlemen of the right fox-hunting quality, and being well accustomed to the peculiarities of their own county, would be found very hard to beat by the best grass-shire man that ever rode to hounds.

And many of them were peculiarly aristocratic withal, sprigs of nobility cropping up amongst them in unwonted exuberance; and all were sufficiently confident of their own prowess, and inclined to under-estimate the cross-country qualifications of visitors from other and better known hunting localities. This feeling of superiority frequently engendered a wholesome rivalry, which was attended with results always creditable and sometimes disastrous. The strangers would generally come out with fleet-going thoroughbreds, who would cut out the work all well enough while there was plain sailing; but they and their riders as a rule would come to irremediable grief when the "going" was heavy or the fencing plentiful and difficult. The hunt, for the most part, boasted horses with a fair sprinkling of blood enough for the work they had to do, but bred less with regard to fashion than with a view to adaptability to country requirements. Thus it was that in such a special gathering as a lawn meet "the hunt" did not show to the best advantage when opposed in contrast with visitors from distant counties, who put in an appearance more out of respect for the venerable master than from any very sanguine expectation of a good run or of desperate rivalry. These, indeed, I

[illegible] meets are seldom productive of much really [illegible] these fashionable runs have rarely been wi[illegible] the gatherings. Lawn meets, however, must [illegible] with the earth is the master of foxhounds to [illegible] [illegible] another matter; and, what is of far [illegible] in the opinion of all good sportsmen, continue in [illegible] the better sex of the fair sex?

[illegible] party with him at his seat during the prin[illegible] [illegible] of the season, through the family resi[illegible] [illegible] of an aged housekeeper except on such an [illegible] [illegible] lying some miles distant. The [illegible] [illegible] assembled by the surrounding masters [illegible] [illegible] fox-hunt and otter; and many a [illegible] [illegible] the unfortunate and the rector—the latter [illegible] [illegible] preacher—to the miserable little "spaven" —[illegible] horse thereafter without a licence—showed [illegible] [illegible] great event. In fact the necessity of coming [illegible] [illegible] at the lawn meet was regarded among [illegible] [illegible] pretty much as a rack rent farmer would [illegible] [illegible] at the parson's tithe dinner. Not to appear [illegible] [illegible] by the rest as a tacit but most convincing proof [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] worse than that—though that's [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]—as an incontestable evidence of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of vulgicidism, and a horrible sus[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] had adopted the views of Mr. Freeman [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] doctrines of Anthony Trollope, whom [illegible]

[illegible] of this particular lawn meet every old buggy, [illegible] [illegible] whitechapel, and other available [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] borrowed, or hired at the neighbouring [illegible] [illegible] into the service for conveying all classes of the [illegible] [illegible] to the well-known rendezvous for the purpose of seeing the hounds throw off, and of partaking of the master's good things if [illegible] [illegible] alone. What mattered it to them, so long as the "stuff" was in abundance, and the hounds being maintained entirely at the master's individual expense; they could enjoy the fun, feel themselves to their heart's—and stomach's—content, and never fear being called upon for a subscription? The lawn meet was to them the very "Appy 'Ampton" of fox-hunting, and though they were unable to "get a quid on" any event during the day—and this to a great many must have been a sore drawback, for what is sporting without the excitement of betting?—they would have a

day's "outing" free of expense, and find information among the "nobs" to hold conversation and swagger about as if they had been to the manner of fox-hunting born.

But why such an unconscionable number of footers of the horsey and fustian class? Why such a mob of that seedy order of frozen-out stable cad that one sees hanging about Tattersall's on the eve of a great "event"? Not touts any of these gentlemen, surely!

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow

they come out upon the lawn and hang upon the outskirts of the general company, as though by common consent, and by a well-understood arrangement of society, they were disqualified from closer intermingling with any kind of company supposed in the remotest degree to be respectable. Why this thundercloud of "rowdyism," as if the back purlieus of London had sent forth an unpleasant exhalation to infect mankind in far off lands? There must be something in it. Let us endeavour to ascertain what it is all about.

"They tell me Tiny's come down to give the crack a quiet gallop this morning, so we shall be able to take stock of him here all snug. Have you had a look at him yet, Bill?"

"Not I; been loafing about here for a fortnight or more, and never so much as got a peep at him."

"They are keeping it precious dark, and no mistake. Not that I think the old Squire means bonneting in the business; he's too straightgoing a bloke for any black work of that sort. We shall see a gallop all on the square this morning."

"Ah, but who's to tell what weight the colt's to carry? They tell me the old boy never lets the jockey know what's up, and I hear he puts in the lead with his own hand, and nobody gets fly to the real amount of what he's carrying."

"Never mind; we shall see whether the colt can use his legs well anyhow, and I'll wire particulars up to town and put a few of my pals up to the straight tip, for blow me if I don't think this 'ere colt of the Squire's is a clinker, and no mistake about it."

"A clinker he is by all accounts, and he's going into strict training after this morning, I can tell you. Tiny's come down just to show his paces before the Squire's friends, don't you see?"

"Right you are; I'm fly to the whole business. We must wire to Bob Russell to rig the market, or the Commissioner will be beforehand with us. If the old Squire won't bet himself there's plenty here as knows when they've got a good thing to hand, and the stable be on to a man."

And such was the fact. Wherever and by whatsoever means these worthy gentlemen obtained their information, they were not wrong in relying upon it; for before the sausages, ham, and ale had been well consumed by the occupants of the lawn, the redoubtable "crack" appeared upon the scene with "Tiny" Wells in the saddle, and took a smart gallop across the lawn, led by old Frederika—the heroine of many a local race meeting—with a stable boy fired with a noble ambition of one day becoming whipper-in to the hunt "up." "Nobody knew, except them as was in the swim," as the touts before-mentioned might have been overheard to remark, what impost the coming favourite for the Derby was carrying, for Tiny's diminutive body, the weight of which modest portion of frail humanity was calculated among the "fraternity" to the accuracy of an ounce, could not give them anything like a reliable criterion to draw a conclusion from, the saddle flaps being carefully plugged by the venerable master in person. The trial spin of the colt gave great satisfaction, and upon his removal to the training establishment, which has since those days been the unhappy hunting-grounds of hosts of cripples, was forthwith installed in the lofty position of first favourite for the Derby, a dignified position from which it may perhaps be as well to remark he afterwards fell like Lucifer, and never rose again, being, in short, such an utter and incorrigible slug that, upon failing to carry the whip efficiently to the hounds, he was in the end shot, and put piecemeal in the boiler with the turnips and potatoes to aid in making a savoury mess for "the dowgs." Of his famous jockey, "Tiny Wells," it skills not here to speak, for who that has taken the field in any kind of sporting, or has studied his *Bell* with any ordinary degree of devotion, has not witnessed, heard, or read of the exploits of that famous horseman? Alas poor Tiny! who shall tell of thy glorious contests and triumphs in the pigskin? From the days of Fisherman and Mr. Tom Parr, the generous and astute "Squire of Wantage," to those of Sir Joseph Hawley, whom Turf scribes have an odiously vulgar habit of styling "the lucky baronet," and Blue Gown; from his first Leger on Saucebox to his last on Pero Gomez, John Wells has presented a career, if not of unbroken success, at least one of brilliant skill in his profession, and of unwavering fidelity to his employers.

The house party was composed of many of the true members of the hunt, the bone and sinew, so to speak, of the establishment, and there were a few officers of the regiment in garrison at the far-off great seaport of the neighbouring county. My Lord and Lady Fitzwigram and a select circle of satellites, after paying their respects and partaking of a modest refresher in the shape of wine and sand-

wiches, had taken up a position under a tree at the far end of the lawn; and Mr. Marplot, with his blooming and evidently intriguing daughter, had fastened on to the military for reasons which an acute observer would not be at any loss to account for.

For the rest, there were some rough-and-ready performers out that morning, and these, from the host to Mr. Marplot, clearly meant business to some extent, Miss Marplot possibly having some little interest in the result from being conscious of having more than one admirer in the field. The principal performer of the opposition was a Mr. Hope, and, from his frequent mishaps and dexterity in regaining his saddle and position among the first flight this daring equestrian provoked the remark from a wag that "*hope* sprung eternal in the"—saddle. The quotation was not creditable perhaps to the originality of the plagiarist's genius, but it was very telling for all that, and the military and Miss Marplot enjoyed it immensely. Hope was an admitted first-flight man by all who had ever seen him cross a country. But he was not much at a breakneck gallop straight away until he had got up his Dutch courage by the aid of a little "jumping powder," but with such invigoration he would ride like one possessed.

After a magnificent display upon the lawn, during which more than one of the party had exhibited his skill of *manège*—with a view probably of effecting an advantageous deal before the day was over—a grand blare of trumpets, and after the trenchers had been considerably relieved of "all the delicacies of the season" both indoors and out, a move was made for Foxtor Rocks, where a find was a matter of certainty. There was a fine thinning of the crowd then, and the carriage company became very meagre fortunately, but the number of footers was still something awful, although the touts had cut it after the gallop of the Derby favourite. But these fellows were very well pleased, and sufficiently full of beer, with which care had been taken that they should be well supplied. Enjoyment was what everybody was bent upon, but everybody has not the same idea of enjoyment. That was the worst of it. Now, foot gentry are apt to be noisy after a "skin-full of beer," and when out with the hounds. They were outrageously so that morning, and there was no such thing as keeping the beggars within decent bounds. As it was known that Hope would crowd all sail, the master had mounted Captain Grant—let no noble captain of that name suppose that uncomplimentary or any other allusion is meant for him; for with no intention of being either offensive or laudatory, it may be remarked that this Captain Grant was a gentleman of "another kidney"—upon his o

crack hunter, Warleigh, for the honour of the hunt, and the Captain was prepared to do or die.

Captain Grant was well known in the hunt as very hard to beat, being always, as he was, well mounted, and having a reputation for daring to which, however, he was not thoroughly entitled. On this occasion, whatever might have been his shortcomings on others, he was bound to do all that might become a man, for was not Miss Marplot at his elbow, and had not that fascinating damsel singled him out from the crowd as her especial esquire for the day? Ah, Grant, Grant, my boy! now is your time or never. Look well to your stirrup leathers and girths, my friend, for the fox will be on foot in the twinkling of a bed-post, and Warleigh has not been hunted for some seasons without learning the dodges characteristic of a hunter of some experience. But, before reaching the Rocks, the field met with a *contretemps* that well nigh spoiled the sport of the entire day. Some ruffians had made an *ex tempore* drag out of the bedding of the master's tame fox by tying it into a knot and towing it at the end of a rope across the fields and roads between the lawn and Foxtor. The hounds hit the familiar scent upon the bank, and away they went, heads up and sterns down, as if all the fiends that haunted Phlegethon were at their heels. In vain the huntsman objurgated and old Marplot vociferated. Fruitless all the efforts of the whips to cut the leading hounds off the line. Merryboy and Minstrel had got the start of them, and the remainder had scored to their lead in such earnest that it was full twenty minutes before they could be whipped off, and that only by a fluke.

At length Foxtor is reached, and Charley is soon bolted by the terriers, and away well before the wind. The hounds were not of the breed of Theseus, which we learn were—

> Bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
> Crook-kneed, and dewlapped like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
> Each under each.

On the contrary, they were not of a kind to allow a fox to live long in covert, but rather disposed to cause him, like the guests at Lady Macbeth's memorable supper, "to tarry not upon the order of his going, but to go at once." The country was most trying for the horses, being intersected by numerous roads of the worst parochial description, and Mr. Hope had an early opportunity of "springing eternal," for at the very first fence that gentleman's charger contrived

o unship him, saddle and all, by bursting both girths perfectly. The horse had learnt a knack of drawing up his old barrel into the most inconceivably limited space, and of distending it again almost to bursting, like the frog in the fable. Poor Hope had to cut in with the "cocktails" for some time, and rode out the remainder of the run with a single girth, which he procured from an obliging farmer.

The military showed well in front as soon as the more open ground was reached, but Captain Grant on Warleigh was always master of the situation. Miss Marplot kept with him gallantly until her horse, putting his foot into a rabbit hole, rolled over and threw her a harmless cropper. Grant, gnashing his teeth with vexation at being choused out of a good thing, was not quite of the kidney of Horace's hunter and

Regardless of his gentle bride,

but was compelled in common civility to "tarry by her side," and not go from it in such a predicament. He was really frightened at first at the thought that the young lady had been seriously injured. But he did not comprehend the daring nature of Miss Laura Marplot. She thought no more of a purl in the hunting field than he himself would have done. Pretty Laura blushed profusely as she sprang lightly to her feet, and answered Grant's eager inquiries as to her safety, begging him to capture her peccant steed while she recovered from her confusion.

The gallant Captain forgot all about "the good thing," and fell in with the hounds after they had killed their first fox. There is a report to the effect that that fall of Miss Marplot's is likely to be the cause of an appeal to the parson before long, or, as the natives phrase it, "the matter is like to go to Church." Miss Marplot's feats in the hunting field were of such a well-known and intrepid kind that other young ladies of the neighbourhood, who can boast neither Miss Marplot's beauty nor her intrepidity, have been heard to remark that the exploit at the rabbit hole was a "part of the performance."

Be that as it may, Miss Marplot's nerves were not proof against another cross-country gallop that morning, and prudently placing herself under the escort of her father, she wended her way homewards, well content with the vindication of her character as the Diana of the hunt, if nothing else. The Captain would have been glad enough to follow her, but he had to cut down Hope, or be doomed to suffer a relegation to the limbo of duffing fox-hunters who prefer to business.

Another fox was soon on foot, and poor Hope had a second opportunity of displaying his springing powers. His horse got his bit well round his tooth, and badly measuring his distance at a miserable bank, or perhaps thinking too meanly of the fence, contrived to get two legs on either side of it. Finding himself in this difficulty, Hope doubled himself up and quietly rolled off, and thus got his horse over in a twinkling. Still Grant "had his measure," as they say, and well knowing that an account of his achievement would be listened to hereafter by at least one fair hearer, he was bent upon having the brush in spite of all the endeavours of a family of Hopes. The fox turned out a real friend in furthering his wishes, for the animal, after being headed two or three times and coursed by a sheep-dog, made straight for the cliff as his only chance of shelter and escape from his bloodthirsty foes. "'Tis the pace that kills," some sage remarks, and Hope discovered the truth of the saying, and from his spurring too fast betimes his horse tired betimes, and in charging a fence with rather a high drop came down all of a heap, head foremost, and nearly unseated his hapless rider, and was almost "of Hope bereft." It was all up with Hope now, and his horse, who had looked so clean and well-appointed in the early morning, was in most pitiable plight, his flanks heaving, his nostrils distended, and his coat bristling "like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

The snow was now falling fast, and drifting bang into the teeth of fox, hounds, and horsemen. So thick and blinding was the "niveal" storm that poor Reynard dashed clean over the cliff, being unable to discover the brink in his headlong career. Some few of the hounds found their way down by a dangerous path, and Grant, throwing the reins to one of the whips, descended on foot through a circuitous route which was known only to a select few. He was not long in finding the quarry, and having shorn it of the brush, he re-ascended and joined the small remainder of the field, which by this time had come up. The brush was clearly his by all the honours of fox-hunting and hard riding. The "Whoo-hoop!" was then lustily sounded, and a return to the master's decided upon, everybody having had their fill of hunting for that day, at all events.

The dinner that wound up the lawn meet was of the usual order, and "Success to fox-hunting" was drunk with an enthusiasm that would have gladdened the heart of the late Mr. John Jorrocks himself, and the "Tally-ho's" that accompanied the drinking of the toast threatened the downfall of the roof of the grand old mansion. The huntsman and whips were called in to quaff the good old wassail, and Tom Rogers, the good old huntsman himself, proposed the

ealth of the gallant Captain Grant, the undeniable hero of the day, coupling with the toast" the name of the redoubtable Warleigh, who unfortunately could not have returned thanks had he been allowed to appear *in propriâ personâ*. Never mind, the Captain was equal to the occasion, and rattled off a short and pithy speech fairly smacking of foxes and fox-hunting. But it was not until the parson proposed, "May the coward never wear a red coat nor the hypocrite a black one!" that all eyes somehow were turned upon Grant, as if there was no man in the company upon whom so peremptorily devolved the duties of saying something concerning that manly sentiment as he. There was no man at the table less of a hypocrite than the Captain; but for a moment or two he hung his head, and looked as sheepish as the veriest clodhopper in all the country round. Looking up presently, however, he rallied when he saw a smile stealing over the glowing countenances of his friends; and he finally sat down without saying a word, though he had arisen with the intention of avowing his entire and cordial sympathy with both the toast and the proposer. The parson, in fact, had merely blurted out the toast as a feeler for Grant, suspecting how matters had been with the Captain and his fair friend in the morning.

"*Cedant arma togæ*, my boy!" shouted the clerical functionary. "Leave the matter to me, and never say die. Paterfamilias is one of the right sort; and with the brush of the fox as a present in the morning, I think I can manage to make matters all straight for you. There's nothing like consulting the parson in affairs of that kind."

And thus all knew to what cause to attribute the Captain's unwonted bashfulness, and not a man of them thought it in the remotest degree bordering upon hypocrisy. A tremendous "Whoo-hoop" and jingling of glasses proclaimed the appreciation of the parson's kindly interposition, and copious libations were poured forth in approval of a certain forthcoming event which was already regarded as a *fait accompli*.

The Captain has applied for and obtained leave of absence "on urgent private affairs;" and it is the general rumour that the master's fine old mansion is being put in apple-pie order for the reception of bride and bridegroom who will spend a portion of their honeymoo in those enviable quarters.

W. F. MARSHALL.

WOOLMER'S PICTURE: THE STORY OF LEANDER.

MID sullen chorus from the loud-mouth'd deep;
Mid shifting hells of swiftest dark and bright;—
Wide-hollow'd waves with crests of curling white;—
Came fear—despair—mad effort—endless sleep!
She knows not yet what cause she has to weep,
Who, but the briefest space from where he lies,
Still trims the lamp, and looks, with weeping eyes,
For him who will not glad her sight again:—
Across the waste—across the waste—in vain!
"'Tis YOUNG LEANDER!" But not he alone
Has measured might against that glooming sea;
Who, full of youth, and glad with victory
Swam bravely, careless of the distant moan
Of gathering tempest. Not alone for him
Love's lamp shone sweetly o'er the swelling wave;
Not for one life yawn'd that insatiate grave;
Not only one sweet mourner's eyes grew dim!
Celestial Lover! who, thro' yearning tears,
Dost wait my coming on the heavenly shore;
Thy love lies drown'd in barren depths of years
And thou and he shall meet no more—no more!

D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CLYTIE.

A NOVEL OF MODERN LIFE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER X.

CLYTIE'S EVIDENCE CONTINUED.

THIS was the third day of Lady St. Barnard's examination. She appeared in the same attire as before, with the same pale calm face, and attended by her husband.

Continuing her evidence from the point at which Mr. White appeared upon the scene, she said:— Mr. White told me that my reputation would be jeopardised, as a good girl and a respectable woman, if I continued my connection with the stage. My introduction to the profession through the Delphos management was an error. He was commissioned, he said, to relieve me on certain conditions from the necessity of acting. I asked him to name them. What little I had seen of the stage had not enchanted me. Indeed I was greatly disappointed. If I would accompany him on the morrow to the Burlington he said I could meet the nobleman who was my grandfather Waller's friend. He would provide for me. I asked if anything had been heard of my grandfather, and he said "No." They had searched everywhere and made every inquiry, but without avail. Mrs. Breeze was present during this interview, and she said, "How do we know that you are telling the truth? You may be one of the Ransford lot." Mr. White said Mrs. Breeze could accompany me. On the next day we went accordingly to the Burlington. Mr. White took us into a private room, where we saw the late Lord St. Barnard. He was sitting in an easy chair and could not move. I believe he had the gout. He was very much affected when he saw me. He took my hand and called me his dear child. He said I was the image of my mother, but the sad [illegible] eyes. It was a sad affair, he said [illegible] and should not. It was [illegible] in him, and then all

a lady of title and position. He said the next best thing should be done. He would settle upon me a handsome income, and I could live in town if I liked, and my grandfather need not remain in Dunelm. He asked me many questions about my early life, and I answered them. I told him all I thought he would care to know, and when I mentioned Mr. Ransford he said that person was a scoundrel. This was not until he had heard my account of his taking me to Piccadilly. The late Earl said that Mr. White would be at my service at any time. Meanwhile, he said, there was a house belonging to him at Gloucester Gate which I could have, and I could set about furnishing it at once. Mrs. Breeze was evidently a respectable woman; she might help me, and I should have his own housekeeper from Grassnook as my principal servant. As he could not find my grandfather he said he must make these arrangements apart from him. He would place the matter in the hands of trustees.

Mr. Holland: Did you ask his lordship if your mother was married to his son?—I did.

What did his lordship say?—He did not give me a direct answer. He shook his head and said it was a sad business.

Were Mr. White and Mrs. Breeze present during the whole of the conversation?—They were.

Were they near enough to hear all that passed?—Yes. His lordship said, if not in the eyes of men, I was his daughter in the eyes of God, and I should be taken care of as befitted my right and position. But I must promise him that I would think no further about going on the stage. I demurred a little to this; but when he showed me a letter with my portrait, which he had received from Mr. Wyldenberg, I gave him my word. He said he had always been kept *au courant* with my history at Dunelm, and that he had long been thinking of providing for me in a better style, and was about communicating with my grandfather Waller on the subject when he learnt that I had left Dunelm.

Did his lordship then put you in communication with his solicitors?—He did.

Did he open a banking account for you at the Bank of England?—He did.

In what name?—Miss Waller.

Did the solicitors inform you that you were to have what reasonable sum you might require beyond the £5,000 which was placed to your credit until the settlements proposed by his lordship were ready?—They did.

When did you leave St. Mark's Crescent?—Not until three months

afterwards. I preferred remaining there until my house at Gloucester Gate was ready. I thought it would be ungrateful to leave the Breezes the moment I was rich. (Applause.)

Did his lordship give Messrs. Danvers and Co. *carte blanche* under your directions to furnish your house?—He did.

Did he give you letters of introduction to his friends? He did.

To whom?—To Lady Bolsover, Lady Stavely, the Countess Tamar, and to several others.

Were the letters open?—They were.

Did you present them?—Most of them; and in addition to which the late Earl said he had written a long letter of explanation to Lady Bolsover.

Mr. Cuffing: I am sorry to interrupt this most interesting and, I must say, informal narrative, but I must ask, as to this letter at all events, whether it exists now.

Mr. Holland: It does, and will be produced by Lady Bolsover.

Mr. Cuffing said "Thank you," but he looked disappointed.

How long was it after your interview with the late Earl before you took up your residence at Gloucester Gate?—Four months.

Did his lordship ever visit you there?—No. He was taken seriously ill about that time.

And when did he die?—Four weeks afterwards.

Did you ever see him after that last interview at the Breezes?—No.

Did you go into mourning?—I did, and I was in mourning for seven months.

Who called upon you?—Lady Bolsover, Lady Stavely, Mrs. Dubois, Lord and Lady Tamar, the Baron de Jonquil, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Henry, the Duchess of Swindrum, and many others.

In the season of that year did you go regularly into society?—Yes.

Did you receive at your own house?—I did.

Among the distinguished company who honoured your receptions were there some of the highest personages in England?—Yes.

Where did you first meet the present Lord ——, your husband?—At a Ministerial reception.

Did you frequently meet him in society?—Yes, frequently.

Her solicitor then gave an account of the proposing for her and her refusal of him, differing only slightly in general from that of Lord ——'s counsel. She said she was thought [illegible] rejection of him in the first [illegible]

equal to his, and that her running away from Dunelm and going on the stage might some day come out and be personally annoying to him.

Did he know anything of your origin when he first proposed?—No.

Did Lady Bolsover know that he had proposed?—No; not until the second time. I told him it was best not to speak of it. I feared he might feel humiliated. I would have accepted him but for the reasons already given, because I admired and loved him. Indeed he was the only man who had ever made me think seriously of marriage. When first he proposed I was greatly shocked, because secretly in my own mind I thought we were closely related; but looking at the Peerage, I found that there were no barriers of that kind to our union. Before he proposed to me a third time I think he had a private and confidential interview with Lady Bolsover. I know that from what I told him and what he learnt elsewhere he discovered that I was the Julia Pitt upon whom the Dunelm estate was settled. He did not know that I was the late Earl's grandchild, and I did not tell him then; for I had begun myself very much to desire the marriage, and I thought I had done enough for conscience sake to prevent it. I loved his lordship, and was very happy when I had accepted him.

How soon after the late Earl's death was it that you married?—About two years.

Her ladyship then described the marriage at St. George's, and gave the names of the witnesses, which agreed with the evidence previously recorded.

You kept your honeymoon in Italy?—We did.

On your return to England, did you go to Dunelm?—Yes. We were invited by the Mayor and Corporation to accept a public reception and an address of congratulation. We were received with great demonstrations. The city was decorated with flags. A throne of state was erected at the Town Hall. I was conducted to a seat upon it by the Mayor, but my lord and myself stood during the reception. The Mayor made a speech, in which he referred to my early life in Dunelm.

Mr. Cuffing: Will his Worship be called?

Mr. Holland: He will. Meanwhile we put in the address of the Mayor and Corporation on behalf of the city.

The address was then identified by her ladyship and read by Mr. Holland. It was a tribute to the greatness and fame and benevolence of the house of St. Barnard. At the same time it referred to

the early life of the Countess in Dunelm; mentioned her as a lady who during her early days had been a model of excellence in every respect, and referred to her late grandfather as a gentleman whom the city had revered and loved. The town congratulated his lordship on winning such a bride as Miss Waller, and congratulated her upon her high and dignified position, which her grace and beauty well qualified her to adorn.

Mr. Holland: What accompanied this address?—A handsome present of plate and porcelain.

Did you take his lordship to The Hermitage during the day?—I did. We spent an hour in the house. My wish to visit it being communicated to the tenant, the Dean and several distinguished citizens met us there and we partook of refreshment in the summer-house. In the evening there was a grand ball at the Town Hall. We stayed in Dunelm all the next day, being entertained at the Deanery. We attended Divine service at the Cathedral in the afternoon, and left for York at five, and remained there all night. In the morning I showed my husband where I had walked when I ran away from Dunelm. I showed him the very pew in which I knelt and prayed during that unhappy time. We knelt there together and thanked God for His goodness to us.

The memory of the time was too much for her ladyship. Up to this point, except once, she had given her evidence with remarkable calmness; but here she broke down for the second time during the terrible ordeal to which she was subjected. The magistrate addressed some commonplace remarks to Mr. Holland in order to give her ladyship time to recover, and to divert the attention of the spectators; but they were not to be deprived of the spectacle they had come to witness. They kept their eyes upon the poor lady while she sat and wept. Mr. Cuffing fidgeted with his papers. The prisoner looked round the court, but speedily relapsed into a sort of gloomy indifference. Kalmat felt his manliness sorely tried. He stroked his beard and bit his lips. It was all he could do to keep back his tears, as he thought of all this success and happiness, of this young life so full of promise and hope, blighted by that fiend in the dock. All his own lost life was ignored. He only thought of the woman he had loved, made wretched and miserable by the machinations of the scoundrel whom he hated. It seemed to him a mockery of justice that this wretch should sit there to enjoy his triumph. They managed these matters, he thought, after all, much better outside the pale of civilisation.

Lady St. Barnard presently recovered her self-possession.

continued her evidence :—We arrived at Grassnook the next day. We had a very hearty reception on the part of the tenants and local gentry. Many cards had been left, and amongst them was one bearing the name of Mr. Philip Ransford.

Did this person write to you?

Witness: Yes.

When?

Witness: After I had been at Grassnook about a month.

Is this the letter?

Witness: It is.

Mr. Cuffing put out his hand to see the letter, took it, turned it over doubtingly, and handed it to the magistrate's clerk. The letter was respectfully written, and asked for £300 as a loan. The writer stated that his family, as Lady St. Barnard knew, were utterly ruined, through no fault of their own. Finance and trade had been against them. He was sure, from what he knew of Lady St. Barnard, that she would be good enough, under all the circumstances, to send him a cheque.

Mr. Cuffing, while rummaging among his papers, remarked that he would like to know what objection could be raised to a letter of that kind.

Mr. Holland: Are you addressing the Court, Mr. Cuffing?

Mr. Cuffing: I was simply making a private remark to the Table, sir. I will address the Bench if you desire it.

The Magistrate: Pray proceed, Mr. Holland; the Court has no time to waste.

Mr. Holland: What reply did you make to this letter, Lady St. Barnard?

I wrote a note, regretting that Mr. Ransford's family had been unfortunate.

Mr. Holland: Yes, and you sent him a cheque for £300, I believe?

I did.

Mr. Holland: Soon after this did you see him?

Yes, soon afterwards.

Mr. Holland: Where?

In the Horticultural Gardens.

Mr. Holland: Was your husband, Lord St. Barnard, with you at the time?

He was.

Mr. Holland: Be good enough to tell the Bench what occurred.

I was walking with my husband when Mr. Philip Ransford came

up to us. I introduced him to my husband. "Mr. Philip Ransford," I said, "an old friend from Dunelm, son of the late lord's friend, Mr. Ransford." Lord St. Barnard shook hands with him, and Mr. Philip Ransford congratulated him upon our marriage, and said he had had the honour to leave cards at Grassnook.

Mr. Holland: Was the prisoner well dressed?

Yes; in every way he had the appearance of a gentleman, except that I noticed a peculiar kind of expression in his face, a sort of sottish expression. He talked to my husband about Dunelm, and also about Oxford. He had, he said, belonged to the same college as the late Earl at Oxford.

The Magistrate: Will your examination last another hour, Mr. Holland? Pardon me for interrupting you.

Mr. Holland: It may last another day, perhaps two—I really cannot say.

Mr. Cuffing: My learned friend spins his story out with the adroitness of a *London Journal* novelist.

Mr. Holland: I do my duty to my clients.

Mr. Cuffing: I really think my client should know when the case for the prosecution is likely to be over; it is very hard that he should continue in confinement.

Mr. Holland: He will get used to it by-and-bye.

Mr. Cuffing: That is a most improper remark to make.

Mr. Holland: Indeed.

Mr. Cuffing: A most improper, unprofessional, and, I may say, impertinent remark.

Mr. Holland: You may say whatever you please, sir.

The Magistrate: We will adjourn until to-morrow, gentlemen.

Whereupon the Court broke up.

There are some wrongs which seem only capable of being wiped out in blood. At one time or another most men, who are men, have felt the desire for physical vengeance upon an enemy. Nothing is so satisfying to a hot manly temperament as dashing the fist in a slanderer's face, or spurning him fiercely with your foot. Lord St. Barnard had felt his blood boil to assaulting pitch many a time during this terrible persecution of his wife. If he could only have five minutes with Ransford and Cuffing in some quiet place outside the pale of the law! All his aristocratic training and instincts were not strong enough to check this natural longing to chastise the cowards who were permitted, day after day, to heap insult and ignominy on his brave-hearted wife and himself, on their name, on their children, on the noble house of St. Barnard.

Kalmat had felt sensations similar to these, but they did not fret him. He had made up his mind about Ransford long ago. Though fierce fires burned behind Kalmat's calm-looking face, he held them in subjection; and he now came into Court with one firm resolve as to Ransford. He would kill him—when and how would depend upon circumstances.

"Do not fear," he said, addressing the bust on this fifth day of the hearing at Bow Street; "do not fear that justice shall not be done. I am Justice! It is well they think something of a life in this tame old England of ours. Out in the Western wilds they would think nothing of a life such as his. He would be found dead in the gutter or hanging to a lamp-post, and there an end. But here, his death will be an event, an incident worthy of the slayer's hand. Do not look with soft eyes and pouting lips, my Clytie; thou shalt be avenged: thou and I, my love."

He smoked as he talked to his silent companion in the private room of his hotel; smoked and gazed at the statue with his great eloquent dreamy eyes; and the pictures of a stormy past were flitting through his brain to the music of sad, sad memories.

"Do you remember, Clytie, when we were young and full of hope; when the skies were blue and the summer golden? Oh, that moss-grown city of the north, with its peaceful days, and its calm starlight nights. And its dreams, its songs, its perfumes, its matin bell, and its curfew chimes! There is a poet, Clytie, whose words seem to breathe the thoughts and language of my own seared soul. Do not hear the wail of his broken heart. Let me turn my head to tell his lines.

> You had better be drown'd than to love and to dream;
> It were better to sit on a moss-grown stone,
> And away from the sun, and for ever alone,
> Slow pitching white pebbles at trout in the stream,
>
> Than to dream for a day, then awake for an age,
> And to walk through the world like a ghost, and to start,
> Then suddenly stop with the hand to the heart
> Press'd hard, and the teeth set savage with rage.
>
> Alas for a heart that is left forlorn!
> If you live you must love; if you love, regret—
> It were better perhaps we had never been born,
> Or, better at least we could well forget.

"Hail to thee, brother of the melancholy heart! May'st thou find happiness in yonder land beyond, where curs and sneaks and cowards, and all that crawl and creep, are left to rot i' the earth and have no resurrection!"

With which ejaculation Kalmat placed the bust of Clytie in a case specially made for it, and went forth into the London streets to muse and think in the awful solitude of mighty crowds.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FOURTH DAY OF CLYTIE'S EXAMINATION.

LADY ST. BARNARD'S examination was continued. The court was crowded as before. Kalmat watched the case for Destiny. He seemed to be standing at the bar of Fate. Sometimes he felt that it was all a dream, just as Lady St. Barnard herself felt; but a glance at the cowardly accuser brought Tom Mayfield back to the bitter reality; while the interrogations of Mr. Holland and the pressure of her husband's hand were enough to bring home to Clytie any wandering thoughts.

Mr. Holland: When we adjourned last night your ladyship had just described to us the interview with the prisoner at the Horticultural Gardens. How soon after this did you again see or hear from the prisoner?

About three months afterwards.

Did you receive a letter?

I did.

Is this the letter?

Yes.

The letter was then put in and read. It contained an account purporting to be a bill against the late Mr. Luke Waller for money lent, £200. The letter was written in a much more familiar strain than the first one. The most notable paragraph in it was as follows: "I only learnt the other day that it was you who received the proceeds of the Dunelm property, of which your so-called protector, the late Earl St. Barnard, robbed my father. I say 'robbed' advisedly, and I also lay stress on the words, 'your so-called protector;' you will quite understand what I mean. Does your husband know your relationship with the late Earl? Or shall I communicate with him upon this subject? I do not wish to raise a scandal, but will not hesitate to do so, unless you send me the money. Perhaps you may think it worth while to add the value of that necklace I gave you when you received my addresses in Dunelm. Of co[illegible] venient to forget all this; and also your a[illegible] Theatre. It is a fine thing to have r[illegible]

but a lord wants something more than this in his wife, as you will one day discover if you are not discreet."

Lady St. Barnard turned a shade paler than usual as the letter was read: her husband glanced at the prisoner; but only saw the gleaming eyes of Kalmar, who occupied a more prominent place in court, and nearer the dock than he had hitherto thought it wise to occupy. There was a sympathetic movement in court as the cruelty and cowardice of the letter became more and more apparent.

Mr. Holland: Calm yourself, Lady St. Barnard. All England will denounce the cruelty of that letter. (Applause.)

Mr. Cuffing: Your Worship, I must appeal against this kind of examination and comment, and also against applause in court.

The Magistrate: Confine yourself to the evidence, Mr. Holland; it will save time.

Mr. Holland: Did your ladyship take that letter and account to your solicitors?

I did.

Mr. Holland: The solicitors to whom the late Earl introduced you?

The same.

Mr. Holland: Did they send for Mr. White, and consult him in your presence?

They did.

Mr. Holland: What did Mr. White advise?

The immediate arrest and prosecution of the writer of the letter.

Mr. Holland: What was the opinion of the lawyers?

That they should see Mr. Ramsford, pay him the account, take a receipt in full of all demands, and explain to him that for the sake of his family I had declined to prosecute him.

Mr. Holland: That was the decision after much discussion?

Yes, the lawyers argued the matter with Mr. White, and I did not wish to prosecute, though I left the matter in their hands, requesting them to consult my husband upon the subject.

"Did she consult him?" Mr. Cuffing asked in a whisper, while pretending to sort his papers. The whisper could be heard throughout the court.

Mr. Holland: Really, your Worship, I cannot submit to these interruptions.

The Magistrate: What interruptions, Mr. Holland?

Mr. Holland: Did you not hear a remark made by the prisoner's solicitor?

The Magistrate: I did not.

Mr. Holland: Then we will proceed. What did your lawyers finally advise and do?

They advised me not to trouble Lord St. Barnard in the matter, unless they considered it necessary; it would only give him useless annoyance. I was to leave the business with them, and they would do what my honour and peace required; and I afterwards understood that they paid the money and obtained the receipt as suggested.

Mr. Holland, having informed the Bench that this receipt and other documents would be put in by the lawyers themselves, whom he should call, proceeded with his examination: When did you hear from the prisoner again?

Not for three years.

Mr. Holland: When was your first child born?

A year after my marriage.

Mr. Holland: And the next?

Two years after my marriage.

Mr. Holland: I believe you lost this one?

Yes, it died at three months.

Mr. Holland: You have two children living?

I have.

Lady St. Barnard thought of their prattle two or three days ago when she appealed to their young souls for sympathy, and the tears rolled slowly down her white cheeks.

Mr. Holland: Was it soon after the birth of your third child that you heard again from the prisoner?

Yes, between three and four years after my marriage.

Mr. Holland: Will your ladyship kindly relate the circumstances to the Bench?

I received a letter from him marked "Private," and requesting an interview.

Mr. Holland: How long ago was this?

About a year. I did not reply to the note; but sent it to my solicitors. In a week afterwards he called at Grassnook. Lord St. Barnard was in Scotland. I saw the prisoner. He told me that he had been abroad and that ill-fortune followed him everywhere. I said ill-fortune sooner or later overtook all those who did not deserve to be successful. I told him that I felt much to blame for seeing him, as I had sent his note to my lawyers; but I did not like that my door should be shut upon any person in distress. He looked ill and badly dressed, and he said he was in want. I gave him £50, and then informed him most solemnly that I would hold no further

communication with him. He begged me to forgive him for his wicked persecution of me, and went down upon his knees and kissed my hand. He said my kindness had conquered him; he was too wicked to live, and that he would yet atone for the past. I advised him to go to my lawyers and say all that he had said to me; he said he would, and that if I desired it he would write me a letter declaring his crimes and his unfounded charges or insinuations against me. I felt sorry for him, and told him to do whatever his conscience and his better nature dictated.

Mr. Holland: How soon after this did you see the prisoner again?

About a week afterwards.

Mr. Holland: Where?

In the park. I was staying with my husband at the Westminster Palace Hotel. We rode in the park daily. I saw the prisoner once and did not move to him. He was very gaily dressed and leaning upon the railings in the Row. The next day he forced himself upon my attention, and I returned his salute, as also did Lord St. Barnard. After dinner that evening I told his lordship how Mr. Ransford had called at Grassnook in distress, and that I had given him £50.

Mr. Holland: Did the prisoner call at the Westminster Palace Hotel?

Yes, during the week.

Mr. Holland: How long after your seeing him in the park?

Two days afterwards.

Mr. Holland: Were you alone?

Yes, Lord St. Barnard was attending a Committee at the House of Lords.

Mr. Holland: What transpired?

Mr. Ransford was announced, and before I could deny myself to him, he had entered the room, having followed the servant without the man's knowledge.

Mr. Holland: Upon what pretext did he call?

He said he wanted the address of my lawyers in order that he might say to them all he had said to me at Grassnook. He had forgotten their address. I gave it to him. He then asked me to lend him £100, and I declined to do so. I said I would write to the lawyers after he had called upon them, and if they approved of my lending him the money I would do so. This is all that had transpired, when Lord St. Barnard came in and luncheon was at the same time announced. Mr. Ransford said he was going to America on the next day and should probably not be in England again for many years, and under these circumstances he had called to say good-bye

to the only friends he now had in England. He told Lord St. Barnard a pitiful story of his misfortunes, and said he hoped, however, to find a wealthy uncle at South Carolina, where he should probably settle. Luncheon being again announced, I asked Mr. Ransford to stay, and he remained accordingly. The prisoner called upon my husband two days afterwards; but I have not seen him since, except when I saw him here in the dock.

Mr. Holland: I have no more questions to ask your ladyship at present.

There was a buzzing of excitement in court as Mr. Cuffing rose. Even the prisoner roused himself and ventured to look round the court when he saw his own advocate in possession of the ear of the magistrate.

Mr. Cuffing, addressing the Bench, said he would prefer not to commence his cross-examination to-day. It only wanted half an hour to their usual time for adjournment; and he would like to consult his client before entering upon a cross-examination which must, so far as he could see, last several days.

The Magistrate: Does an adjournment meet with your approval, Mr. Holland?

Mr. Holland: I would rather go on, but leave myself in the hands of your Worship.

The Magistrate: How many witnesses do you intend to call?

Mr. Holland: I have a very long list of witnesses, your Worship; but I hope you will not consider it necessary that I should call any of them. Already, with great respect, I would submit that you have ample evidence for committal.

Mr. Cuffing: I entirely differ with my learned friend.

The Magistrate: I think we had better adjourn.

Mr. Holland: Very well, your Worship, till when?

The Magistrate: Twelve o'clock to-morrow.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. CUFFING CONSULTS WITH HIS CLIENT.

"Well," said Mr. Simon Cuffing, when the door of his client's cell was closed and there was no chance of being overheard, "you're a pretty fellow to have for a client."

"What do you mean? You're a pretty lawyer to leave a client in a hole like this!" said Phil Ransford
poverty, in spite of its short com-

"Leave you here!" said the little lawyer, seating himself upon the prisoner's truckle bed. "You should not have told me a pack of lies. When you consult a lawyer, my friend, you should be as free and open with him as you are with your doctor."

"I was perfectly open and candid with you," said Phil; "and I wish I had kept my wrongs to myself."

"Your wrongs!" said Cuffing, shrugging his shoulders.

"You said if only half of what I told you were true there would be no difficulty about making money out of them," whined the prisoner.

"Money! you humbug! but you have made money out of them."

"I told you I had."

"You did not tell me how much, nor when, nor how, nor any of the circumstances. And look what a mull you made of the old Earl business! Why, the examination upon that point damns our whole case."

"You don't think so," Ransford replied, looking for the first time at the lawyer, his eyes having wandered hitherto in every other direction than that in which Mr. Cuffing sat contemplating him with keen watchfulness.

"If your Piccadilly incident breaks down we are done for. You will get six months' imprisonment at the very least; perhaps six years," said Cuffing, spitefully.

Ransford shuddered, and commenced to pace the narrow cell.

"What will Wyldenberg and his lot really say when we get them into the box?"

"The truth!" exclaimed Ransford, stopping suddenly and confronting the lawyer.

"Bravo!" said Cuffing. "That is more like yourself. That is the idea to get into your head. Feel it when you stand in the dock to-morrow. Don't look like a coward and a sneak; try to look like a martyr. By the way, have you an enemy? I don't mean that; of course you have; but an enemy who owes you a long-standing grudge; a fierce, bearded fellow, with deep, speaking eyes."

"Not that I know of," said the prisoner.

"What has become of that Dunelm student?"

"I don't know."

"What was he like? Was he strong? I mean the fellow who licked you on the doorstep of The Hermitage?"

"Strong! I could have broken him over my knee, but he took me by surprise and in the dark," said Phil, drawing himself up to his full height.

"Ah, then, the grizzly-looking fellow who is in court every day,

watching you like a wild cat waiting for the release of a rat from a cage, cannot be he," said Cuffing, reflectively.

Ransford turned pale.

"You have noticed him?" said the lawyer, quickly.

"Yes, once; but it is not Tom Mayfield, though his eyes are like; I wondered why he scowled so at me; he is twice the size of Mayfield; perhaps it is some friend of Lord St. Barnard."

"A devilish eye, has he not?" said Cuffing, enjoying the prisoner's evident fear.

"Yes," said Phil, "but I thought you came to see me about the cross-examination."

"So I did," said the lawyer.

"When I first seriously talked with you about this case you said a clever fellow with a secret such as mine ought not to be drinking in a common coffee-house with a common lawyer like you."

"Ah; then, you see, you are not a clever fellow, and the common lawyer phrase was a bit of the pride that apes humility; you have a good memory for some things."

"I have, and, by the Lord, if you don't soon get me out of this, Cuffing, when I do come out I shall remember who got me into the scrape," said the prisoner, angrily.

"Pooh! You forget that six-shooter I told you of, my friend, and you ought to remember that I am not a coward; only the bravest lawyer in London would have taken up you and your black-mailing case. Apologise to me for your impertinence, or I'll leave you in gaol to rot like the cur you are."

Cuffing rose, picked up his bag, and took up his hat.

"Good heavens, Cuffing, don't leave me. My dear fellow, I apologise humbly, and with all my heart. Don't desert a poor devil like that. There's my hand."

Cuffing took two of Phil's fingers, and, returning them to their owner, said—

"All right; now to business; sit down."

"Pardon me a moment; don't you think we could settle the case; withdraw for a certain sum before this cross-examination begins?"

"Too early," said the lawyer.

"You think so?"

"Yes, I'm sure so."

"You know best," said the prisoner, with a sigh.

"Now, as to the line of the cross-examination, I a
about that, and I hate that fellow Holland; his m
is very insolent; I'll be even with him."

"He is a snob: but then he is a barrister, and has weight with the Bench," suggested Phil.

"Weight! I'll chuck him over the house, you'll see. Did the lady ever go anywhere with you in addition to the Delphos Theatre?"

"No, I think not," said Phil, looking inquiringly at the lawyer.

"Never to Cremorne, for instance?"

"No."

"Nor to the Alhambra, the Argyle, nor any place of that kind?"

There was no mistaking Cuffing's manner; he plainly wished the prisoner to say "Yes."

"I think not."

"Quite sure she did not go to Cremorne with you? Did you not once tell me that she created some disturbance there, and you had to bring her away?"

"Did I tell you so?"

"I think you did," said Cuffing, taking out a pencil and making a note on the back of his brief, "it is a very important point, especially in cross-examination; it does not pledge you, because you are not on your oath; I can only ask her the question."

"Yes, I think I remember—ask her the question, confound her."

"Good," said Cuffing, making notes; "and about the Argyle, you must have taken there?"

"Yes, I did, and to the Alhambra as well."

"Of course; memory is a most singular arrangement," said Cuffing, as if talking to his notes; "touch one chord and a whole instrument of chords and harmonies comes into play; yes, you took her to the Argyle and to the Alhambra. Any particular date?"

"After the Piccadilly night, and once before," said Phil.

"Yes," said Cuffing, still writing. "Did she not sup with you once or twice at a café in the Haymarket?"

"I don't know," said Phil.

"Try and remember," said Cuffing, looking at him; "it is no good half doing the business; in for a penny, in for a pound; make a clean breast of it; the lady's honour is not worth considering now; you don't like to kiss and tell, I know; the feeling is honourable to you; but it's no good shirking at this period of the case; they have forced us to open our mouths, and we must do it—we are in the dock, not they."

"Give me your hand, Cuffing, fairly as man to man," said Ransford with sudden energy.

"What for?"

"Pledging yourself that you will be true to me."

"True to you!—any lawyer who is not true to his client deserves to be kicked by all honest men."

"Yes, yes, I know; but ours is a different matter; give me your hand, and let us vow to be true and faithful to each other, come what may."

"Ransford, you are an ass; but there's my hand; is it not enough that I am here?"

The prisoner took the lawyer's hand in his and gripped it.

"There, Cuffing, I give myself up to you; we will be true to each other."

"Yes, yes," said Cuffing, withdrawing his hand; "of course we will."

Phil sighed, and buried his head in his hands.

"Now, when you're ready," said Cuffing, "we will get on."

"I am ready," said Phil, "ready to go the whole hog."

"Yes; she supped with you frequently at cafés in the Haymarket; she paid a visit to Brighton with you; she twice went to Cremorne with you, and once created a disturbance there; she went to the Argyle several times, and you twice had a private box at the Alhambra," said Cuffing, waiting.

"Yes," said Phil with firmness.

"Good; now is the time to shake hands," said the lawyer; "but no matter, we will proceed. Was that true about your sending letters to Miss Waller through the organ-blower?"

"Yes."

"And is her story about your first meeting true?"

"Yes."

"Charming girl she must have been in those days."

"Ah, she was, she was."

"Splendid-looking woman now," said Cuffing, still making notes, and talking to them.

"Sometimes I feel sorry for her," said Phil.

"You are afraid of being shot, eh?"

Phil shuddered.

"Steer clear of that fellow with the beard and the eyes. What did you give for the jewels you presented to Miss Waller?"

"A hundred guineas."

"Ah, you were flush of money then."

"I was."

"During the time you were paying your addresses to Miss Waller did you ever intend to marry her?"

"No."

"Cruel youth! Taking

correct; there are flaws in it I know, of course, and I shall tear it to tatters; but, for my own information, tell me is it generally correct?"

"It is."

"That is a grand point in our favour, her admission about taking lodgings in St. John's Wood; there is evidence, of course, to rebut our charge on that head, but we will worry and harass them long before that; and I think there may be a crisis in the cross-examination at which Lord St. Barnard will desire to treat."

"Yes, yes," said Ransford eagerly.

"How soon you show the white feather!" said Cuffing, laying down his pencil, and folding up his brief and notes.

"Not the white feather; but money is my game, not vengeance."

"Well, and suppose Lord St. Barnard asked you on his knees to take pity on his wife, and put her right with the world, what is your idea as to money?"

"Ten thousand pounds."

"He might ask you to sign a document, or make another statutory declaration on your oath, that all you have said is false; giving you a sort of undertaking not to prosecute you, and also letting you get out of the country before publishing your own condemnation; I don't know, of course, what he could or would propose, or how it could be done."

"I would act on your instructions."

"I don't see how I could advise you; compromises are made sometimes, but there is a crime called compounding a felony; I don't know whether that would apply, but it is not well to discount the future, and I don't think you ought to go into the question of compromise with me—not now, at any rate, not now," said Cuffing, with a look of virtuous rebuke.

"Are you going?"

"Yes, I think we quite understand each other," said Cuffing, hammering at the door, which was promptly opened by a police officer.

"Oh, it is so infernally lonely here," whined Ransford.

"It is lonelier for prisoners after committal," said Cuffing, coldly. "Good-bye; I shall see you to-morrow."

The next moment Phil Ransford was alone, and Cuffing was nodding a pleasant *au revoir* to Bow Street.

(To be continued.)

An Oxford Problem.

A QUESTION, not within the range of the new Commission, but scarcely less important than that of the management of college revenues, is slowly working itself out in Oxford. It is well known that tuition in the University is falling more and more into the hands of married men living outside the college walls. Whether the change would be for good or evil was once a favourite subject for debate, but now that it is actually being made there is little left for outsiders but to await silently the issue of a practical trial. And just now the pleasing and picturesque side of the matter is so much the more prominent that many have forgotten that they ever saw any other.

If none but the brave deserve the fair, the first married Fellow may be thought to have made good his title. Love ventures are supposed to require nerve under the most ordinary circumstances, and the situation becomes almost heroic in a grim, exclusive common-room, under the unsympathetic gaze of a corporate body. But, the suit once made, the judges became petitioners in their turn. Like the Chinese jury at a certain famous trial, they not only acquitted the offender but lost no time in following his example. When it was found that the portrait of the Founder had not leapt from its frame at the removal of the opposing statute, timid men who had held their breath began to gather heart and feel their way towards a liberty of which they had never before dreamed. And now there is no more strangeness in the news that a junior Fellow is going to be married than in the announcement that he has taken his Master's degree.

With the luxury of a *placens uxor* comes the necessity of a *domus*. A new suburb on the north side of the city has been created thereby, and has that overpowering effect upon the soberness of the reason which the poet felt on beholding the neighbouring spires, domes, and towers. The groves of Academus have been trimmed to the likeness of the shady haunts of Clapham. Villas, detached and semi-detached, of every conceivable design and placed at every possible angle, raking one another with multitudinous windows, a vying with one another in the pretty fancifulness of their nam risen up to meet the wants of the married don. He letters seeks companionship with the outer world; ca

relations with Society through afternoon calls, and with Nature in a little back-garden. Hither he transports his slowly gathered spoils of furniture, pictures, and books. If his hearth be at times too narrow for his hospitality, he has only to call in the aid of his college. Spits which turned gaily at the Restoration, and cups known to have been touched by Royal lips, are at his service. Concerts in the hall, croquet-parties on the lawn, luncheons in common-room, and even a dance in the Bursary, are some of the entertainments made possible by the liberality of Founders and benefactors under the modern interpretation of their bequests.

All this would be very enchanting if it were not for the question how far the other purposes of University life are likely to be affected thereby. To some the whole system of college discipline—taking the word in its widest sense—seems to be in peril. They feel that the old ties are being fatally loosened. They doubt whether the most carefully organised Co-operative Association for the supply of lectures will ever make up for the closer relationship which exists between resident tutors, and for the wider influence which they have upon their pupils. They maintain that some of the highest ends of college life are missed if the teacher have not duties beyond those of mere tuition, and do not recognise wants which cannot be supplied through the pages of a note-book. They think that the lives of seniors and juniors, if there is to be any real contact, ought to flow as much as possible in the same channel. The college tutor, as they remember him, lived in the midst of his pupils. His life was bound up with his work amongst them. If he had other interests than those which ran with their own, they heard nothing of them. He followed the rules of the system by which they were governed and accepted many of its restraints. He measured his time by the same calendar, joined in a common worship, was present at a common meal. He was generally within reach, could be seen at odd times, and consulted on chance matters. He was always a little distant in manner, the undergraduate a little shy about approaching him: but there were opportunities for a freer intercourse whenever the inclination for it arose. But now the distance is being rather widened than lessened. The married tutor's life is divided between the two worlds of a University and a country-town. The orbit in which he moves crosses the college only during certain hours. To seek him out when he is off duty is almost an intrusion, whilst his advances lose their intended effect through the tedious formalities which they involve. He may in himself invite intimate relations, but his surroundings are not encouraging. thought, moreover, that the presence of so many wiv

and daughters must sooner or later have a disturbing effect upon the grave traditions of the place. Their interest in the studies and ceremonials of the University may be praiseworthy, but it is distracting. It is whispered that they already overflow the benches of the public lecture-rooms, outnumber the undergraduates in some of their own chapels, flutter through the aisles of St. Mary's, and spread a gay fringe round the House of Convocation. It is hardly to be wondered at if ancient customs have a queer look in such a setting, and sometimes fail to be impressive. At Oxford, as elsewhere, there are certain ceremonies which, to be solemn, presuppose certain assemblies, or, for want of these, slip at once into pantomime. But perhaps that which is most feared from a mixed population is the influx of gaieties and fashionable follies hitherto excluded. Theatricals and dances, musical, tea-drinking, and croquet parties are inseparable accidents of feminine life hardly favourable to the sober repose of a place of learning. The bulk of undergraduates may be disturbed by them not at all; many only in a trifling degree; but to some they may be positively hurtful. A favoured few receive admission to society from which the majority are debarred. Attentions and invitations which would be commonplace elsewhere become seductive amid the restraints of college life. There is a sort of adventure and flattering sense of privilege in being the hero of half a dozen drawing rooms in a place where admission to one is a novelty and an exception. And when it is considered that the distinction, such as it is, may really be based on nothing more solid than a reputation for being a good dancer, an actor, or a comic singer, it is sometimes asked whether so poor an ambition ought to be allowed to find a field amid the aims of University life. There is the risk, moreover, of certain premature entanglements to which judicious parents may be expected to ask that their sons should not be exposed.

Have the advocates of the new movement ever taken into account the financial difficulties which are likely to arise? Housekeeping is a game pretty enough at the outset, but apt to grow grave and complicated towards the end. As the college funds are distributed by a scale of bachelor wants, a further source of income will at last become necessary by way of supplement. The stray crumbs of University offices are not likely to be overlooked. These have not hitherto been valued for the emoluments attached to them, and have often been passed by and left to those who had more time, or were more fitted, for their discharge. But such a pitch of high motive will hardly, perhaps, be possible under the urgency of household wants. A man whose pockets are half empty never knows when his hands are full.

and, measuring his gains by his needs, has no scruples about being a pluralist. Will not the result be an increasing anxiety to secure bye-works, and an active canvassing for small appointments, with all the heart-burnings and petty jealousies which arise when personal failures, trifling enough in themselves, are mourned over as family disasters?

Nor, it is sometimes argued, will these domestic complications be without effect upon the learning of the University. Not that study and reflection are impossible amid the toil and stress of married life, but that unremunerative lines of work are likely to be abandoned for those which will pay. Only the solitary student, as a rule, can afford to wait for a late harvest and run the risk of receiving an intangible reward; the family man must have immediate returns in good marketable shape. The great work which was projected in youth to be the triumph of old age comes forth in the interval as a modest, but widely advertised, school manual, or is born prematurely in the pages of a magazine. This is a convenient mode of discounting all personal claims on posterity; but whether the future fame of the University as a learned, as well as an efficient, teaching body will be advanced thereby is open to question.

Briefly, then, the misgivings expressed on the whole question are based on two principles: first, that the discipline of a college, like that of a ship or regiment, cannot be maintained unless those who enforce it are also governed by it; secondly, that the efficiency of a college is in proportion to the completeness with which the lives of the members composing it are concentrated upon the objects for which they, as a Society, exist. That there will be no loss under either head when scattered schoolmasters, heads of families, are substituted for resident unmarried tutors, appears to be the counter-position; and it is because many earnest-minded men doubt its strength that we thrust these untuneful notes amid the pleasant pipings of its friends.

TABLE TALK.

I RELINQUISHED long ago the plan of publishing an obituar
f distinguished people as they disappear from society, from th
tudio, from the Courts of Law, from St. Stephen's, and from Albemarle
treet; but I do not think I ought to pass over the names of men
ke Sir Henry Holland, Lord Chief Justice Bovill, and Vice-Chan-
ellor Wickens, because all three of these were thoroughly characteristic
ien. Perhaps Sir Henry Holland will be more generally missed
ian the able and accomplished lawyers whom I link with him, be-
ause he possessed a more striking personality and touched society at
ore points. He was the *beau idéal* of a fashionable physician, and
ierefore of a race of men who are fast disappearing from the world.
[ost of the men who are at the head of the profession now are hard
udents, men who have worked their way to the positions they hold by
ieer hard work—that is, by devoting themselves heart and soul to
ie special study; and you hardly ever see or hear anything of them
cept at the hospitals or in the sick room. But Sir Henry Holland
id the men of Sir Henry Holland's stamp won their laurels in the
awing-room by their courtly manners, their high breeding, their
telligence, or their wit. You met them everywhere: at the tables
the aristocracy, at the club house, at the Opera, at the Royal
ociety, at Almack's; and everywhere you met them in the thick of
e and work, interesting themselves in everything that interested their
atients. And this was the secret of their success. All that a hand-
ome and stately young physician had to do to make a name and a
ortune was to gain an *entrée* into Holland House or some centre of
shion of that sort, to take a house in Brook Street, put up a brass
late, publish a treatise developing a taking theory, make himself
greeable, talk well, and he might in a year or two pick up guineas
a pigeon picks up peas. You do not require a very profound
owledge of medicine to deal with most of the cases that you meet
ith in a fashionable practice; and Sir Henry Holland did not
ossess this knowledge. "It is so nice, you know," women say, "to
ve some one to whom you can talk all about yourself now and
en"; and that was the *raison d'être* of the fashionable physician.
e was a man to talk to about yourself for a quarter of an hour every
ay, to tell you the last thing out, to give you a sketch of his tr

in the autumn, of the geysers of Iceland, of the flora of the Caucasians, to explain the newest idea in science, and to draw a pen-and-ink portrait in your album of Mehemet Ali or of General Jackson. This originally was the source of Sir Henry Holland's popularity. The physician was grafted upon the man of science and the *savant*. But all this is reversed now, and the man of fashion or the *savant* must be grafted upon the physician if the physician wishes to touch the world at any other than the professional point. And this makes all the difference in the world.

Sir William Bovill was a fair representative of the Parliamentary lawyer in contradistinction to the Chamber lawyer represented by Vice-Chancellor Wickens. The Lord Chief Justice knew best how to deal with men; the Vice-Chancellor knew best how to deal with books and briefs. You may make a fortune at Nisi Prius in no time, if you happen to possess the trick of winning verdicts, without knowing much of law or anything at all of equity, and some of the most successful advocates in recent years have been men who are learned only by the courtesy of the court. Of course here and there you may pick out men quite as much distinguished by their learning as by their keenness and their eloquence. Sir Roundell Palmer was one of these. Sir John Karslake is another. But these are men in a thousand. "At Nisi Prius," I once heard a clever lawyer say, "the first thing is to have a long nose. At the Equity Bar the first thing is to have a long head." And that is the fact. You can tell an Equity lawyer from a Nisi Prius man at a glance. It all lies in the nose, and you have only to walk into Westminster Hall and look at the judges, and then to stroll into Lincoln's Inn and spend an hour with the Vice-Chancellors, to see how much the nose tells for at Westminster in comparison with Chancery Lane. The most distinguished men upon the Bench are the men with the longest noses. Brougham's was the perfection of a Nisi Prius nose. It was the only feature he had to talk about. But it made him Lord Chancellor at a bound. You could not have asked a man with that nose to take a Puisne judgeship. It made Brougham the first man at the Bar, the first man in the House of Commons (at least he had no second), and the first man in the Courts of Law—and that, too, in spite of Lord St. Leonards' exquisite epigram that if the owner of that nose had known a little of equity he would have known a little of everything. The late Lord Chief Justice had but one fault—and that lay in his nose. He had no nose worth talking about. But you could always depend upon him. He was not a brilliant man: He hardly made any mark

the House of Commons. But he always read his briefs. He ways knew every point of his case; and this was ample compensa- n for everything else. The fusion of law and equity will bring ore of these men to the front, and we shall probably see more stuff wnsmen taking their seats upon the Bench after loitering a few ars at the Utter Bar, and fewer Parliamentary barristers. The ouse of Commons is at present the avenue to the highest honours the law. But I do not know that it is the best. It may give us en and brilliant Nisi Prius judges. But it does not give us the st Vice-Chancellors or Lords Justices. Sir John Wickens never t in the House of Commons; and this is the case with three or ır of the most eminent of the Puisne judges. We shall have less oquence on the Bench when we cease to take our judges from the ouse of Commons. But we shall probably have more law.

But with Sir Roundell Palmer on the woolsack, with Sir Alexander ockburn in the Queen's Bench, and Sir John Coleridge in the ommon Pleas, we need not trouble ourselves overmuch about oquence on the Bench. These men are, perhaps, three of the most complished speakers in England. They are not orators either of em in the American sense of "a steam engine in breeches;" but if u run off on your fingers the great masters of pure, picturesque, and aceful English, you can hardly omit the Lord Chancellor, the Lord ief Justice, and the ex-Attorney-General. And this is what English oquence is more and more coming to. It is simply fluent and aceful talk. The Parliamentary orators are an extinct race, or will on be; for the only men now left in the House of Commons with e true instincts of the orator are Bright and Gladstone. All the st are simply talkers; and it is only once or twice in a Session that ese men find an opportunity for the exercise of their imperial owers. The talk that takes best with the House of Commons is Mr. israeli's, and this is the highest and most perfect form of Parlia- entary talk. Mr. Disraeli is never ridiculous except when he tries, the Americans say, to orate. And the explanation is easy. He is no passion. He has wit, humour, sarcasm, imagination, every- ing that goes to make the orator, except passion; and eloquence in s highest sense is the language of passion. You cannot infuse passion to statistics; and the most successful and taking of Parliamentary peakers in our time are the men who can put life into statistics, who an make a Budget speech as picturesque and as pleasant to listen as an article in one of the quarterlies. All the orators of Europe e now to be found in Spain. France has only one of the highest

rank, M. Rouher; for Thiers, like Mr. Disraeli, is only a brilliant and epigrammatic talker. The Germans do not know what eloquence is in any form except that of music. It was extinguished in Italy by the statecraft of Cavour and the sword of Garibaldi. The Swiss are the Scots of the Continent, and a Scot only rises to eloquence of the highest kind when in the pulpit. The old race of Irish orators disappeared with O'Connell. You could not find one now across St. George's Channel even with a lantern. The Act of Roman Catholic Emancipation cut the tongues out of the Irish orators, and Free Trade cut the tongues out of the English. Perhaps a great religious or political injustice might bring orators once more to the front; but what play can even a Burke make with the Malt Tax, except perhaps in the Town Hall of Ipswich or Norwich, or with the 25th Clause, unless you pack Exeter Hall beforehand? Orators, like orchids, are only to be cultivated in a rank soil and an artificial atmosphere. You might as well try to grow oaks in a flower pot as to try to grow orators in the present House of Commons; and the tone of the House of Commons now is the tone of the whole country.

YET, if I may strike a fresh note upon this string, I should say there is no country in the world now where eloquence of the sort I am talking of—that is, the power to think on your legs and to chat pleasantly and perspicuously—is thought more of than it is with us. What fortunes men make with it at the Bar! What handsome sinecures they pick up with it in the House of Commons! This gift, of course, is generally allied with other and higher gifts; but take two men of equal powers, of equal training, and turn one into a barrister or a member of Parliament, and the other into an author, and what will be the position of the two men thirty years hence? A note of Mr. John Oxenford's in the *Times* suggests this question. He and Sir William Bovill sat at the same desk in an attorney's office in Tokenhouse Yard thirty years ago; Bovill took to the Bar, Oxenford to literature—and what is the result? Mr. Oxenford is the finest of critics; and yet, although the critic of the *Times*, is hardly known out of the Garrick and the green room. Perhaps at the Bar Mr. Oxenford might have risen as high as his companion of Tokenhouse Yard; but upon the Press the Lord Chief Justice might have thought himself lucky if he could make £1,000 a year by his pen. The worst profession now in England is, I believe, literature. Its emoluments are poor. Its honours are *nil*. You may perhaps make an income equal to that of a second-rate whist-player if you can strike out a fresh vein of fiction; but fiction is almost the only literature that does pay,

and even fiction must be fresh and fresh if it is to take. The most brilliant and original of historical works now fall flat. But this is a delicate question to handle in a dozen lines. All I want to do to-day is to note the fact and to suggest the contrast. It is a fact that will bear reconsideration.

WHAT is the cost of a Nine per Cent. Rate of Discount to us? Has that question ever been answered? Can it be answered? I wish some one would take it up. Currency is, I know, generally tabooed as Table Talk, but this is an interesting question independently of all theories of currency. Take the amount of our commercial bills afloat say on the 1st of October, the amount of our outstanding accounts on which the rate of interest is governed by the Bank, and double or perhaps treble the interest upon these at a stroke, and what will the fine amount to? Is it an exaggeration to set it down at ten millions? Yet this is generally only part of the loss; for every rise in the Bank rate means a contraction of credit, a restriction of trade, a slackening of employment, lower profits and lower wages, or perhaps no wages and no profits at all. The contraction of credit under our present system is to commerce what bleeding is, or used to be, to the human system. It reduces the volume of life, the energy, the strength; and, if carried too far, is apt to end in paralysis. Yet even this is only part of the loss. What figures will represent the depreciation in the value of the stocks dealt in upon 'Change? This point is partly answered by one of my contributors in the current number of the *Gentleman's*. But of course the best answer can only be a conjecture. It would take the quickest accountant in the City six months to audit the Official List of the Stock Exchange after a panic, to add up the total amount of the stocks, and to reckon up the amount of depreciation upon each. It is impossible, I know, to change the present state of things. It exists, and must exist apparently till the end of the chapter. But a system of currency can hardly be the perfection of reason under which the loss of a couple of millions of gold from a hoard inflicts a loss upon men of business and stockholders of perhaps £20,000,000. I know the answer,—that it is not the system of currency but the system of credit that is at fault, that manufacturers and merchants should not carry on their business on credit to the extent they do, and that people should not hold stock upon borrowed capital. But all the elasticity and vigour of our trade springs from this system of credit; and were it not for our system of credit we should hardly be the commercial equal of Holland.

A propos, perhaps I may add how the Bank Rate is fixed. It is generally supposed to be governed by the amount of the Reserve in the banking department of Threadneedle Street and by the course of the Exchanges; but this is only true in a sense. Of course the first object of the Bank of England, like every other bank, is to be safe—that is, to be able to pay all its customers who ask for their deposits in cash—and if seven per cent. is to be made on capital in America or Germany when only four or five per cent. is to be made here, capitalists are sure to pack up their gold in sawdust and send it off to New York or Frankfort, and the Exchanges will turn against us. There is but one way to act upon these Exchanges and to keep our capital at home, and that is by putting up the rate of discount, by bidding against the Americans or the Germans, and thus keeping our floating cash at home in our own markets. The value of money across the Atlantic and across the English Channel is therefore one of the first points that the directors of the Bank have to consider. But it is not the only point; and this is where most of the newspapers err in their criticisms upon the action of the Court of Directors. If the Reserve looks well upon paper—that is, if there happens to be 36 per cent. in cash against the liabilities of the Bank—and the directors put up their rate, the writers in the Press call them to account at once in the style of the Professor who read a lecture to Hannibal on the art of war. But the truth is, the Bank may be weaker with a Reserve of 36 per cent. to-day than it was yesterday with 30 per cent., or than it may be to-morrow with 25 per cent. The only true criterion to act upon is the state of the accounts, and these are looked into every morning by the Governor and his working associates; the "dangerous classes," as they are called, are weeded out; and the amount of the Reserve to be kept is fixed with a special eye to these. There is no hard and fast rule to guide the Bank; and it is because writers will persist in assuming that there is a hard and fast line to go by that so much of the criticism upon the Bank is at fault. The Bank, of course, has its rules and its traditions; but these rules and traditions leave a large margin for the exercise of independent judgment; and all that most of us can do is to take that judgment upon trust. The public are not in a position to criticise except at haphazard. It is not a pleasant acknowledgment this to make to ourselves; if we were to deal quite frankly with ourselves we should make it, and till we do we must not suppose our criticism to be worth much.





